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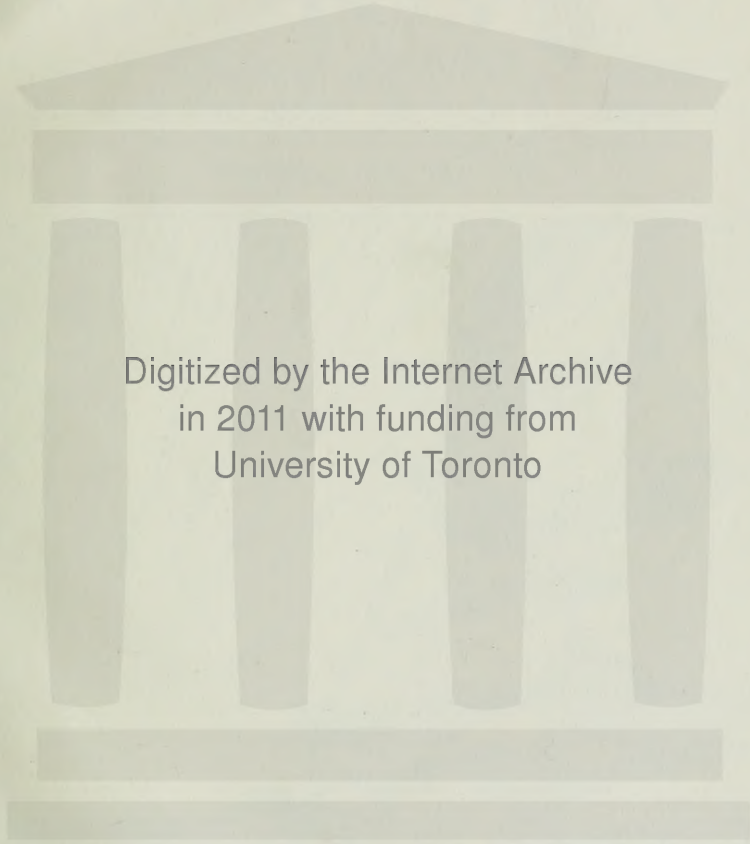
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The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

Prof. W. R. Wallace
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A Monthly Journal devoted to literature and the Creative Arts — 25c a copy

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Inside Stuff . . .

WITH this issue practically all ready for the press, comes a letter from Mr. E. K. Marshall, secretary of the Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Authors Association, with a most interesting account of Winnipeg's literary activities and by-products.

While it is necessary to hold this letter for February publication, "Inside Stuff" takes the liberty of borrowing one paragraph from Mr. Marshall's letter as spice for this page, and our guess is that this paragraph will make you look for Mr. Marshall's letter next month. Right? Here's the paragraph:

"Some time ago I was in a farm house in the far northern portion of the province—a rather lonely district—and found there a family much interested in good reading. It was a very modest, pioneer's dwelling—log; but for Christmas they had treated themselves to one dozen good books, four being by Canadian authors. The lot, the farmer told me, cost him only ten bushels of wheat. He purposes sowing another acre of wheat next year, the proceeds of which are to go to books and papers. We hope he has a good crop and is neither hailed nor frozen out. Sowing wheat for literature: that is the West for you, Mr. Editor! People might provide for reading matter somewhat in this fashion: Nova Scotia, one apple tree; New Brunswick, one lot potatoes; Prince Edward Island, one young fox; Quebec, one bucket of maple syrup; Ontario, one hog; Manitoba, one acre wheat; Saskatchewan, ditto; Alberta, ton of coal; British Columbia, case of salmon. President Allison and his executive might look into this scheme."

* * *

Mrs. M. M. Nasmith, of Vancouver, writes: "May I congratulate you upon the literary quality of the December number of the *Canadian Bookman?* Robert Choquette's Preface was interesting, the article by Mr. Lawren Harris was excellent in its treatment of the first principles of art; Dr. O'Hagan's critical remarks were timely and very much to the point, while Mr. Austin Bothwell's comparison of Roberts and Carman sounded a fearless note too little heard in Canadian criticism. And, in my opinion, Mr. A. M. Stephen's poem, "Vancouver," is outstanding, adequate in treatment and full of true poetic fire. I rejoice also that there were no "Literary Discussions" in this issue. I have heard numerous expressions of regret that the opinions voiced by some of your contributors in several recent numbers of the magazine should be regarded as being the standard of literary valuations current in Canada."

"Our" *Canadian Bookman.*

Mr. H. A. Kennedy accompanied a New Year card with a letter in which he says: "I want to add to the card a very special greeting and a most earnest hope that you and your—or rather *our—Canadian Bookman* will march on to notably greater success in the coming year. It is not at all a thing we could do without. We must have it—and the more strongly we support it, the better you can make it for us."

• • •

From Empress, Alta., Dr. A. L. Caldwell writes: "Enclosed please find $2 to renew my subscription. Your "Collector's Page" alone is worth the subscription price."

* * *

Miss Christina Willey, of Bredenbury, Sask., writes: "The *Canadian Bookman* is most welcome every month—in this small place I do not meet many people of kindred tastes, but every copy is like a chat with a circle of sympathetic friends."

* * *

The following extract from a letter refers to the recently issued Chap-Book of Poems from *Canadian Bookman*: "No more interesting, not to say important, pamphlet of verse has ever been issued in Canada. The poems by Charles G. D. Roberts, W. T. Sleeman, Theodore Goodridge Roberts, Constance I. Davies and Lloyd Roberts, are in themselves sufficient to give the pamphlet high rank. Here's wishing you and *Canadian Bookman* a most prosperous New Year."—R. H. Hathaway.

* * *

"Will you kindly tell me whether I owe you a subscription for *Canadian Bookman.* I should not want to miss a copy nor be lax in supporting it," writes A. M. Stephen from Vancouver, to which he adds:

"I have especially enjoyed an article by Dr. Lorne Pierce, appearing in one of the recent numbers. But, like two or three others writing from Vancouver, he disagrees with the views expressed regarding Walt Whitman's place in literature in letters appearing under the heading of "The Meeting Place." It would be rather too bad," he says, "if in other countries reached by *Canadian Bookman,* Canadian culture were to be judged by such letters."

* * *

A Montreal newspaper thought so well of the poem "Heritage," first published in our November issue, that the editor lifted it without so much as "by your leave" or due credit.

3.

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1926

WITH this first number of the New Year, we present *Canadian Bookman* to you in a new form; one which we believe will be more companionable and in keeping with the unique place which this magazine holds in the minds and hearts of its readers. This issue opens *Canadian Bookman's* eighth year and its fourth as a regularly issued monthly under the present management.

We have interesting plans for the future and in this number is inaugurated a feature which we feel convinced will be warmly welcomed—the series under the general heading of "Who's Who in Canadian Literature," leading off with Dr. Archibald MacMechan's article on Thomas Chandler Haliburton.

As with this initial article of the series, a Bibliography will be appended to each of the sketches to follow. These will include "Archibald Lampman," by Duncan Campbell Scott; "E. Pauline Johnson," by M. O. Hammond; "Bliss Carman," by R. H. Hathaway; "Marjorie Pickthall," by Lorne Pierce; "Norman Duncan," by E. J. Hathaway, and others of outstanding interest which cannot be definitely announced at this time. There will also be shorter sketches, from time to time, dealing with contemporary Canadian authors.

Thus will there be gathered together in the pages of *Canadian Bookman* interesting information and data of inestimable value pertaining to Canadiana.

Another new departure to be inaugurated next month is a current list of Canadian Copyright Books, alphabetically arranged according to authors. This will be valuable for all subscribers and particularly so for the many Public, Legislative, School and College Libraries receiving this journal regularly.

It is hoped that these new features, together with the familiar ones which have been so well received in the past, will still further strengthen the hold of *Canadian Bookman* upon its readers.

THE PUBLISHER.

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

THE emergence of Thomas Chandler Haliburton from provincial obscurity into a figure of importance in two continents is perhaps, the most unpredictable event in the history of Canadian literature. Nova Scotia was small, poor, backward, remote from the intellectual centres, yet this unknown country lawyer creates a character which is at once recognized and welcomed by England and the United States. "Sam Slick," the smart Yankee first saw the light in Howe's newspaper, *The Nova Scotian*, in 1835-1836. The rare *editio princeps* was published in Halifax in the latter year with Howe's imprint, and the popularity which began in its birthplace flourished for many a year.

It was Haliburton's greatest achievement, but not his first. He begins as a local patriot. The anonymous pamphlet of 1823, *A General Description of Nova Scotia,* is a vindication of the soil, climate, and resources of Nova Scotia against persistent disparagement and almost invincible ignorance. Not the least of Dr. Chittick's many services in elucidating Haliburton is determining his authorship of this *brochure*. In 1829, the growing and gathering local patriotism of Nova Scotia blooms in his *Historical and Statistical Account*, a most ambitious undertaking for the province and the times. The two goodly volumes with illustrations, maps and plans, even without the line from Scott on the title, bespeak intense pride. As a pioneer historian, Haliburton had great difficulties in even gathering materials and finding authorities. For the first time, he told the world of the expulsion of the Acadians. The first volume is a survey of the province, like Harrison's *Description*, which must be of increasing value to all Nova Scotians, as representing local conditions at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Haliburton's patriotism finds expression in another form. His *Old Judge*, (1849,) is a series of tales, sketches and descriptions of "Life in a Colony." It is the best, one might almost say the only, serious attempt to represent life in a British-American province in the pioneer days. Mrs. Jameson's *Summer Rambles,* and Mrs. Moodie's *Roughing It In The Bush*, represent contemporary conditions in Ontario, both are excellent, but both are personal narratives. Haliburton is a trained observer, detached and cool, who sets himself to contemporary history. Much of *The Clockmaker* applies to Nova Scotia as well today as it did a century ago. But *The Old Judge* will outlive both the fun and the satire of Sam Slick, in its mirthful pictures of provincial manners.

Haliburton tried to repeat the success of *The Clockmaker,* and for years poured forth sequels in the effort to satisfy an insatiable public greedy for Yankee humor and "tall stories." As a political pamphleteer he is noted as a crusted old Tory, who denounces reform and all reformers. The grievances of the radicals are as unreal as the sorrows of the Mock-Turtle in *Alice*.

Haliburton removed to England in 1856 and found congenial society in the Athenaeum Club, with Theodore Hook, and "Ingoldsby" Barham. He entered the House of Commons where he was a consistent advocate of Nova Scotia's interests. He made a wealthy

second marriage and lived in luxury, until the end came in 1865.

Such seems to me the main significance of Haliburton. As for the rest, the wars that he waged, the works he wrought, and all that he did first and last, are they not written in the book of the chronicle of V. L. O. Chittick, Ph. D. No better service can be done the student of Haliburton than referring him to that magnificent piece of research.

Thomas Chandler Haliburton in the drawing room of the historic old home at Windsor, N.S. This reproduction is from a rare old photograph in the collection of Mr. Frank Appleton, of Toronto

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A Reply to the Earl of Durham. London, 1839.

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Rule and Misrule of the English in America. 2 vols. London. 1851.

Traits of American Humour, by Native Authors. 3 vols. London. 1852.

Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances; or, What He Did, Said, or Invented. 2 vols. London, 1853.

The Americans at Home; or, Byeways, Backwoods, and Prairies. 3 vols. London, 1854.

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An Address on the Present Condition, Resources, and Prospects of British North America. London, 1857.

Speech on the Repeal of Differential Duties on Foreign and Colonial Wood. London, 1860.

The Season Ticket. London, 1860.

Sam Slick, with a Critical Estimate and a Bibliography. Edited by Ray Palmer Baker, Ph.D. Toronto and New York. 1923.

Reminiscences---Literary and Dramatic

By THOMAS O'HAGAN

IT is interesting to run one's mental finger over the pages of the past, and recall and revise the memories of gifted actors and actresses, readers and great literary personages, who charmed our youth and matured manhood, and have bequeathed their sceptre to their successors of today.

I must confess that to me, since my boyhood, the theatre has been a very passion; for I have always loved to see life unfold itself before me, in its complex form. I have loved to see plot developing and character advancing; and the fatalism of passion sweeping actor and actress along to defeat and destruction, such as you see in the great tragedies of Shakespeare.

The great tragedies of Shakespeare! What do they not recall! To me they conjure up the great names that have added lustre to the stage, during the past four or five decades of years.

My first introduction to Shakespeare was through the tragedy of *Othello*, one of the most perfectly constructed, as to its technique, of all Shakespeare's dramas. I was a boy at the time, in attendance at St. Michael's College, Toronto. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, that T. C. King, an English actor of some eminence, who had fallen somewhat from dramatic grace, through a personal weakness, was occupying the boards just then, in the only theatre there was in Toronto, on King street. I had practically known nothing of Shakespeare up to this time; for, hailing as I did as a boy from the country, I knew little of the glamour of the footlights, since *Colleen Bawn* and *The Two Orphans* were the sole dramas that struck our village and these were reserved for the *elite*.

Thinking back now through the theatrical aisles of the past, I recall but five great actors whom I have seen in Shakespeare. Of course this excludes many other talented actors whom I cannot classify under the title "great." The names of the five great actors are: Edwin Booth, Barry Sullivan, Tommaso Salvini, Henry Irving and Robert Mantell. Each of these five had one great *role* in which he surpassed all other actors. It is doubtful if *Hamlet* ever had a truer or greater interpreter than Booth. The same may be said of Sullivan, in *Richard III;* of Salvini in *Othello;* Irving in *Shylock,* and Mantell in *Lear*. All five were superb—matchless, in these individual roles.

I was, perhaps, too young to appreciate fully Booth's magnificent presentation of *Hamlet* when I saw him; but the memory of it abides with me yet. Three of these distinguished actors I saw, at intervals of many years, in Whitney's Opera House, Detroit, Michigan. Henry Irving in *Shylock,* in later years in Chicago, and Mantell in *King Lear* in Toronto. Booth had by far the finest voice I ever heard on the stage. It was worth paying the admission to the theatre to hear him, in answer to old Polonius' question: "What do you read, my lord?" run the vocal scale with the reply, "Words, words, words." Then, too, Booth looked the character of Hamlet in every particular; and he gave what might be termed withal a normal interpretation of this great enigmatical Shakespearean character. Who could ever forget his first encounter with the ghost, where in the most tender and melting voice, he addresses the spirit of his father with the words,

"I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane."

Hamlet is said to represent, not a single personage or type, but the whole of humanity. Hamlet seems to be another Romeo translated from emotion to thought. Harris in his

work, *The Man Shakespeare,* points out the likeness between Hamlet and Macbeth, as well as temperamentally between Hamlet and Brutus and Hamlet and Jacques in *As You Like It.*

It seems to me that the key to the solution of the Hamlet problem lies in the lines,

"The Time is out of joint; O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right."

Further, I do not believe that poets and dramatists leave us in doubt and darkness as to the significance and meaning of their work. Even Dante, into whose sublime epic *The Divine Comedy,* every manner of meaning has been read, gives us truly a key in the words, *"In la sua volontà è nostra pace"* (In His will is our peace).

Returning to the interpretation of *Hamlet* a very intellectual one is that of Forbes-Robertson. In my opinion it quite surpasses either Mantell's or Sothern's conception of the part. As William Winter says, in his scholarly and discriminating work, *Shakespeare On the Stage,* what these three actors lack, in their presentation of *Hamlet,* is not dramatic insight or dramatic action but the Hamlet temperament.

I never had the privilege of seeing Henry Irving in the character of Hamlet, but I understand that his was a marvellously fine interpretation of the Prince. I can readily understand that Irving would possess the Hamlet temperament, and would look the character too. Winter holds that within his knowledge only two actors had entirely justified themselves to exigent, comprehensive judgment, in their assumption of Hamlet —Edwin Booth and Henry Irving.

Towards the closing years of the last century there was a penchant among actresses to impersonate Hamlet. We know, too, that as far back as the time of that queen of tragedy, Mrs. Siddons, women essayed the role. Mrs. Siddons herself acted Hamlet in both Edinburgh and Dublin, though it is not recalled with what success.

Among female Hamlets of our own day was the late great French actress, Sarah Bernhardt. She first appeared in this role, on May the 20th, 1899, at the Théâtre des Nations, Paris; and she presented herself in it for the first time in America on December 25th, 1900, at the Garden Theatre, New York. In view of Sarah Bernhardt's figure, considered longitudinally and latitudinally, it must have been interesting to see her impersonate Hamlet in black silk tights, a jewelled belt and a black cloak. Alas, poor Hamlet! It is related that one evening the great French actress was out driving in the suburbs of Paris, and being set upon by a foot-pad she escaped by hiding behind her whip. Absurd, you will say, but not more absurd than the attempt of Sarah Bernhardt to impersonate Hamlet.

The summer of 1900 found the writer in Rome, Italy, for the first time. Glancing casually at the entertainment bills offered just then, in the City of the Seven Hills, I noticed that *Amleto* was booked, with an Italian actress in the role of the Prince. I could not afford to miss this, though at that time I must confess that my knowledge of Italian was very limited. But the revelation of the soul is not a matter of language.

The interpretation of Hamlet by this Italian actress was, to say the least, very interesting. But there was a double handicap. First, the Hamlet temperament was absent, as well as the subjective appreciation of the part. Speaking generally it may be said that Latins can not interpret Shakespeare, though, to some extent, Salvini was an exception to this. I noticed, too, that in the soliloquies in *Hamlet* this Italian actress failed; but she was eminently successful in the lighter bantering and sarcastic parts, such as mark Hamlet's encounters with his mother and Polonius.

There is one thing to be observed in the summing up of the character of Hamlet—that the Prince could not have been insane; for the Shakespearean drama is based upon free agency —free will; and no insane person can have free will. Of course Hamlet with the burden laid upon him has a distraught and disturbed mind—perhaps modern psychologists would designate it "brainstorm." The student of Shakespeare will also discover that the great master dramatist never duplicates his character, in the same play. So Ophelia is insane but Hamlet is not; and Lear is the only one really mad in that great elemental tragedy of *King Lear*. Besides, does not Hamlet himself anticipate the assumed and masked mental role he is to play where he says to Horatio in Act 1, scene 5,

"As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on."

Most of the great actors of modern days such as Booth and Irving and Forbes-Robertson, have presented to us the traditional Hamlet of the British stage, taking but little liberties with the text. Martin Harvey, who presents a very finished interpretation of *Hamlet*, is, however, an exception to this, as he speaks the soliloquy, "To be or not to be," etc., in such a glib way, as if he regarded it as entirely unimportant and as an impediment to the action of the play. In this Martin Harvey is following the precedent of an English actor of many years ago. Personally I regard this soliloquy as an important integral part of the soul revelation in the great tragedy of *Hamlet*.

The Song of the Seekers

By VERNAL BRONSON HOUSE

WE are the seekers who long have sought
The message of spheres unseen;
We are the minds that the years have wrought
To wisdom and hearts serene;
We are the thinkers of worlds of thought,
The dreamers of endless dreams;
We are the souls that at times have caught
The vision of higher themes.

We are the voice of the wind and sea
That sings of a Law supreme;
We are the prophets of worlds to be,
We have our dreams to dream;
We are the keepers who guard the key
That leads to Eternal Truth;
We are the eyes that forever see
The purpose of Age and Youth.

We are the seekers; we seek to know,
And in the knowing to find
The truest way that the heart should go
For Beauty and peace of mind.
We are the music of stars at night,
A pulse in the changeless scheme;
We are the seekers who seek the light,
We have our dreams to dream.

An Extraordinary Interview

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

"ENTER his enchanted woods,
You who dare!
Carman's eyeballs under hoods
Shroud you in their glare."

Such is the form in which George Meredith's lines have kept running through my head since my memorable "interview" with Bliss Carman.

He had promised, through a friend, to spare me a few minutes for an interview before he left Toronto. Accordingly, I presented myself at the place where he was giving his final lecture on "Poetry in Life." At the end of the lecture, when the flow of people leaving the hall had ceased, I attempted to reach the Canadian "Poet-Laureate." He was there behind the piano in all his laurels, (not, however, the laurels with which he was crowned by a bevy of Montreal maidens.) He was being literally mobbed, especially by the girl-students. Each student was trying in desperation to get her book or books autographed. One optimistic young lady had an armful of new books awaiting this honor; she explained that they were to be Christmas gifts. The poet looked at this formidable pile when they reached him—and rebelled. I began to feel sorry for the four cherished volumes in my own arms. Also, I saw that my chances of even a few minutes' interview were doomed. And I had spent the whole day thinking up fresh questions with which to torture him, too!

The last book had been autographed—with initials only! The fountain-pen had been returned to the radiant-eyed youth who looked as if he intended to put it away at once to be handed down to posterity as an heirloom. Then the poet stepped from behind his piano-barricade and stood before me, or more correctly, towered above me. What were those lines of his I had once read?

"His feet are on the mountains,
Treading out the smouldering stars."

I could see his feet quite plainly; it was his head that seemed to be among the "smouldering stars" just then. Rather awed by such a length of poet, I gave my name. A smile of recognition lit his eyes.

"Oh!" he said cheerfully, "How do you do?"

"You promised me an interview—" I began bravely.

"What!" he boomed, with a suddenness that took my breath away.

"Yes," I said. "You promised to answer a few questions."

"Oh, did I? Don't you know it's dinner-time?"

I hesitated in sheer disillusionment. For years I had been thinking of Bliss Carman dwelling on Mount Olympus—or is it the Catskills?—and dining, like John the Baptist, on nothing more substantial than locusts and wild honey; and here he was talking of *dinner-time!* However, I was there to interview. I tried coaxing him.

"But won't you answer just two or three questions? That won't take you long."

For a moment he scowled at me from the heights and then said:

"But why? I wouldn't say what I really thought, anyway."

"Well, then, never mind what you thought! Tell me what you did."

"What I did?"

"Yes, I'd like to know just a little about the "Canadian Colony" in New York, for instance. Tell me something about Peter McArthur, Charles G. D. Roberts, and all the others of those Bohemian days in New York."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "You might as well ask me for a whole book!"

I began to see that it was no use knocking my cropped head against the granite mountain that was Bliss Carman.

"So you don't think you'll—"

A heavy hand suddenly descended upon my shoulder, while the same voice that had been chanting such beautiful poems all afternoon thundered forth:

"Run away, child! *I eat interviewers!*"

He ate interviewers! What was that heart-broken lament of Peter McArthur's? "Our Bliss Carman has become civilized, and, like Ancient Pistol, we must 'yearn therefor.'" (Be of good comfort, Peter! Any poet who *eats interviewers* can *never* become civilized!)

Just for a moment I quailed before the baleful glare of this thundering ogre of the Catskills. Then stretching myself to a height of as near five feet as possible, I said, sadly but frankly:

"Mr. Carman, you are not nearly as nice as your cousin. *He* would never have broken his promise and treated an interviewer thus."

Contrary to my expectation, I was not annihilated. The ogre's face wrinkled in a smile as he echoed my unspoken thought:

"Oh, yes, *I'm* a bear, *I* am!"

At the door, this combination of poet, ogre and bear relented sufficiently to extend a hand in farewell, and then hurried off in the direction of the beefsteak that had deprived me of the promised interview. I walked home to the rhythm of the old nursery rhyme in an oddly garbled form:

I do not like you, William Bliss:
The reason why you scarce can miss;
But be it that, or be it this,
I do not like you, William Bliss!

Canadian Literature and Nationality

By R. E. Gosnell

I READ an interview with my very old friend, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, in *Canadian Bookman* last month, entitled "A Pregnant Bit of Criticism." Few men in Canada are better qualified to discuss that or any other aspect of Canadian literature. He has always been a stylist, even when amateurish many years ago, and of recent years he has concentrated, so to speak, on the subject of a national literature. To other advantages, he has added that of foreign travel, and like Goldsmith, Bayard Taylor and others, he tramped it, if he did not "sing his way" through Europe, and his footsteps have lingered lovingly in the high lights of culture as he went on his way.

I am inclined to think, however, that Dr. O'Hagan is placing altogether too much emphasis upon "Canadian Nationalism" as a factor in developing a country's literature. That has got to be bit of a fad of late, and I have seen it reflected in articles in *Canadian Bookman* and in serious discussions on the subject in other quarters. I am as old, possibly older, than my friend O'Hagan, and I have knocked about a bit in Canada from Halifax to Victoria, and it is the first time I have seen it seriously stated that "we have no patriotism in Canada." I know England also fairly well. We may not love our country better than Britons do theirs, but certainly make more show of it, and I for one, am very glad indeed that we do not proclaim ourselves in the same demonstrative way that our neighbors across the line do. To show our patriotism it is not necessary to be always barking about it; we did show love for country when the existence of France and England was hanging in the balance. It is not necessary to write sonnets about it, or to go into paroxysms of poesy or fictional ecstasy over phases of Canadian life.

"We can best serve the Commonwealth," says Dr. O'Hagan, "by being above all loyal to our own land—a component part of the Commonwealth. If then we wish a great Canadian literature, we must create a great Canadian life, and then from this spiritual endowment will come forth in due time the true Canadian genius of art and literature." Fudge! Personally, I am not worrying about Canadian literature. If it cannot look after itself, it is not fit to survive; and, anyway, why should we be so desirous of creating a Canadian literature apart from English literature; or French-Canadian literature apart from French literature, because you cannot dissociate them. They may be topically Canadian, and reflect its scenic and social environment, its atmosphere, but after all it is either English or French literature and must stand or fall, live or die, by comparison. Why endeavor to write a book for the mere sake of writing it? Some one has said: "Don't write or speak unless you have a message to deliver." If you have the message, and the technique, and power to deliver it, it will reach Garcia, never fear! The trouble is not that we have not enough literature; we have too much of all kinds. I have no patience with those who think that Canadian literature should be petted and housed in conservatories. The truth is that if a man chooses to be a literary lion, he must go into the market with his wares. He has to fight his way, just as the professional man and all the other providers of life's good things have to do, in open competition. I think I stated this once before in *Canadian Bookman*: "a charming literary woman said that literature was very much like butter; "I buy my butter for the quality and not for the brand it bears." Noah Webster, who published his dictionary at a time when the passions aroused by the revolutionary war were still strong, placed on the title page of the first edition: "A Dictionary of the American language," and he was laughed out of court even in the United States. Matthew Arnold in his "Thoughts on Education" quotes: *Da mihi, Domine, scire quod sciendum est*—"grant that the knowledge I get may be the knowledge that is worth having" and adds: "The spirit of that prayer ought to rule our education." It is the spirit which should govern and inspire the creation of literature.

But the background of all our great literatures is not imbedded in Dr. O'Hagan's theory of full-fledged nationality. The books of the Old Testament, than which more beautiful literature never existed, find their basic elements in nationality, but were the outcome of a people always distressed or disrupted. Greece, except for a limited period, when Athens, under Pericles, held sway, was never a united commonwealth in our sense of the term. There was local, but not common, patriotism. Italy's greatest period of art and literature was long before a united Italy was dreamed of. The golden age of English literature was when Great Britain was in the making. The finest of German poetry, and its sister art of music, found its culmination before Germany became a federation. Music probably had its culmination in Wagner, who had achieved his successes when Bismarck was only thinking of empire. If we take Ireland, Wales, Russia, Poland, and Scotland, as examples, their literatures were the outcome of suffering and fighting. Switzerland, which has the oldest settled form of democracy in

existence, has given us less world literature than any of the European countries. The galaxy of American writers of half a century ago were greater by far than any since. We have not in Canada produced anything equal to Haliburton, De Mille, Mair's *Tecumseh*, Kirby's *Golden Dog*, Duvais De Roberval, Parker's *Seats of the Mighty*. Even such men as Duncan Scott, Charles G. D. Roberts, Lampman, Campbell, and Bliss Carman established their reputation over a quarter of a century ago. If I were to hazard a theory why, surveying the world generally, our best literature belongs to the past, it would be that our standardized system of education has made everything too soft, too easy for the present generation. It is out of struggle that great thoughts, like great men, are evolved. I do not wish to labor too strongly on the idea. Dr. O'Hagan will probably admit that the educational effect of his touring on foot through Europe was worth about as much to him as all his previous educational training for literature. It meant a special kind of experience by physical as well as mental effort. Anyway, let him not imagine that the millenium of Canadian literature will be ushered in when the cable which binds us to the Commonwealth of British Empire is cut.

The Tryst

By Gostwick Roberts

I'VE a tryst with Spring today
Where the hills are white and round;
To him I'll go in green array,
For him I'll wear my hair unbound,
Knowing there is no better way
To steal a vagrant's heart away.

I've a tryst beneath a tree
Where the leaves are like cold birds.
Where the young Spring waits for me.
He has eyes like blue wood smoke.
Rain-wet hair, and full wind-cloak.
And a heart as free of grief
As a pixie or a leaf.

I shall love him when we greet
For his lips are cedar sweet,
And the prints of his light feet
Are bluest pools . . . Ruff-feathered birds,
That sit like winter leaves, will swing
From willow twigs again and sing
When I keep tryst with Spring.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Canadian Bookman* takes pleasure in introducing another member of the famous Roberts family—Miss Gostwick Roberts, daughter of Theodore Goodridge Roberts. Although this is a spring poem, we preferred not to wait until spring to publish it, and we believe our readers will be pleased to learn that another from the same pen is to follow in an early issue.

It Is Reported THAT—

—the debate as to whether *The Land of Afternoon* was written by a man or a woman will have to be declared a draw, the report being that a man and a woman collaborated in writing the book.

—Joseph Laing Waugh, author of *Betty Grier*, and other notable books of Scottish pathos, wisdom and humor, is to lecture in Toronto on January 27th and 28th.

—Owen Hughes, of Winnipeg, gained the Bard's Crown at the third national Eisteddford at Utica, N.Y., on January 1st, repeating a similar success which he had previously scored in Canada.

—a prose work by Bliss Carman, *The Making of Personality*, originally published some years ago, is now being re-issued by Page & Co., of Boston, who also publish his other prose works, *The Friendship of Art*, *The Kinship of Nature*, and *The Poetry of Life*.

—about $100 was collected for the needy children of Winnipeg at the annual recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by H. Gerald Wade, the theatre being as full as a plum pudding for the occasion. The recital was under the auspices of the Winnipeg branch of the Dickens Fellowship.

—the Ontario Government proposes to license Public Libraries so that inspections may be made of the books circulated. The Social Service Council of Ontario and the Council of Women have both been active in moving for some such step to prevent the circulation of "objectionable" books.

—Prof. B. K. Sandwell, addressing the Catholic Women's League in Montreal, said that all who took a genuine interest in books written by Canadians were producers of Canadian literature. This statement was followed up with suggestions as to how all could exercise an effect on the character and direction of Canadian literature.

—Dr. George Frederick Clarke, New Brunswick author, and his wife were guests of Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts during their stay in Toronto this month. Dr. Clarke has been practising dentistry in Woodstock, N.B., since 1913, and in his leisure moments between "painless extractions" has written five novels. Of these, two have recently been published. *Chris in Canada*, which is reviewed in this issue, and *The Magic Road*, which appeared in England and Canada last year. The latter novel is a tale of two or three lovable vagabonds on the magic road which is Life. March will see the appearance of Dr. Clarke's first-written novel, *The Best One Thing*, a story of youth and a plea for better understanding between parents and their children. The title was taken from Swinburne's lines:

"Life stands crowned
Here with the best one thing it ever found."

The names of the two remaining brain-children have not yet been decided upon. All of these novels are strongly Canadian and the scenes are laid in New Brunswick.

—five hundred copies of Arthur Bourinot's *Pattering Feet* were sold within two weeks of publication. Who says poetry does not sell in Canada?

* * *

Canada's Soul-Awakening

AGNES C. LAUT contributed "*A Letter from Canada*" to the January 2nd issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, New York, in which she compared what is happening in Canada today with what happened in the United States during and after the Civil War, resulting in national consciousness that was federal rather than sectional.

Miss Laut paid tribute to the work of Lawren Harris and his associates and to Forster, the portrait painter, as representing art and added that the poets had probed even deeper.

> " " The fault is not that Canada has been dwarfed by American or Imperial influence. The fault is that Canada has not been as big in soul as in heritage. Canada must rededicate her soul, not in lavish imitation of success in British and American literature, but to the expression of her own high national and international aims; and this implies a baptism—yes, it was a baptism of blood in the War—to a new evangel. It is the new evangel of a closer dedication to the God of Nations and a more sacred dedication to the inspiration of Divine Light.

This is followed by references to the volcanic effects that have ensued. Young Canada would have none of the imitations of the old and modern sonnet forms—"give us strong stuff that will guide us through the dark today!"

Miss Laut proceeds to single out Robert Watson and Robert Norwood as the apostles of the new day, the former as "holding the Torch of a joyous New Life high over all the noisy hub-bub and Norwood as the leader of the poetic group that "is ruthlessly striking the iron bands of slavery to the old from Canada's head by articulating the wild emotions and aspirations of the average man and woman—yes, the ragged urchin in the street."

Norwood and Watson are credited with jolting thought out of old ruts. "And never did Canada and the United States need the jolt more than right now, when the placid old no longer satisfies and we are fumbling through the fog that precedes day dawn to the glorious blaze of a new era."

Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . *News, Views and Reviews*

DREISER'S DOUBLE-DECKER
"An American Tragedy"

IT seems inevitable for a book by Dreiser to come under the ban of the censor. He insists upon weaving into his novels the realism of life's least presentable actualities, from the viewpoint of the guardians of the public morals, whether qualified or self-constituted. There are, of course, even in Canada, plenty of advocates of the whole truth, however horrible and nauseous, and with Dreiser's latest novel they and the so-called up-lifters have a bone of contention of no mean proportions!

Dreiser undoubtedly has genius and he is never imitative. But is the dead level of life in America quite as far below par as his novels would lead one to believe?

An American Tragedy is an inordinately long novel—veritably mid-Victorian in proportion, two volumes and all. But in all other respects it has 20th Century earmarks He has by no means taught himself to "boil it down." But for his assured place in American letters, noticeable attentuation would unquestionably have been accomplished (inspired by the publishers) before the book reached the printer.

However, here we have this two-volume novel, out of its rightful century—it is published and we read it because Dreiser wrote it. What a marvelous delineation is that of the son of a nondescript Kansas City preacher. This boy, whose varied fortunes we follow through his bell-boy days, and its contributions to the formation of his character, to his more spacious life as the minion of a wealthy collar-manufacturing uncle in an eastern city, where comes his call to wealth and position through a promising love affair with one of the city's matrimonial prizes. But tragedy now stalks in. He invites it by reason of another affair—an illicit one—and in its train comes dire fate involving arraignment as the accused murderer of the wronged girl. The murder trial, with its preliminaries and all its incidentals, occupies a very large part of the story and, despite the ponderous treatment characteristic of the whole book, these chapters are marked by superior artistry. In fact, the book overcomes the handicap of length, by the sheer merit of the author's work.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY. *By Theodore Dreiser.* 2 vols. 840 pp. Toronto: Macmillan. $5.00.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON
Makes a Selection From His Poems

FROM his three volumes, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon has selected for us, some sixty-seven poems. This may seem to the casual reader of poetry, to be ample from the work of one poet. That would be true of a great number of modern versifiers, in fact it would be too large a selection by sixty-seven blurbs. But Siegfried Sassoon is a purveyor of beauty, and we cannot have too much beauty. In consequence, we are the poorer by his omissions, unless we are fortunate enough to possess copies of *The Old Huntsman*, *Counter-Attack*, and *Picture-Show*, which volumes, we understand, are now out of print.

We search in vain for that sinister piece of irony *The Kiss*, with its bitter appeal to "Brother Lead and Sister Steel;" but while we may feel that such an omission is regretable, we feel that the omission of such lovely lyrics as *The Hawthorn Tree*, *Dryads*, *A Poplar and the Moon*, *Vision*, and *Everyone Sang*, especially the last, would have been unpardonable.

This is neither the time nor the place to discuss this poet's art or technique, much as we might like to. We cannot help but discern, however faintly, the influence of Masefield in some of his earlier pieces. This influence has been shaken off in the later work where we hear Sassoon, the individual, singing, above the shriek of shells from the reeking trenches, his songs of protest and appeal, to the higher instincts of mankind. He hated war, but his hatred was not directed against Germany, as witness his attitude towards the enemy in the poem *Reconciliation*. This is the Christ ideal striving for Universal Brotherhood.

Siegfried Sassoon never stooped to singing hymns of hate and writing mere patriotic clap-trap. He fought because he felt it was his duty to humanity and that war should be stamped out for once and all.

His song rises to a fine mysticism in a poem called *The Dragon and the Undying*, which closes with:

"Yet, though the slain are homeless as the breeze,
Vocal are they, like storm-bewilder'd seas.
Their faces are the fair, unshrouded night,
And planets are their eyes, their ageless dreams,
Tenderly stooping earthward from their height,

They wander in the dusk with chanting
streams;
And they are dawn-lit trees, with arms up-
flung,
To hail the burning heavens they left
unsung."

This fine piece of writing has unfortunately been omitted from the present selection, but will be found in the volume called *The Old Huntsman.*

It is the writer's opinion that a selection from the work of a poet of Mr. Sassoon's standing is usually unsatisfactory. We would he had followed Mr. Walter de la Mare's plan of reprinting his books as they stand with, possibly, a few minor omissions, in one or more volumes. This selection is far too modest.

Now that we have compartive peace we feel sure that Siegfried Sassoon will continue to sing as he did during the war; for has he not a greater mission to fulfill than he had then? We missed him from *Georgian Poetry* 1920-22, but we noticed with pleasure a contribution of his in a recent number of the *London Mercury.*

His *Everyone Sang,* which we quote, is undoubtedly one of the finest lyrics of recent years and the happiest in this selection which was published by Heinemann of London, England, in 1925:

"Everyone suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark green fields; on, on,
and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted,
And beauty came like the setting sun.
My heart was shaken with tears and horror
Drifted away . . . O but every one
Was a bird; and the song was wordless;
the singing will never be done."

JOHN MARCO.

* * *

CHRIS IN CANADA. *By Dr. G. F. Clarke.* Toronto: Blackie and Sons. $1.25.

If Dr. Clarke was intending settlement propaganda for the New Brunswick Immigration Department he could not have chosen a better medium. This story of an English boy who, after the war, comes to Canada to settle on an improved farm in N.B., would make up the mind of any intending settler. Written in a pleasant, happy vein, the hardships are lightly considered. The hunting and fishing adventures are no doubt real, for Dr. Clarke has been adventuring thus every summer and fall since boyhood and knows the scene of his story as only a native Canadian can.

True, the green English boy finds the partridge nest almost too easily, but it may be "beginner's luck." For the same reason, no doubt, he gets the biggest fish and the finest antlers. But what a delight to the heart of the boy reader! To do the author credit, boys who have fished with Dr. Clarke, in his salad days, state that this is the kind of luck that always pursued him, so doubtless, he may come naturally by this optimism for Chris.

A very readable book and accurate, except that the Iroquois are credited with being the allies of the French, an insinuation that they will no doubt resent. Perhaps, too, the N. B. forestry department will not altogether relish the scene in which the fire fighters are allowed to have their night's rest when they go to fight the fire which threatens the settlement.

* * *

CHAMBERS' TWENTIETH CENTURY DICTIONARY. Edited by *Thomas Davidson.*

This new popular edition contains twenty-three additional pages to accommodate hundreds of new words, terms and phrases of recent coinage and currency.

Did a dictionary ever appeal to you as containing a fund of humor? Only a humorist could thus define "hack-work": "Literary drudgery for which a person is hired by a publisher, as making dictionaries, etc."

"New Humour" is defined as "a so-called modern literary product that has even less humour than novelty." "Sea-serpent" is defined as "an enormous marine monster of serpent-like form frequently seen and described by credulous sailors, imaginative landsmen and common liars."

By these references, it will be seen that even a dictionary maker manages to get some fun out of his work.

This book has 1240 pages and it gives an unusual amount of value at its price whether considered on the score of the bulkiness of the volume or the scope of its contents.

* * *

THE SPITE OF HEAVEN. By *Oliver Onions.* Toronto: Ryerson Press. $2.00.

What is the significance of "the fifteen years" in matrimony? This book seems to go upon the theory that there is a definite point of danger for man and wife at the conclusion of this mystical term, and Part III. of this book carries you into what actually followed in the lives of two of its principals—man and wife. Whether you agree with the fifteen year theory or class it as "bunk" you will admit that the author uses it to good effect in building up his story.

THE MISTY FLATS. *By Helen Woodbury.* Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.25.

It is not surprising that the readers of the manuscript of this novel pronounced it "a find." The theme is the study of a young girl from the time she was two till she was twenty-five. The course of her natural development is clearly indicated by her tastes and talents, but she is deflected from this course by the influence of her mother, and the pathos of the story lies in this deflection. Her mother, whose beauty and charm of manner thinly veil a very ordinary mind, is uneasily aware that her gifted daughter is different from the other young people of the neighborhood. She resents the fact that Linda cannot sew and embroider and cook and play the piano "like Dor-o-thy and May." Her penchant for sports and reading—the one taste tending to make her a tomboy and the other a recluse—is repellent to her. She is constantly bringing her to task by reminding her that she is "queer."

"Oh, Linda darling, why can't you be like other girls!" is her incessant wail. "All my life I've tried to save you from being queer!"

And Linda, who adores her mother, does her best not to be queer. In other words, by degrees she allows herself to be diverted from all the things that she loves best, and from the career which she might have had. The writing of stories, which her mother contemptuously calls "scribbling," is put on one side. The possibility of a college education is exchanged for a "finishing school," where Linda makes some attempt to acquire the superficial accomplishments which her mother prizes so highly. It is the story of the triumph of mediocrity over an uncommon mind.

H. M. R.

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THE VANISHING AMERICAN. *By Zane Grey.* Toronto: Musson Book Co. $2.00.

As the hero of his latest novel Zane Grey presents Nophaie, a young Indian warrior cursed with the strange and conflicting heritage of a white man's education and the fierce soul of an Indian. Its background is the tragedy of the swift march of events which brought about the passing of the glory and the virtual extinction of a whole race. The fascinating heroine is golden-haired Marion Warner, who comes from the East to the bleak tablelands of the Western reservation and shares with Nophaie his struggles on behalf of his people.

* * *

A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY. *By Ethel M. Dell.* Toronto: Ryerson Press. $2.00.

A new Dell book is an event, as the early "best seller" reports are bound to show and this new one has, perhaps, a better representation of the qualities that have contributed to the success of this novelist than any since *The Way of An Eagle.* Its theme is the great drama of love and life that goes on wherever human beings are gathered together; of noble impulses and yearnings warring with petty jealousies and hatreds. Into a peaceful village comes an alien presence in the person of a beautiful woman with ideas and habits of life that are as different from the *status quo* of life in that village as if the newcomer had come from Mars! An interesting tale results.

* * *

SCALA SANCTA. *By John Oxenham.* Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

Following hard upon *The Hidden Years* comes this altogether different Oxenham tale—the story of a wealthy, but wholesome, young Englishman who, though unspoiled by war, is suddenly shaken off his base by an untoward combination of circumstances which cast him into degredation from which only by long and painful penance can he be delivered.

Much of the strength of the novel hinges upon the strain put upon the man's endurance and upon the faith of the girl he had been about to marry.

* * *

THE GIFT OF GOD, AND OTHER SERMONS. *By Rev. W. A. Cameron.* McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

Sermons by a man who is one of the most popular of Canadian preachers, make this a book that appeals to the masses. These sermons are distinguished by their prophetic vision, human sympathy and evangelical loyalty.

* * *

READING WITH A PURPOSE. *A Series of Reading Courses.* American Library Association, Chicago.

An admirable series of Reading Courses has recently been issued by the American Library Association having to do with such subjects as Biology, Appreciation of Music Psychology, Philosophy, Economics, and the Physical Sciences. Each volume is written by an authority in his particular domain and contains a list of books that may be consulted by the student. For example, in the reading course on English Literature by W. N. C. Carlton, a chapter is devoted to "Literary Guideposts," which comprises a valuable bibliography. The books are so small that they may be carried conveniently in a coat pocket or handbag, but they provide splendid introductions to great subjects.

H.M.R.

THE SHINING RIVER. *By F. Carey Slater.* Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

A tale of adventure in South Africa in the early eighties—diamond buyers—hidden treasure—astute detectives.

* * *

A ROMANCE OF THE NURSERY. By *L. Allen Harker.* London: Murray. 2s.

This book was first published in 1902 and has been reprinted many times since, but a cheaper edition has only just appeared.

By any adult who loves children—and who does not, *A Romance of the Nursery* will be revelled in from the first page to the last. The children are delightful little people, particularly Paul and Fiammetta, who are so quaint and original in their sayings and doings. The reader will love them every one. C.I.D.

* * *

The English Poetry Review for November-December, 1925, published in London, England, which is the organ of the Poetry Society of England, whose general editor is Mr. Galloway Kyle, K.R.G., contains many good things, chief among these being a discussion of the work of the Russian poet Lermontov, "The Dynamics of American Poetry," and an estimate of the value of anthologies of poetry. We hope, however, that the writer of the latter will not fail to observe that the latter has become an epidemic in the English-speaking world and is a kind of literary democracy gone mad.

Poetry and the Play for October-November, 1925, published in London, England, "the only monthly in the British Empire devoted exclusively to lyric and dramatic poetry," is a commendable publication. Its aim is to encourage the creation and study of poetry. The Editor publishes in this number the poem "Flowers in the Bedroom," by Leslie Stubbings, which won the £25 prize offered by the Empire Poetry League. It is *vers libre* which lately was entombed with its high priestess, Amy Lowell. T.O.

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The Mask, an illustrated quarterly of the Art of the Theatre for October, 1925, has reached the *Canadian Bookman* desk. This is quite a unique publication costing ten shillings a year ($2.50). It is published at Florence, Italy, a city of art and culture where the cradle of the great Italian Renaissance was rocked. Its chief interest and care centres in the theatre and the drama. Among subjects discussed in this number which will appeal to scholars and those interested in the theatre and drama are "Universities and the Drama," by Professor Allardyce Nicoll, and "A Study of the Poetical Rhythms of Speech," by Lorenzo Guido Brezzo.

MORE CANADIAN NOVELS

Tales of Action

TIME was, not so long ago either, when the publishing of even two or three Canadian novels within a year by a publishing house was looked upon as a rather hazardous experiment. What a difference today! Most of the publishers had Canadian novels last year and mighty good ones at that. Now, first thing in the New Year, come two more Canadian novels from the same people who published, within the last six months, such books as Peter McArthur's *Around Home; The High Forfeit,* by Basil King; *The Chopping Bee,* by M. Victorin, and *Captain Salvation,* by Frederick W. Wallace.

These new Canadian books are both novels of action, *The Frontier Riders,* set in the west, and *The Curé of St. Michel,* a tale of the Quebec woods.

Mr. McGillivray's story is redolent of the most romantic period in the early days of the west—that leading up to and witnessing the Riel rebellion. He has done his work well and for Canadians the book has a double appeal—sidelights on Canadian history and a story for the story's sake that is most satisfying for devotees of action in fiction.

Maurice Caron's book too, has this double appeal and there is an extraordinary blending of intensely thrilling adventure among woodsmen, with the wonderful spirit of contentment and kindliness so characteristic of the sequestered hamlets of French Canada. In this respect this book does its bit along the line of the most desirable good work of acquainting English-speaking Canadians with the genuine characteristics of their fellow Canadians in the ancient province.

JOHN MACKLEM.

THE FRONTIER RIDERS, *James McGillivray.* Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. $2.00.

THE CURE OF ST. MICHEL. *Maurice B. Caron.* Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. $2.00.

* * *

PRACTICAL BRAIN CULTURE FOR YOUNG MEN. By *A. Carman Douglas.* Toronto: Ryerson Press.

This work is intended to give practical encouragement to the adolescent boy or young man who looks at life seriously and who wants to develop the best that is in him. It is one of the most readable and helpful books of its kind.

* * *

Receipt is gratefully acknowledged of an autographed copy of a pamphlet, *The Poetry of Bliss Carman,* a review by R. H. Hathaway, of Odell Shepard's *Bliss Carman* reprinted from *The Sewanee Review.* Only a limited edition of this pamphlet was printed.

CARAVAN: An Appreciation.
By Isabel Elizabeth Henderson

There is a picture in which one sees, as from a hillside, a long caravan making its way in the pale moonlight across the last strip of desert to where rest waits.

Not a gayly-decked caravan with bells tinkling and pennants flying—one, rather, whose precious merchandise has been gathered at the expense of all superficial trappings, and whose leader carries in his face, could we but see it, the marks of deep thought and deeper sympathy.

You will remember that it is not in the hard shadowless light of the morning that the caravan reaches its goal, nor at noon when the white-roofed town slumbers in the sunshine, but just when the first stars shine out of a violet sky and weary men and women review the events of the day, seeing in true proportion those failures and successes that loomed so large under the burning sun.

John Galsworthy is not a writer who, in season and out of season, takes the reader into his confidence. What manner of man he is, and what are his ideals, he has for the most part left us to find out for ourselves. It is therefore with unusual pleasure that one reads his foreword to *Caravan*, which is the title he has given to the recently published collection of his short stories written since 1900.

It is a Confession of Faith, that foreword. "The fiction market is supposed to require of short stories a certain pattern full of 'pep' and sting in the tail," says Mr. Galsworthy with fine irony. "The scorpion, it is said, if sufficiently irritated, will sting itself to death. So will the short story when worried by the demands of editors. The inveterately independent will resist these blandishments, go their own ways, imitate no one. They may achieve results as little to the taste of the market as are these tales, but at least they will fail after their own hearts and probably end by getting very high prices for their merchandise. . . . Independence is the state best worth having in life, and such as believe they can achieve it in their later tales by servitude to fashion in their youthful efforts are doomed, I fear, to the drinking of bitter waters. If the writer of the short tale submits himself to the discipline demanded by the crisp and clear expression of his genuine fancies and his genuine moods, he has submitted to quite enough."

There are fifty-six stories in the volume. And they have been grouped two and two, an early story and a later one having some resemblance in theme or mood," so that any reader who has the curiosity can mark such difference as Time brings to technique or treatment." Thus we have the death of Swithin Forsyte followed by "A Stoic," that unforgettable study of the last days of Sylvester Heythorp, a man unmoral, perhaps, scarcely within the law, but commanding our half-grudging admiration as he foils his creditors for the sake of the grandchildren he cannot acknowledge.

A wonderful picture gallery to be contained within the two covers of a book. Picture gallery?—no, rather it is Life itself that passes in review as we read . . . "The Man Who Kept His Form" though it brought him to destitution . . . the old fencing-master and Soldier of Fortune . . ."The Man of Devon," a Drake born out of his period . . . girls springing from the soil as naturally as trees and flowers, and as little responsible as they for the wrong done by man . . . the Moorish dancer under sentence of death as a spy, and the Mother Superior who asks her to dance for the nuns in the quiet convent, knowing that in no other way could the imprisoned soul find expression . . . the surgeon "Late 299," released from prison to suffer still deeper anguish at the hands of his family, until at the last the blind wood-carver uses his face as a model for the Christ . . . the two brothers in "The First and the Last," one a wastrel and a murderer, the other a respectable citizen and infinitely more to be pitied . . . on they pass, happy wife, deserted child, priest and Magdalene, millionaire and beggar, touched as in life with humor and with tragedy. Surely no richer book has come from the press in many years.

Until life can be divided into neat soundproof compartments the discussion will still go on as to whether such men as Galsworthy are pessimists or not. Full of tragedy as are many of his subjects there can surely be no question as to his estimate of human capabilities. Nowhere do we find the fatal depression that marks those writers whose logical end is suicide, preaching as they do the utter futility of living. If his tales hold more of shadow than of sunshine is it not because he feels so keenly the sorrows of others, never having acquired for himself that armor of complacency that he paints with such merciless skill?

This is not the place, nor the time, for a discussion of John Galsworthy's attitude towards what our forefathers termed "revealed religion." It may be that to him this life, played out in honor and in kindliness, is all that matters. Or he may look for a gradual evolution of the race, in which the individual has but a small and temporary part. That he is "without religion" in the true sense of the word, is unthinkable.

"For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

CARAVAN. By *John Galsworthy*. Toronto: Copp Clark Co. $2.50.

* * *

The Writer, P.O. Box 1905, Boston, Mass., is a constructive monthly for aspiring authors. It always has been good, but is even better than ever in its new form.

WANDERINGS OF AN ARTIST AMONG THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA. *By Paul Kane.* Toronto: The Radisson Society. (Vol. VII in Master-Works of Canadian Authors, Library Edition, 25 vols. $100.

A significant event in Canadian letters is the appearance this month of the first volume in the ambitious series under the general title of *Master-Works of Canadian Authors.*

Although *Voyages of Pierre Esprit Radisson* is number I. of the series as given on the prospectus, vol. vii. is the first to appear and it is a source of satisfaction that a work of this nature has been accompanied by such a fine piece of book-making. The typography and binding are both superb, reflecting credit on Canada's handicraft in the practical making of books.

Paul Kane, Upper Canada's first artist of distinctive talent, was a native of Ireland but emigrated with his parents when eight or nine years of age. He was self-taught, but spent years in the United States and in Europe studying the paintings of old and new masters and perfecting his art. Early association with Mississauga Indians doubtless inclined him to his chief work. His numerous paintings and sketches of Indians are well known, but his diary, carefully written during the three years of his "Wanderings" and published with illustrations, in London, England, in 1859, few of this generation have seen. It is lucidly written and has great historic value.

This series of Master-Works is to comprise twenty-five volumes of the most notable contributions to Canadian literature and the list of titles indicates the wealth of strange adventure and colorful romance which these books will set forth.

* * *

WE MUST MARCH. *By Honoré Willsie Morrow.* New York: Stokes. $2.00.

This is a moving story of the courage and faith of a little band of missionaries who cut their tragic way through the wilderness to save Oregon to the United States. In answer to the remark that a wagon road could not be made across the Rockies, Marcus Whitman answered, "It can for I have made it." How he and his beautiful wife Nerissa accomplished this makes the story. Nerissa is a little too beautiful to be real, but she is splendid. This is a tale that carries interest for Canadians, as well as those across the border, for it has, of course, a special appeal.

ALICE E. CATE.

* * *

THUNDER ON THE LEFT. *By Christopher Morley.* Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

Since we met Mr. Gissing *Where the Blue Begins,* we have been expecting this delicate fantasy which reminds one so pleasantly of Barrie and Algernon Blackwood. The moment we are given the children's confidence at the party and are led cunningly into the maze of emotions of these same children grown up, we are conscious only of being carried, unresisting, to a dramatic finish back with a rush to the party. Thunder sets the key and gains in volume until it dies away and we are released. The story almost defies analysis. You will like it and not know why. J.M.

* * *

THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL. *By Ruth Suckow.* Macmillan.

The tragedy, keen joy, the commonplaceness, that make up the background of a girl's life, etched with delicate, sure, relentless strokes. Against these, the development of an eager mind, hampered by an inherited respect for the conventions of bridge-parties and lodges and a finicky taste for the comforts and niceties of living. This sympathetic, gently humorous, intensely serious study of middlewestern small-town life, while cut off entirely different cloth from Miss Suckow's *Country People,* has all its vitality and insight. Added to these, a richness, a sense of intimacy with characters and setting make it a book to reread.

GRACE AVARD TOMKINSON.

* * *

THE SURRY FAMILY. By *Helen R. Hull.* Toronto: The Macmillan Co.

This may be classed with those books which "whether we like them or not, do force themselves into our imagination and live there." The Surry family proper consists of father, mother, son and daughter, but in the first part the unhappy, witch-like old grandmother has an unwholesome influence on the son Paul, as she has had on his mother, who feared her. Later there is the addition of Wilma, the wife Paul takes in a hasty and ill-considered marriage, while he is still but a boy. The three women, grandmother, mother and wife, seek to devour this youth, sensitive and a weakling, until Marjy, the sister, thinks, looking at him, "They've eaten you up, all of them together." Yes, the Surrys are a family, but so at variance that "their relation had been superficially a matter of being under one roof." Margaret, the wife and mother of Paul and Marjy, wants life orderly and proper; Franklin, her husband, is easy-going, stubborn, friendly and injudicious. To Margaret "a home was a private, secret thing, about which a high wall of respectability was raised. No one should ever penetrate behind that wall." E.B.C.

The Harp

By W. A. MacLeod

PLUCK not my strings so hard, vain hands:
My ravaged notes are shrill with pain;
They should be clear as morning dew,
As sweet as summer rain.

Great kings have bowed their heads to mine,
Their crowns and sceptres laid aside,
With humble fingers wooed my chords,
And lent to me their pride.

Blind Homer's songs, King David's psalms,
Were framed to please my haughty strings:
The poorest wretch who won my grace,
He ate the bread of kings.

The saints before the throne of God
Blend with their praise my tuneful voice:
The world's newborn, the morning stars,
They hear me and rejoice.

Touch me with awe, thy soul with me
From earth's harsh sounds to heaven may climb,
Like myriads who have blessed my voice
Down long, dim aisles of time.

Where Beauty Lives

By John Marco

O BEAUTY lives upon the sea,
And guides her ships to ports alone;
A tramp upon the ocean, she
Has not a place to call her own.

O Beauty lives upon the land,
And roams the earth by night and day.
Upon her trail a vagrant band
Of lights and shadows flit and play.

O Beauty lives where thought is sweet;
And summer winds play through the mind.
O Beauty goes on dancing feet
Across the faces of her kind.

Fragility

By Clare Shipman

THE snowy moth can bear no gentlest touch
Upon his powdered wing,
And little flowers which eager fingers clutch
Droop, swiftly perishing.

A breath-blown glass will into atoms quake
For whispers scarcely heard—
But ah! the wistful human heart will break
At absence of a word.

B. C. HISTORICAL WORKS

AT the last meeting of the Victoria and Island Branch of the Canadian Authors Association, Mr. C. C. Pemberton gave some interesting data on the works of the late Captain John T. Walbran and the late Dr. C. F. Newcombe. Prefacing his remarks Mr. Pemberton said:

"I am confident that our branch will rejoice in seeing that just recognition is now being given to some of Victoria's early writers for the great public benefits accruing from the works of these authors. I refer to the recent dedication of 'Walbran Park' on Gonzales Heights to the memory of the late Captain John T. Walbran and to the naming of 'Mount Newcombe,' in the Queen Charlotte Group, after the late C. F. Newcombe, M.D."

Quotations from the preface to *British Columbia Coast Names* showed that with a few Indian exceptions, the earliest names are of Spanish origin, while those of a later date are British. The Spanish were the first to visit the coast but contented themselves with discovery.

Captain Walbran's name had already been given to points on the British Columbia Coast; viz: Walbran Island, Rivers Inlet; and Walbran Rock, off Lama Passage, Fisher Channel.

These were named by the British Admiralty in 1890 and 1894 respectively, and Walbran Point, Maitland Island, was named by the Geographic Board of Canada in 1898.

C. F. NEWCOMBE, M.D.

"The late Dr. C. F. Newcombe has very recently been removed from our midst," continued Mr. Pemberton. "All the numerour writings which he has left behind him are not therefore fully known, I believe. His labors and researches in historical matter as well as in every phase of the natural sciences relating to the Pacific Coast have been most comprehensive and painstaking. It is gratifying to know that his name is now justly honored."

At the close of Mr. Pemberton's brief address a resolution was passed by the Association wherein the appreciation of the local branch for the work of Dr. Newcombe and Capt. Walbran in preserving the early history of the exploration of these coasts was warmly expressed, and the members pledged themselves to make known to the general public wherever possible, the value to British Columbia, and to the whole of Canada, of their tireless efforts and exhaustive research work in the interest of accurate historical preservation of fact.

Captain R. P. Bishop, D.C.L.S., has recently brought out a most interesting pamphlet entitled *Sir Alexander Mackenzie's Rock, the End of the First Journey Across North America.*" Others have written of this journey in various forms, but this Victorian author has actually made a survey of the exact route taken by Mackenzie and this has been followed up and confirmed by J. P. Forde, Dominion Government Engineer. The story is splendidly illustrated with beautiful photographs and an exceptionally fine map. There is an introduction written by His Honor Judge Howay, President of the British Columbia Historical Society. Deane's Channel, Labouchére Channel, and North Bentinck Arm, are all graphically described, and we are shown how great were the hardships experienced by Mackenzie in his hazardous journey among savage and frequently very hostile Indians, who hampered his progress. The rock which this intrepid explorer painted red, is a monument to his courage and will in all probability be the next site chosen to be perpetuated by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada.

* * *

PRIZE NOVELS

There is a widely-held belief that prize contests do not inspire the best of books. Here, however, is some evidence for the affirmative:

"The Prize Novel Contests which well-known publishing firms have been conducting of recent years have distinctly raised the level of young American writers," says Grant Overton, himself the author of several novels and one of the judges in the $2,500 contest now being conducted by Edward J. Clode, Inc. "This extra stimulus brings out the best that is in them. Of the manuscripts which have so far been entered in the Clode contest, perhaps fifty percent are first novels. In conception, development and style they are far above the manuscripts with which publishers used to be bombarded."

Recall, too, the acclaim with which Martha Ostenso's $13,500 prize novel, *Wild Geese*, was received and who will question the greatness of *The Philosopher's Stone*, which won a $14,000 prize?

* * *

Great Year for Canadian Books

Gerald Wade in a lecture on the significance of Canadian books of 1925, given in Winnipeg this month, based his arguments for ranking the past year exceptionally high, on such books as *Candid Chronicles, The Living Forest, The Life of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Around Home, The Chopping Bee, The Scarlet Sash, Wild Geese, The Day Before Yesterday, Settlers of the Marsh, The Judgment of Solomon, Far Horizons, Canadian Singers and Their Songs, The Glorious Appollo*, and *The Land of Afternoon.*

The Writer's Corner

Conducted by DONALD G. FRENCH

LITTLE TALKS ON POETRY

2.—The Music of Poetry

MUSIC is the expression of emotion without words and may, therefore, arouse feelings of sadness, joy, peace, etc., without involving the conception of any definite ideas. Poetry is the expression of emotion in words, and an attempt is made to produce, as nearly as possible within the limitations of ordinary speech, the effects of music. This attempt is the basis of all forms of meter.

Almost anyone can recognize the difference between the slow, solemn tones of the Dead March and the quick, cheerful movement of an Irish jig; the dreamy music of the waltz is readily distinguished from the "ragtime" of the negro melody. The difference in effect is caused by a difference in the length of the notes used and the number grouped in each measure, and a consequent variation of the accent. The fewer and longer the notes in a bar the more solemn and stately the music, while several short notes in succession produce a lively effect.

We find precisely the same thing in poetry; long vowels and short measures are in keeping with verse of dignity and deep thought; longer measures with shorter vowel sounds produce a form of meter suitable to lighter themes.

We need only to read aloud the lines:

"Break, break, break,
On thy co d, gray stones, O Sea."

and

"So this is your cradle, why, surely, my Jenny,
Such cosy dimensions go clearly to show," etc.

to tell from the movement of the voice alone that the theme of the former is full of deep, serious emotion, and that the latter is an extract from something light and humorous.

Examine the metrical form in these quotations: the first line of the first extract has but one syllable to a measure; in the second line two syllables is the rule; the vowels are mostly long. In the second quotation there are three syllables to a measure and the vowel sounds are mostly short.

You may refer to any poetical selections from good authors and you will find that our rule invariably holds true. Wordsworth, in his disregard for form, gives us his sweetly serious *Reverie of Poor Susan* in lively dance time and thus spoils the whole effect. How can one feel serious in reading:

"At the cor-ner of Wood-Street, when day-light appears,
Hangs a thrush-that sings loud;-it has sung for three years"?

The imitative harmony of poetry is usually the musical effect resulting from the variety in arrangement of long and short vowel sounds, changes of accent, and difference in the number of syllables used in the measure.

Every lover of poetry can collect abundant examples of musical effect in poems. We will, however, cite here a few quotations which will further illustrate the points mentioned.

In Tennyson's *Lullaby* we find an exact imitation of the rocking of the cradle.

Sweet-and low,-Sweet-and low,
Wind-of the west-ern sea.

Observe carefully how the monosyllabic foot and what we might call the *curve* of sound, produce a rhythmical movement which, aside from any idea conveyed by the words, impresses a mental picture of the rocking cradle by imitating its sound.

In Longfellow's *Old Clock on the Stairs* the ticking of the pendulum is imitated by a similar device.

For-ev-er—Nev-er
Nev-er—For-ev-er.

Tennyson in the *Northern Farmer* makes the old man speak of the canter of his horse thus:

Proputty, Proputty, Proputty, that's what I hear 'em say.

Can't you hear the hoof-beats on the hard road?

The use of long vowels to give a slow movement to the verse corresponding to the sense, is shown in:

The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs;
The deep moans round with many voices.

Compare with the above the movement of:

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

In Tennyson's *Bugle Song* the arrangement of accent changes in the last two lines of each stanza. First we have:

The splen-dor falls-on cast-le walls.

Then in closing:

Blow-bugle-blow-set the wild-echoes flying
Blow-bugle-Answer-echoes-dying-dying-dying.

In the refrain the gradual falling of the

The Golden Mirage

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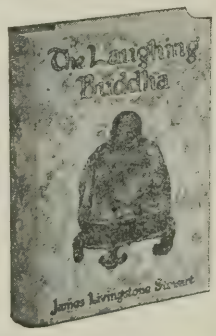

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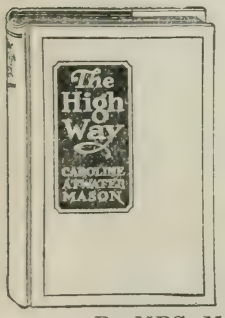

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stress of voice in the pronunciation of the words in each measure imitates the dying away of the echoes. With the stress falling on the word at the end of the measure this effect could not have been produced.

* * *

While in much poetry the element of music is greatly subordinated to the meaning, in none—except such as Walt Whitman's—is it entirely absent. Tennyson and Swinburne are masters of the art of infusing subtle music into verse, while Dryden and Pope give us a minimum of musical effect. The poetry of the latter appeals more to the intellect, yet that of the former has a deeper effect since it touches the chords of human sympathy and through its music wakes to life our tenderest emotions.

A Canadian poet—Bliss Carman—says, "The measure of verse has an influence on us beyond our reckoning. The simplest statement of truth, thrown into regular verse, comes to us with new force."

* * *

The Manuscript Market

The Drama League, 59 East Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill., offers a prize of $100 for a play for church use. For full particulars and rules write to address given. Contest is open to any one in the U. S. or Canada, and plays must be submitted before April 1st, 1926.

Complete Novel Magaine, 188 W. Fourth Street, New York City, wants human interest articles 1000 to 3000 words; novels from 70,000 to 80,000 words with plenty of action and thrills.

The Mottoette Company, 29 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill., wants clever verse, and also inspirational poems of not more than four or six lines.

Edward J. Clode, Inc., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, offers a cash prize of $2,500 for the best novel submitted by March 1st, 1926.

Dodd, Mead & Company, The Pictorial Review, and *First National Pictures, Inc.,* are offering $16,500 for the best novel by an American writer. Competition closes October 1st, 1926. Further details later.

* * *

The Way to Write

(From *Narrative Technique,* by Thomas H. Uzzell.)

Begin by cultivating a habit of writing, of setting words on paper; the quality of the copy will surely improve if you persist. At first write for quantity only. Get started. When you have trained yourself to set down with fair rapidity, say, one thousand words an hour, the interesting events of the day, you may conclude that you have broken yourself in and are ready to begin to try to improve the quality of these notes, cull

them, and start storing away your best ideas with definite system.

* * *

Every well-equipped writer carries some kind of pocket notebook for jotting down brief memoranda at any time of the day or night, and has in his study some means of sorting and storing away longer studies, sketches, and plots. For the first purpose a small pocket-size, loose-leaf notebook is adequate. For the second, the ideal equipment is an office file, though a stack of large manila envelopes will answer the purpose.

* * *

You should read much, voraciously, especially in your student days. This should be done not so much to learn how the other fellow does it as to *increase your fund of information about life* and the world we live in.

* * *

PATTERING FEET. A Book of Childhood Verses. *By Arthur S. Bourinot.* Ottawa: The Graphic Publishers.

In these verses Mr. Bourinot has done what so many writers of children's verse seem to find it difficult to do: he has kept to the child's point of view throughout. There are poems for little girls and poems for little boys, but the majority will appeal to boys and girls alike. The book is profusely illustrated by Alan B. Beddoe and some of the illustrations are reproduced on the jacket as an index to the subject matter of the poems. One of the most charming and original of the poems is:

THE BABY JUST LIKE ME.

Today I looked in Daddy's eyes
And got a wonderful surprise,
For looking in them I could see
A baby who looked just like me
And gazed back from his eyes at mine;
And yet my Daddy showed no sign
Of wonder or the leastest fear,
Nor did he even think it queer!
The other baby laughed with glee
And shook her curly head at me
And did just everything the same
And seemed to so enjoy the game
And when my Daddy yawned and dozed
And suddenly his eyelids closed,
Wasn't it strange? I couldn't see
The baby who looked just like me!''

C.I.D.

* * *

Joins Vancouver Group

Mrs. Margaret Piper Chalmers, author of *Babbie, Peter's Best Seller, Wild Wings, Sylvia's Experiment, Sylvia of the Hill Top* and *Sylvia Arden Decides*, published by L. C. Page & Co., has taken up her residence in Vancouver.

THE LIVING FOREST. *By Arthur Heming.* Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

What a delightful book! The Canadian Defoe has at last been found. For who other than old Bill Hill could have so successfully impersonated Robinson Crusoe with only a knife between him and starvation? The ordinary reader feels inclined to ask if the wonders of Sheffield and Damascene blades met in the wearing qualities of that same knife. Indeed in all justice, the reviewer should consider the knife a character complete in itself. Consider its ubiquitous nature; its adventure in the flank of a caribou, when a boy hunter lost his head and hurled it at the fleeing animal; its retrieval when the animal dropped exhausted. True it landed in the only spot where the results were so sure. Such a fortunate occurrence could only happen to a character.

Extraordinary too, is the temperate language of the half-breed, even though we make suitable allowance for his evidently being of Scotch-English descent. No doubt this is due to the company in which he found himself; but in recognition of the seriousness of the plight, he might have been conceded one ''Sacré.'' But, as we were saying, once accept the knife and old Bill as characters, it is like a theorem in geometry, one rides on to the Q.E.D. quite naturally.

Occasionally there is just a suggestion that the author has dipped deeply into scientific knowledge, that could not be the personal experience of one man, but it is all woven into such a delightfully plausible tale, that even the critic is lulled by the search for adventure.

If the animals are drawn with the same romantic slant as Bill and the knife, any exaggeration is permissible to an author who does such wonderful illustrations. They may not all be equally valuable, but they have charm, and we choose moose and geese as finest. A friend who loves *The Living Forest* says: ''Usually silhouettes have no perspective, but in some mysterious way Heming gets it and that is why his are so fine.''

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Editor's Note.—This is reproduced as a winner in the review contest recently announced.

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The Collector

VOL. XXX of that indispensable aid to the bookman, "American Book-Prices Current," covering the American book auction season of 1923-24, comes from the publishing house of E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, and it is hardly necessary to say that it maintains, if it does not exceed, the high standard set by previous volumes. The season of 1923-24 was, as the preface to the volume points out, pre-eminently a season of new values; but the most striking thing about it is that the predominant note in it was modern. This was due to the fact that the outstanding sales of the year were those of the collections of the late John Quinn, of New York, who had specialized in modern authors, and the late Stephen Wakeman, whose library was composed entirely of the works of the "nine classic American writers," Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Poe Thoreau and Whittier. Many of the books in both collections were association in character, while Mr. Quinn's collection included many manuscripts, which proved to be particularly alluring.

The top price for the season among books was $4,300, which was paid for a set of the first five editions of Izaak Walton's "The Complete Angler," London, 1653-76, and the next highest $4,200, which was brought by a copy of Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven and other Poems." New York, 1845, inscribed by the author to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Other high prices which may be mentioned were the following:

Boston News-Letter, Boston, 1719-1722, Nos. 1-123, $2.300.

Browning's (Robert) "Pauline," first edition, London, 1833, $2,050.

Burns's (Robert) "Poems," first edition, Kilmarnock, 1786, $2,000.

Irving's (Washington) "Life of George Washington," New York, 1855-59, 5 vols. on large paper, extended to ten by the insertion of portraits and other plates and much autographic material, with 5 additional albums, $2.200.

Poe's (E.A.) "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems," first edition, Baltimore, 1820. $2,900.

Poe's "Eureka," New York, 1848, (Poe's own copy, with corrections and additions.) $2,000.

Poe's "The Raven," first edition, New York, 1845, inscribed to Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman. $2,600.

Poe's "The Raven," first edition, in original paper covers, with Ms. in Poe's autograph of last stanza of "The Raven" laid in. $2,900.

Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," first edition, Philadelphia, 1840, Vol. 1, only (Poe's own copy, revised by him for new edition). $3,400.

Thackeray's "The Exquisites: A Farce in Two Acts," first edition, London, 1839. $3,450.

It was the items coming under the head of Manuscripts, however, which brought the big prices. Highest of the season was $9,500, which was paid for a collection of three MS. and nine A.L.S. of Napoleon and about 130 A.L.S., L.S. and D.S. by Napoleon and persons closely associated with him, together with about 315 portraits of Napoleon, Josephine, Marie Louise, etc., views, caricatures, etc., bound in 10 volumes. Other Mss. which brought high prices were: Joseph Conrad's "Victory," $8,100; Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," $7,500; Conrad's "Under Western Eyes," $6,900; Conrad's "Chance," $6,600; Conrad's "Almayer's Folly," $5,300; Conrad's "Typhoon," $5,100; Thackeray MSS. of lectures on George I. and George II, $5,000; Conrad's "The Nigger of the Narcissus," $4,500; Conrad's "An Outcast of the Islands," $4.100; collection of 211 A.L.S. and fragments of other letters, etc., of Washington Irving, $3,950; Conrad's "Lord Jim," portion only, $3,900.

The season saw the sale of some important books and manuscripts coming under the head of Canadiana, among them the following, viz:

Daily Victoria (B.C.) Gazette. Vol. 1, No. 1, July 28, to No. 102, Dec. 30, 1858, with two broadside supplements, in all 95 pieces. $848.

"Proclamation of His Excellency James Douglas, Governor of Vancouver's Island." Printed at the Vancouver Island Gazette Office (Aug. 25). 1858. Original paper covers (lower corner of back wrapper torn). $380.

Fitzwilliam (William W.Viscount Milton) and Cheadle (W.B.) "Expedition across the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia." 37 pp. London: Printed for Private

Circulation (1865.) Original paper covers. $280.

"Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents." Ed. by R. G. Thwaites, Cleveland, 1896-1901. 73 vols. $248.

Savage (Thomas) "Account of the late Action of the New-Englanders Under the Command of Sir William Phips, against the French at Canada." 8 leaves. London, 1691. $525.

McLoughlin (John) A.L.S. to Dr. Tolmie, head of the Hudson Bay Company's affairs at Nisqually. July 4, 1845, 4 pp.; fol. 123 lines of text in addition to the introductory address, including lines and signature. (dated.) Vancouver, 4th July, 1845. $375.

MS. "Plan of the Town of Quebec . . . . with the Basin and a part of the adjacent country, showing the principal encampments and works of the British Army commanded by Major-General Wolfe, and those of the French Army commanded by Lieut.-General the Marquis de Montcalm, during the siege of that place in 1750. From the surveys by Capt. Hugh Debbeig, Capt. Holland, and Lieut. J. F. des Barres." In water colors. With sheet of descriptive references. $850.

* * *

A collection of Americana and Canadiana, described as "mainly the library of the late W. W. C. Wilson, of Montreal, sold by order of Mrs. Wilson," was disposed of at the American Art Association's galleries in New York on November 27, and realized a total of $7,663. Prices on the whole were low, but it is doubtful if they would have been higher, or even anything like so high, had the sale been held in Montreal. The American Art Association took the trouble to send copies of the catalogue—which was got up with all the elaborateness and thoroughness characteristic of their productions —to all likely Canadian buyers of whom they could learn, but the results were meagre, the few bids received being far below the prices actually realized.

The top price of the sale as regards the Canadian portion was $90, which was brought by Heriot's "Travels through the Canadas" (London, 1807), an entirely uncut copy in the original boards, with map and 37 aquatint plates. Other important Canadiana sold included the following, viz: Bibaud's "Bibliotheque Canadienne" (Montreal, 1825-30), 5 vols., $32.50; a collection of Acts passed in the Parliament of Great Britain and other public Acts relative to Canada (evidently original issues, title-pages being dated 1796-1841, some not being mentioned in Gagnon, preceded by collective title-page with imprint reading: Quebec: printed by P. E. Desbarats, 1824), $52.50; Charlevoix "Histoire et Description Generale de la Nouvelle France" (Paris, 1744), 3 vols. (original edition of one of the most important works relating to the history of Canada), $37.50; Franchere's "Relation d'un Voyage a la Cote du Nord-Ouest de l'Amerique-Septentrionale" (Montreal, 1820), very rare original edition, containing earliest narrative of adventures among the Indians of the Pacific Coast as well as the first extended notice of the Oregon Territory, $47.50; Heriot's "Travels through the Canadas" (London, 1807), $57.50; Robson's "An Account of Six Years' Residence in Hudson's Bay" (London, 1752), $47.50; Jeffery's "The Nature and Civil History of the French Dominions in North and South America," (London, 1760), 2 vols in one, with the 18 large folding maps and plans, $45; Lambert's "Travels through Lower Canada and the United States" (London, 1810), 3 vols., first edition, $35; Lescarbot's "Histoire de la Novvelle France" (Paris, 1611-12), map and plan in facsimile, $42.50; Mackenzie's "Voyages to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans" (London, 1801), 2 vols. (first and finest edition of the earliest expedition made by a white man in this direction, with leaf of "Errata) $31; Ogden's "A Tour through Upper and Lower Canada. By a Citizen of the United States" (Litchfield, 1799), first edition, $40; Quebec Almanacs: "Almanach de Quebec, pour l'annee 1801." "The Quebec Almanack and British American Royal Kalendar" for the years 1824, 1836, and 1837, (Quebec, 1801-37), 4 vols, $52.50; "Report of the Proceedings connected with the Disputes between the Earl of Selkirk and the North-West Company" (Montreal, 1819), original issue, $50; do, $45; "Report of the Trials of Charles de Reinhard and Archibald M'Lellan" (Montreal, 1818), ation Perpetuelle du Sacrament et la Bonne $55; Reglement de la Confrerie de l' Ador-Mort" (Montreal, 1776), claimed to be first volume printed in Montreal, $3; (a tithe of its actual value).

* * *

High prices were obtained at a sale in London recently for a number of Burns manuscripts and letters, which came from the collection of the late Duncan Ferguson, of Burntisland, the total amounting to about £2,000. An autograph poem, "To the uneo guid," in eight stanzas, brought £135. Another poem addressed to Miss J. Ferrier, afterwards Mrs. General Grahame, realized £275. One of the famous letters from Ellisland addressed to Mrs. Dunlop was appraised at £245. One little fragment of twelve words, written in praise of Coila, in Ayshire, brought £8. Eight of the twenty or so items in the collection were purchased by Major T. C. Dunlop, on behalf of the trustees of the Burns Museum at Alloway at a cost of about £1,403.

A catalogue of unusual interest comes from E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, bearing the title: "The Book Lovers' Miscellany: A Collection of Books arranged Chronologically, from 1450 to 1925." Among the most notable books listed are "The Nuremberg Chronicle," 1493; Esquemeling's "Bucaniers of America" (second edition, with the rare fourth part), 1684; Gray's "Elegy" (third, but first complete edition), 1751; Wordsworth's "An Evening Walk" (his first book), 1793; Wordsworth's "Descriptive Sketches", 1793; Dickens "Pickwick Papers," original parts, London, 1836-37, and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," original 20 parts in 19, 1847 (priced $2,000). The catalogue also includes, among other items of special Canadian interest, Golden's "History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada," London, 1755, and Pownall's "Topographical Description of (British) North America," London, 1776.

Those brave persons who have set out to collect Bliss Carman's numerous regularly and privately issued publications will be interested to learn that the first edition of his recently published book, "Far Horizons," had two issues. The first issue is to be distinguished from the second by an error in the title of the poem on the front endpapers, which reads "In Excelis," instead of "in Excelsis." Unfortunately, the error was not discovered until the greater part of the edition had been printed, and printed, so that copies with the error will always be commoner than those with the error corrected.

* * *

Randolph G. Adams, Custodian of the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, has written, and the University has published, a pamphlet which every collector of rare books will desire to possess. It is entitled: "The Ways and Wherefores of the William L. Clements Library: A Brief Essay on Book Collecting as a Fine Art." Mr. Adams writes most enthusiastically and engagingly on a subject which is evidently dear to his heart. He describes the Clements Library as primarily a collection of the sources of American history, and that this is not too wide a claim is clear from the fact that among the books mentioned as being in the library are Eden's "The Decades of the New Worlde of West India," (London, 1555), the earliest collection of voyages in the English language, and Hariot's "A Briefe and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia," (London, 1588), the first English book on the first English settlement in America.

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In the Realm of Art

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Canada's Galleries

Activity and lively interest are being evinced by Canadians in their art galleries at the present time. Winnipeg citizens are writing letters to the press protesting the withdrawal of the civic grant to the Winnipeg Art Gallery. Membership subscriptions of $10.00 are being solicited to keep its doors open and "Those who thus subscribe will constitute the membership of the Winnipeg Art Gallery and will elect its officers and control its affairs." The Winnipeg Art Gallery is not going to be allowed an easy demise and out of the struggle for existenee may find itself stirring with a livelier life than it ever knew before. It does not take big corporations to own an art collection, one recollects, as one thinks of Sarnia quietly gathering together the one all-Canadian art collection on this continent. It is a distinguishing feature and a distinguished form of Memorial to Canadian soldiers.

From Vancouver comes word of the result of several years of energetic work; of an art school with a good membership and a faculty of five; of an endowment from a group of citizens of $100,000 for the purchase of works and plans of an art gallery, costing $280,000, to be built, it is expected, in the civic centre by the city.

And in Toronto the interest waxes high in the new gallery and its opening on the 29th of January. The public are curious to see the new Sculpture Court, the West Wing which is, they hear, to house Canadian art. They want to see the collection which contains such famous names as Corot, Troyan, Daubigny, Rousseau and Monticello. A well known and highly reputed artist writing of the coming opening said:

"The Gallery has been almost trebled in size and now, with a bolder and more comprehensive policy, it should become one of the most active institutions in the development of the city. The opening exhibition will be of pictures loaned by various art museums and by private collectors. The Carnegie Institute, the Albright Gallery, Buffalo, the Detroit Museum, the Montreal Association, the National Gallery, Ottawa, are all sending paintings from their permanent collections. Duveen's of New York are sending a collection of old masters said to be worth millions, if one thinks of them in terms of material value.

Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Reynolds, Goya, Courbet, Corot, Daumier will be better known in Toronto through this exhibition. The modern masters too will be represented: Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, Renoir, Cezanne, Rockwell Kent and others.

The Canadian part of the exhibition will be devoted to the work of deceased artists. This was deemed advisable as the loan exhibition will be followed in March by the O.S.A. and in April by the Group of Seven. The chief figures in the Canadian section will be Kreighoff, Blair Bruce, Tom Thomson and James Wilson Morrice. With these will be arranged smaller groups by Fowler, O'Brien, Jacobi, Paul Peel, Helen McNicoll, Mary Reid and Florence Carlyle. This part of the exhibition should call attention to the neglect of Canadian art in the permanent collections in both the Montreal and Toronto Art Galleries. Strangers visiting these galleries expecting to see, through paintings, the development of Canadian art, find nothing but a few poor examples of the work of our foremost artists; the historical sequence is at least of more importance than the collections of aimless stuff by other country's purely local artists."

Purchasing Pictures for the National Gallery

In former years purchases for the National Gallery were made directly from the R.C.A. and the O.S.A. shows, but this year a change has been made and the trustees of the Gallery at Ottawa have decided to hold in that city an annual exhibition of paintings invited from the current Canadian exhibitions. Canvases will be chosen from that selection for the National Gallery. It has been suggested that the old method was often better in practice than it sounds in theory. Often purchases were made by an individual trustee and perhaps because of the informality engendered, he obtained canvases at very low fees. This is not likely to happen in a solemn conclave. Besides this the five trustees are not likely to be in perfect accord regarding "What is Art?" nor is it desirable that they should be. But it may tend to make them, as a committee, "play safe" rather than have an adventurous outlook that should represent this country. The exhibition opens the middle of January and will contain about one hundred and fifty canvases.

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Canadian Art in the U. S.

"Formerly," writes a correspondent, "Canadian artists, finding it impossible to get recognition at home, moved across the border. Today the Canadian stays at home but is exhibiting much more frequently in the States." One of these is Mrs. Lillias Torrance Newton, who has just received fourth place (there were three awards and four mentions) in the Pan-American Exhibition at Los Angeles. An exhibition including over three hundred of all the prominent painters of North and South America, of which twenty-five were Canadian canvases. The Los Angeles Museum has purchased Mrs. Newton's painting for its permanent collection. Two years ago she received an honorable mention in the Paris Salon.

Another group of Canadian paintings travelling to the principal American cities is with the International Exhibition arranged by the Carnegie Institute. And our own O.S.A. is sending to Boston for the exhibition for March, perhaps the finest collection of paintings that that society has gathered together.

Guelph Acquires a Tom Thomson

On the evening of January 8th in the War Memorial Hall of the Guelph Agricultural College, a canvas by Tom Thomson was unveiled. The little brochure published by the college tells its own interesting story.

"'The Drive' is a Northern Ontario landscape painting by the Canadian artist, Tom Thomson. It has been purchased from the Tom Thomson estate by the Memorial Hall Committee, out of funds that have accumulated during the past five years as a result of public lectures and concerts that have been given at the Ontario Agricultural College.

"The Memorial Hall Committee hope to be able to acquire, from time to time, paintings by other Canadian artists which will represent various phases of Canadian life. It is hoped that the presence of these paintings in the Hall will make it even more distinctive as a memorial to those students who fell in the Great War; and that the paintings themselves will be the means of leading students who come here from all parts of Canada, to appreciate the work of Canadian artists."

The Fine Arts in Canada

To anyone interested in Canadian art the appearance of practically the first book on the subject must be something of an event and Newton MacTavish's book *The Fine Arts in Canada* fills a long felt need. It is a summary and chronicle of art in this country from the days of Paul Kane to 1925. "It traces events" according to one facetious reader "from the conventional art of our wild yesterdays to the wild art of our conventional todays." It traces events in a chronological sequence with every effort to be judicial and unbiased. It is a book for reference rather than inspiration. Enthusiasm is not allowed to play. As a book of reference the supplementary notes might be more complete and a thorough index for reference to the various artists would be useful.

* * *

Histrionic Art Final Medium

Ottawa, Jan. 2, 1926.

Editor, "Canadian Bookman":

The Arts and Letters Club of Ottawa is one of the finest expressions of enlightenment of which the capital can boast. On the evening of November 30th its members were presented with a performance of no ordinary skill. Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, the celebrated sculptor, gave selections from the Immortal Bard's works, demonstrating marvellous powers of visualization and memory. Mr. MacCarthy is making a noble and masterly effort to rescue the stage from the "silence of shadow pictures" and the artist-sculptor stands prominently among the torch-bearers of truth in Canada. On such occasions one is filled with fresh hope, that when other long cherished mediums partially fail, the final salvation of mankind may be through the portal of histrionic and dramatic art.

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CANADIAN POETRY

Editor, "Canadian Bookman:"

You might like to reproduce the following taken from the notes in the January number of "Poetry: A Magazine of Verse," Chicago.

Mr. Oliver H. Myers, assistant editor of the London magazine, "Poetry and the Play," in a letter of recent date quotes Mrs. Livesay's complaint (in her October Poetry article on "Canadian Poetry Today") that "English critics do not appreciate this growing (nationalistic) sentiment"—that they neglect Canadian poets. Mr. Myers protests that Canadian publishers send out few review copies to English periodicals, and continues:

"I would draw her attention to an article by S. Fowler Wright in the April-May issue of "Poetry and the Play" entitled "Canadian Poetry," which he closes with the words: 'We cannot overlook the output of Canadian poetry without loss to ourselves, or without failure to realize fully the breadth of the growth by which our literature is developing.' In the course of the article he attacks the attitude of neglect towards Canadian poetry as vigorously as any Canadian could do."

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A NATIVITY. By *Eva M. Gilpin.* London: Constable. 6s.

A Christmas play for school performance, illustrated by children's work. This play was produced at Christmas, 1923, by the children of the Hall School, Weybridge, England, of which school Miss Gilpin is Headmistress. It has been printed exactly as played, with the music in full, "for the use of any other schools or educational bodies who may desire to attempt its performance. No fee or permission is necessary."

The words are adapted entirely from the old French Noéls . . . and the music has been in great part arranged and harmonized from old French Folk Music by the music teachers of the Hall School.

There are two editions of *A Nativity.* The ordinary edition has a colored frontispiece and many black and white drawings, all designed by the children of the Hall School. An edition de luxe at 25s, limited to 100 copies, is printed on hand-made paper and contains in addition to the colored frontispiece, eight full-page lithographs and wood-cuts in full color, drawn and printed by the children. The frontispiece, in both editions, is a lithograph made from an original drawing by a child of twelve, and shows a few of the properties used in the play.

The scenes are arranged in the following order: Prologue; Berceuses; Le Noël des Oiseaux; Le Noël des Fleurs; Le Noël des Bêtes; Les Trois Mages en Voyage; Le Noël des Bergers; Finale.

* * *

Epitaph For a Stoker

IT doubtless was high time for him
To go to Heaven. Life was grim
And dull; and though he slaved in Hell,
He did his labor rather well.

Henry Harrison.

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Vol. VIII. TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1926 No. 2

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Wise! —*New York Times*

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Modern! —*The Outlook*

Humorous! —*New York Times*

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Fascinating! —*Outlook*

Distinguished! —*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Sophisticated! —*Saturday Review*

Fabulous! —*Philadelphia Inquirer*

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Delightful! —*Chicago News*

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¶ Whole pages of quotations would hardly give a taste of the full quality of this book of humor, edged with wit, and this story of passions and philosophies that still is as new as it was when Homer told it.

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Who's Who in Canadian Literature

E. PAULINE JOHNSON

By M. O. Hammond

PAULINE JOHNSON first saw the light in that wonder period of Canadian literature, the early sixties, which gave us also Carman, Roberts, Lampman, Campbell and the two Scotts. She was born on March 10, 1862, on the Indian Reserve near Brantford, her father being Chief G. H. W. Johnson, head of the Six Nations, and her mother Emily Howells, a white woman and member of an English family who had come to Canada and later settled in Ohio.

Pauline was raised in an atmosphere of refinement, but her education was limited to attendance at the Indian School on the reserve, followed by two years at the Central School in Brantford. Her love of poetry and her ability to make verse were early manifested and before she was able to write she was composing childish jingles. The great book of nature was spread before her, and riding, canoeing and walking were enjoyments of her secluded life. As she grew up she was devoted to poetical literature and before she was twelve she had read Longfellow and Scott and much of Byron and Shakespeare. Her first published poem appeared in *Gems of Poetry*, a small New York magazine, and she also soon found a place in *The Week*, founded in Toronto by Goldwin Smith; *The New York Independent*, and *Toronto Saturday Night*.

Pauline Johnson was thirty when in 1892 she had her first great opportunity in reading her own work at a poetry evening of the Toronto Young Liberal Club. She thrilled the audience with the dramatic presentation of her message from the disappearing Indian race, then smarting from the failure of the Northwest Rebellion of 1885. A platform career was the logical sequel and in a few days she appeared again in Toronto under the management of Frank Yeigh. For this occasion she composed "The Song My Paddle Sings," a beautiful lyric upon which her fame in no small measure rests, and which she sold to *The Week* for the magnificent sum of one dollar!

Pauline was now ready to embark upon her career as a public reader, which proceeded with much success and extended to 1909, when failing health compelled retirement. For this work she possessed dramatic gifts from her Indian ancestors and literary qualities from her mother, who was a cousin of William Dean Howells, the eminent American novelist. Her readings were marked by eager intensity which made heavy drafts upon her vitality. Platform engagements took her to England, where her

novelty and power captured an immense circle of admirers and resulted in the publication in 1896 of her first book, *The White Wampum*. She continued to tour many sections of the United States and all parts of Canada, her partner for several years being Walter McRaye, who interpreted French-Canadian life through the poetry of Drummond. As she travelled she observed and wrote, and tasted life in many phases. She composed readily, now writing a poem on the back of a menu card at dinner, and now on a programme during a theatrical entertainment. Much of this verse never was published, and consequently we have a collected edition of poems of high sustained average, but of limited quantity.

The later years of Pauline Johnson's life were spent in Vancouver, a city which aroused her love and in which she wrote her last book, *Legends of Vancouver*, a little volume of stories largely derived at first hand from the noted Coast Indian, Joe Capilano. She also took up enthusiastically the writing of boys' stories and in a letter to the writer in 1910 she said: "I regard this work as the most successful I have ever done in literature."

The legends and the boys' stories, the coming and going of many friends cheered and occupied the sunset of her life until the illness of cancer which she bore so stoically, ended in death on March 7, 1912. Her remains, by her own order, were cremated and her ashes scattered near the shore of Stanley Park, Vancouver, where today a rough memorial stands in the form of a pyramid of rocks, crowned by a boulder bearing her profile in low relief.

Pauline Johnson's poetry carries no mystery. It is an open book for the reader to trace her evolution from the days of passionate protest against the white man's wrongs to the Indian, on to her proud Canadianism, and even a world outlook. In *A Cry From an Indian Wife* she uttered this fierce declaration against the despoilers of the red man:

> "They never think how they would feel today,
> If some great nation came from far away,
> Wresting their country from their hapless braves,
> Giving what they gave us—but war and graves."

Miss Johnson did not long lament a glorious past. She soon was absorbed in the broad outdoors of the north and west, as in *Shadow River, The Birds' Lullaby*, and *Perseroso*. As travel and experience widened her horizon she recorded her strong national spirit as in *Canadian Born*, while *Prairie Greyhounds* pictures the first transcontinental trains sweeping the plains and administering one more set-back to the aborigines. She moved on to a more cosmopolitan viewpoint, as in *Give Me Barabbas*, a protest against the exile of Dreyfus, and in *The Art of Alma Tadema*. Near the end of the chapter came *Train Dogs*, based on an observation in Edmonton, an epic of a trapper's dog team from the north, and *A Toast*, a bacchanalian tribute to the City of Vancouver.

A slight, compact, high-tempered collection of poetry is our heritage from Pauline Johnson, but it is individual, sturdily Canadian, and must long hold a treasured place in our literature.

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Pauline Johnson and Her Birthplace

Brier

By E. Pauline Johnson

BECAUSE, dear Christ, your tender, wounded arm
Bends back the brier that edges life's long way,
That no hurt comes to heart, to soul no harm,
I do not feel the thorn so much today.

Because I never knew your care to tire,
Your hand to weary guiding me aright,
Because you walk before and crush the brier,
It does not pierce my feet so much tonight.

Because so often you have hearkened to
My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now,
That these harsh hands of mine add not unto
The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow.

—From *Flint and Feather.*

Some Memories---Literary and Dramatic

By Thomas O'Hagan

AS every student of Shakespeare knows, the great "myriad-minded dramatist," has created two great villains—Richard III and Iago; though of course they are two distinctly different types of villains. If we compare Richard and Iago we find that the latter has the more mind but is the baser villain. Richard destroys others to raise himself and destroys them with a speedy death; while, on the other hand, Iago destroys others as if, in their destruction alone, he had sufficient end—he destroys deliberately and carefully, and in every way with malice aforethought.

Barry Sullivan's presentation of the character of Richard III. was studded with passages or dramatic scenes of great beauty. In his encounter with Lady Anne his humor, grim, sarcastic and pitiless, was superlatively effective. In the Tent Scene, too, he reached a height which stamped his work as that of consummate art. Never have I heard that passage beginning with "Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!" rendered as Sullivan rendered it. Assuredly it was the very perfection of acting. Again, at the close of the play, the fencing bout on Bosworth Field with the Earl of Richmond was so fine a duel, so full of the issue of fate, that it alone was worth the theatre admission.

Henry Irving rarely played Richard III. but I understand he made a very acceptable Richard. Mantell plays Richard III. but not well. In his impersonation of this character his villany and hypocrisy are too obvious. Taking the great actors of the past fifty years I think that in the interpretation of this character Barry Sullivan stands alone.

William Winter, dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune* for fifty years, holds that actors of the Latin race cannot interpret Shakespeare successfully on the stage, and I think he is right. There is nothing in either the French, Spanish, or Italian character like the creations of Shakespeare. There have been very successful interpreters of Shakespeare on the stage among the Scotch and Irish, as instance Mantell and Macklin and Barry Sullivan. Indeed, in the eighteenth century the Dublin stage was a strong competitor of the London stage. Perhaps, too, that nowhere else can there be found a more discriminating audience than in the capital of the Irish Free State.

Here in America, foreign actors have, at different times, essayed roles in Shakespeare, amongst whom may be mentioned the German actors, Bandmann and Sonnenthal, the French actors, Fechter and Mounet-Sully, and the Italian actors Salvini and Rossi. In almost every instance their conception of the characters they assumed was faulty. Salvini's presentation of *Othello* was, however, marvellous. Winter says that Salvini's performance of *Othello* was tremendously effective as a piece of dramatic execution, but he adds that it was radically and ruinously false in ideal; and the late able dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune* adds further: "In *King Saul* a grand and terrible figure as drawn by the Italian poet Alfieri from the old Hebrew scripture, Salvini was artistic perfection."

I remember that when I saw Salvini impersonate *Othello* in the old Whitney Opera House, Detroit—his Desdemona being the late Clara Morris, the great emotional actress who of course spoke her lines in English—some forty years ago the presentation by the great Italian actor impressed me as transcendantly fine. George P. Goodale was then dramatic critic of

the Detroit *Free Press*, a critic who in his day was generally regarded as only second to William Winter; and his report of Salvini's performance in the *Free Press* read: "The presentation of *Othello* last night at the Whitney Opera House by the great Italian actor Salvini was so superlatively magnificent that we waive all criticism." William Winter may, however, be justified in his criticism—"that Othello's love for Desdemona is devotional, not sensual;" and that the latter conception marred the whole ideal of Salvini's performance. Again Winter contends that Salvini in dressing as a Moor and not as a Venetian general, committed an error. Othello was a Christianized Moor in the service of the Venetian Republic and therefore his dress should have been Venetian. Furthermore Othello is not *black*, but *tawny*.

There are certain characters in Shakespeare which every aspiring and ambitious actor essays to impersonate, and two of those are *Hamlet* and *Shylock*. But we have had far more Shylocks than great actors of this role. This reconciling drama known as a comedy which came very nearly being a tragedy, is one of the most widely known and popular of Shakespearean plays.

It is generally accepted that Richand Burbage was the first to present Shylock on the stage; and as the Jews were very much disliked in England during the reign of Elizabeth, it is more than probable that the first Shylock was presented with more or less caricature. Then followed Betterton of the time of Queen Anne; Macklin, Edmund Kean, (who was the first to represent Shylock with black hair), Macready, Edmund Booth, Henry Irving and Richard Mansfield.

Kean presented the Jew as a creature of murderous malice and yet of distinctively Hebraic majesty. Edmund Booth presented Shylock as the relentless revenger of personal indignities—a man animated by a vindictive, implacable hatred intensified by racial and religious antipathy. Touching Henry Irving's *Shylock* William Winter writes: "The most thoroughly consistent, absorbingly interesting, and decisively paramount impersonation of Shylock that has been seen within the last sixty years—and, in its maturity, as I believe, after weighing the recorded evidence the best ever given—was that of Henry Irving." In impersonating *Shylock* Irving followed the traditions of Henderson, holding that Shylock "is a bloody-minded monster" but of course not playing him so, seeing that the interpreter must create or win also a measure of sympathy for the Jew.

I saw Irving's presentation of Shylock in Montreal on his last visit to America. The others plays in which I saw Irving were: Louis XI., Robespierre and Dante—the latter written specially for this great English actor by the French playwright Sardou. The writer saw Irving in Dante a short time before his death, in the Lyceum theatre, in London, England. It is needless to say that Irving made in appearance a marvellous Dante; and the scene in Hell where Dante appears with Virgil as guide was wonderfully fine.

If Mantell had to seek stage immortality through his presentation of such Shakespearean plays as *Hamlet, Richard III, The Merchant of Venice* and *Romeo and Juliet* his name would be "writ in water." In *King Lear*, however, Mantell is supremely fine; and he presents, too, a very satisfactory *Macbeth*. Mantell, who is an actor of fine gifts, came to Shakespeare too late—after he had spent the best years of his youthful manhood playing melodrama. Notwithstanding this I regard Mantell today as the best interpreter of Shakespeare on the American stage. But of course when a man of sixty-five essays the role of Romeo—well, "let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars!"

One who frequents the theatre has many incidents to relate. A few years ago, when in Chicago, I went to see Richard Mansfield in *Brutus*, in the play of *Julius Caesar*. I took a seat among the "gods" in the second gallery; for I have always regarded the opinion and applause of the street urchin in connection with the presentation of a play as of far more value and importance than the conventional judgment of the private box.

Those who have a memory of Mansfield, as *Brutus* in *Julius Caesar*, will remember that this "noblest Roman of them all," as impersonated by Mansfield, took a long time to commit suicide, when the fortunes of the battle of Philippi went against him. This tardiness on the part of *Brutus* evidently irritated a little urchin by my side, and he shouted out at the top of his voice as *Brutus* was too slowly despatching himself, "Hurry up, Brutus!" But this was too much for another street arab with more patience, and turning to the urchin who was impatient, he said: "O cheese it, Jimmy!" and then to the stage shouted "Never mind, Brutus, take your time!" It is needless to say that this beat anything I had ever before seen in a theatre.

Review of the Toronto Art Gallery Opening

By Lawren Harris

THE inaugural exhibition of the new Toronto Art Gallery was unique in Canada. The opening evening itself was a thrilling event. One distinctly felt a new life awakening in the community; a zest and friendliness that promises the widest kind of public interest. It would seem that art is becoming a living and vital part of the life of the people, and that already the vision, enthusiasm and labor of those who created the gallery is being more than justified. Within the first two weeks of the exhibition one hundred and forty thousand people visited it. Societies and clubs had special evenings while throngs of school children were taken through daily and lectures were given by various members of the Art Societies and the Ontario College of Art.

The Gallery itself is impressive and inspiring. The sculpture court, with high, vaulted corridors, is probably the most dignified and spacious secular interior in Canada today. The collection of paintings, prints and drawings constituted the most comprehensive exhibition ever gathered together in the Dominion. There were pictures from the middle ages down to today and from various countries. Enough to afford a cursory survey of the spirit in painting for over four hundred years. The examples of course, of most periods and painters were not of the best, such would have been impossible to secure. Nonetheless the pictures were of sufficient merit to stimulate appreciative understanding.

The two Richard Barry Fudger memorial galleries were devoted to the old masters. Here were Rembrandts, Raeburns, Reynolds, Frans Hals, Van Dycks, and other well known names. Outstanding among these was a Tintoretto portrait. It was fine in spirit of glowing color, forceful in design, at the same time being careless of the literal. The head of the old man was created through paint into a living character. A "Madonna and Child" painted by Bellini emanated devotion from its simplicity, its beauty of blue and silver and serene design. The large Cuyp sea-scape was almost magical in design, every rope, figure, cloud and ship, every detail of the water, playing a necessary part in the whole living mechanism. The intricacy of detail swung into a big, yet easy rhythm far above trivialities and the whole was flooded by a marvellous quality of light. The Rembrandt "Portrait of a Lady" loaned by Mr. Frank Woods, was the richest and fullest of the three Rembrandts, the head beautifully poised above the voluptuous textures of the gown and drapes.

The Canadian paintings were hung in two of the older galleries. They were all the work of deceased artists. Here Tom Thomson was far and away the most stimulating. "The West Wind" and "The Jack Pine", though more powerful in idiom, yet contain the lasting qualities of the best old masters. The devotional mood of "The Jack Pine" is the same as in Bellini's "Madonna and Child," and the two pictures are similar in design. "The West Wind" is perhaps the most forceful picture in the whole exhibition. It has a vitality, a great and bold design, a wonderfully living and running Northern rhythm, a freely given affection that places it in a world of its own. Thom-

son was a great poet, an artist in the highest sense of the term. The Morrice pictures are all pleasing in color, lyrically designed and sympathetically painted. The work of a minor poet. The Krieghoff pictures of an earlier day are Canadian Classics. They are sound, painstaking and sincere. One can wander anywhere in them and it becomes an emotionally informing experience. In the main they are literature. There is little in Canadian writings to compare to them. The colored drawings of Daniel Fowler are things of real distinction. The work of Paul Peel and Blair Bruce, whatever their merits, might have been done anywhere.

With the exception of the work of Arthur B. Davies. Rockwell Kent and perhaps George Bellows, the American pictures represented the average of the academies. In none of the canvases of the other American painters did the artist touch more than the surface of life. They seem to have chosen their subjects instead of being chosen by them. They arrange figures and properties, place them nicely, and paint them smartly, rather than feel them as primal necessities and indispensable to the spirit of the work; inevitable to a living created whole. No one of these canvases approaches Thomson's "West Wind" or "Jack Pine" in devotion and greatness of spirit.

The pictures by Arthur B. Davies were perhaps the most difficult to comprehend in the exhibition. They have no topical interest, no associations whatever. They have their life in the world of pure art, beyond the schools, beyond all strife. Rockwell Kent's "Portrait of a Boy" is so beautiful in all its parts—its spirit is so lofty and singing, that one hopes and somehow feels, that time will mellow and unify it into an enduring masterpiece.

The gallery containing the modern French work was distinguished by a profoundly moving small canvas by Millet of "A Man with a Hoe," (the sketch for the well-known work by that name.) Its depth of feeling and sensibility to the hidden truths and movement of life, made by comparison much of the work by the French artists seem almost foolishly light and superficial. The importance of the Impressionists fades with the passing of time. One is inclined to forget their contribution of light and color in searching for more lasting qualities. A canvas by Cezanne was spacious and dignified in design and pervaded by a gracious loftiness. "Women sitting in the Shade of the Palm Trees," by Gauguin, was an exquisitely felt pattern of color.

The work of all the galleries seemed to divide itself into two groups. One in which the performance itself was the primal interest and the other where a searching sincerity led into greater realms.

* * *

The Art Gallery's Mission

Homer St. Gaudens, curator of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, was a visitor to Toronto for the opening of the new art gallery. Mr. St. Gaudens probably officiates at these kind of functions more than any other man in America, so that what he had to say regarding the future programme of our latest Canadian gallery was heard with considerable interest.

Any one who wishes to see art play a part in the life of the people will concur with the Pittsburg curator in his views as expressed here. "An art gallery," he told an audience, "can leaven the whole life of a community provided it is not run by individuals who would like to make it an institution for social functions; or by those who believe that art is a mixture of highbrow intellectualism mixed with a lot of extraneous stuff which has nothing to do with life. Real art is the expression of a people. It comes from the people and exists because of them. It is a vital need of every day life and does not need to be degraded to become democratic in the best sense of the word."

Mr. St. Gaudens believes that the laboring man as well as the wealthy capitalist can be stimulated to something fine through art. Both have more leisure than they once had and with leisure comes atrophication, unless the feeling and the imagination are kept alive.

Diapason

By John Marco

SOMETIMES I think that God must take
To walking on the earth at night,
While angels and archangels are
Around some corner out of sight,

Or how could there be so much joy,
In all that we can hear and see?
Earth, sky, and ocean seem to sing,
Loud anthems to the Deity.

The Lonely Places

By Annie Charlotte Dalton

WHERE are the gods who lived here long ago?
Few, few and scattered are the human faces;
Call back the gods—our hearts are crying so,
Canada! crying in thy lonely places.

Here we have need of something warm and human,
Something to visit us, to leave us kindly traces;
Something half-god, half-man, or wholly woman—
Bring back the gods to fill these lonely places.

Ah! that long range, its hateful folds enlinking—
Crouch, crouch, thou monstrous snake, full-gorged
and shameless!
Two-headed, horrible, four-eyed, unwinking—
(Sick, sick, my soul! with everlasting sameness.)

The dead and living trees on yonder bank
That drops so steeply to the lonely mere,
For safety lean, the full-leaved and the lank,
So leans green memory on my stark despair.

God has gone hence. He loves the crowded city;
Safe are the children there whom Christ embraces;
Lone, lone, alone—who shall on us have pity?
Call back the gods to fill these silent places.

"Great are the gods! They minister before Me,
(Fierce are these virginal, inviolate spaces),
Great are the gods! They worship, they adore Me;
Great are the gods—they rule these lonely places!

The East is whispering to the West, her mouth
Close to his ear, they see each other's faces;
The North has told My secret to the South:
There shall be no more silent, lonely places!"

The Happy Plowman

By Austin Bothwell

"The only thing that makes life enjoyable on the farm is to sit on a plow in one of those fields a mile long and think about the beauties of literature."—The Hon. J. G. Gardiner, in the Saskatchewan Legislature.

"SLEEP that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care" is kindly to the Saskatchewan farmer. Our friend, the happy plowman, wakes on a spring day feeling fit. As he clothes himself he murmurs,

"Art thou poor, yet has thou golden slumbers
O sweet content!"

He looks out of the window—a marvelously bright window—and he whispers,

"But soft! What light through yonder window breaks
It is the east."

But it is the magnificent prairie dawn he descries and his whisper turns to declamation,

"Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the gentle spring."

And so at length in the glad confident morning he proceeds to the field, to the spot where he left his plow the night before. Soon behind his six well-cared for horses he is plowing a lonely furrow—I mean six lonely furrows.

And towards the east!

"Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state
Robed in flames and amber light
The clouds in thousand liveries dight!"

Thus he muses. But breaks out into a cheery whistle as he remembers that the following lines run,

"While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land."

But the long silence of the morning has at length its effect. He remembers it is the Easter season. And dimly as in a glass darkly the lovely lines come to his mind.

"Most glorious Lord of Life! that on this day;
Did'st make Thy triumph over death and sin;
And, having harrowed hell, did'st bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win
This joyous day, dear Lord with joy begin.
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest die,
Being with Thy dear blood clean wash't from sin,
May live for ever in felicity!

But suddenly his ploughshare (I should say one of them) disturbs a mouse and destroys its home. He addresses it,

"Wee, sleekit, cowrin' tim'rous beastie
O what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty
Wi' bickering brattle
I wad be laith to run and chase thee
Wi' murdering pattle."

"Burns," he thought, "had the widest of sympathies—'Fellow Mortal!' a beautiful thought."

It was fit enough that his thoughts should immediately turn to love.

" 'Twas but a kindred sound to move
For pity melts the mind to love."

His bachelor musings were not so different (in kind) from those of another bachelor whose plaint has been voiced so bathetically by a prairie poetess,

"No one to bid a fond welcome
No one to kiss me goodbye
When I step to the well for some water
Or with swill make a trip to the sty."

He also dreams, the happy plowman, of *her*.

"Who'er she be
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me.
* * *
I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire or glistering shoe-tie.
"Ah, yet," he cries,
"Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave
May I a small house and a large garden have;
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved and loving me
* * *
How happy here should I
And one dear she live, and embrace; die!
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts, solitude
I should have then this only fear;
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me
And so make a city here."

But coming out of his musing he is aware of the empurpling crocuses and he reflects on the happy fate of the poet to whom it is given

"To see a world in a grain of sand
Heaven in a wild flower,
To hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour."

And he wishes that some one would sing the prairie crocus, courageously cheerful, the challenger of the bleak winds of March.

And so the morning wears away. Once as he skirts the road with blossomed mustard unprofitably gay (not just then of course but later) he observes a strange equipage, a prodigiously thin horse driven by an equally hollow looking man. "Ho hum" he says,

"As lene was his hors as is a rake
And he was nat right fat I undertake"

"A fine simile that," he thinks, the good poet must have had a thrill when he thought of it. We don't often enough give the older poets all the credit of their inventiveness. We're rather like the good lady who expressed the opinion after seeing Hamlet that she thought Shakespeare over-rated, half the lines were familiar quotations.

The noon hour is a too brief respite. While smoking an after dinner pipe he runs through Arthur Mee's "One thousand Beautiful Things,"—bought for a gift to a small nephew, but he would have to wait for it until Christmas now—and comes upon lines which please him as expressing his own case.

"Give a man a pipe he can smoke
Give a man a book he can read
And his home is bright with a calm delight
Though the room be poor indeed."

Naturally enough his mind runs on the privilege of his lot in the afternoon, "The glorious privilege of being independent" he thinks. "It is the farmer's lot and it is a good one."

"What sweet delights a quiet life afford
And what it is to be of bondage free
Far from the madding worldling's harsh discords."

But late in the day he " 'gins to be aweary of the sun."

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day."

Thus he voices a momentary protest as he unhitches, homeward to plod his weary way. But "the boisterous pageantry" of the prairie sunset cheers but not inebriates him as he reflects

"Yes in spite of all
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits"

Late in the evening, all his chores done, he stands for a moment under the stars,

"What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?"

When he enters his shack he doesn't tune in. He is addicted to the bad habit of reading in bed.

"For him was levere have at his beddes head
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed"

than CKCK's most valliant efforts.

With a lamp conveniently placed to read by, his pipe drawing well and tobacco and matches handy he has his happiest hour of the day. He reaches for "The Golden Treasury" which opens of its own accord at Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark" for he finds its concentrated joy as good as a cocktail to cheer the spirit. If only some one would as definitely "do" the meadow lark. But he really doesn't need a fillip tonight; it has been a good day. "Enough of poetry!" he will read a bit of good prose. He takes up Newbolt's "An English Anthology"—and loses himself in the charming old fashioned "Garden" of Abraham Cowley. But with whetted appetite he wants something of the same quality but longer and so he turns to "A Century of English Essays" for something by Lamb, Old China? Exactly! And then to "Modern English Essays" for Chesterton's "A Defence of Nonsense" different, but he likes nonsense, is an Edward Lear fan. And lastly to justify his love of books, after he has blown out the light he repeats to himself,

Egypt's might is tumbled down
Down a-down the deeps of thought,
Greece is fallen and Troy town,
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
Venice's pride is nought.
But the dreams their children dreamed
Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,
Airy nothing, as they deemed,
These remain.

And so to sleep!

* * *

I.O.D.E. COMPETITIONS

In the December issue, in giving particulars of the I.O.D.E. competitions, an unfortunate error occurred in stating the rules regarding length of the stories. This should have read "not less than 2000 and not more than 6000 words." Unfortunately it is now too late to submit stories in this year's competitions, but it might be well for any who are interested to write for particulars regarding future competitions to the I.O.D.E. national secretary, 238 Bloor St. E., Toronto.

OVERHEARD—! !

By John Marco

MRS. L. ADAMS BECK, who has lately revealed herself, through her publishers, to the world as E. Barrington, also writes books under the name of L. Moresby. Mrs. Beck lives in the capital of British Columbia and frequently gives lectures on famous women of history and on oriental themes. Among the best known of her books published under her own name of L. Adams Beck are: *The Ninth Vibration, The Key of Dreams, The Way of Stars,* and her new book just announced for publication is to be called *The Splendour of Asia;* being a novel dealing with the life of Buddha. Mrs. Beck first won wide public recognition under the name of E. Barrington with her charmingly written record of the love of Lord Nelson for Lady Hamilton which is so well known, *The Divine Lady.* Many discriminating readers consider *The Chaste Diana* and *The Divine Lady* her best work to date. *Glorious Apollo,* her newest published novel, which deals with the life and loves of Lord Byron, the man who wrote poetry but made no attempt to live it, has not been so well received. Her next novel, which is now running serially in magazine form, is becoming quite popular and a good sale for the book may be looked for. Perdita Robinson was considered one of the great beauties of her time, and the romance surrounding her has given Mrs. Beck the material for just the kind of story that she excels in telling. She has very aptly named the book after its chief character, *The Exquisite Perdita.* The line is so sharply drawn between the two types of books written under the names of Beck and Barrington that one is reminded of the mystery surrounding the works of *Fiona Macleod,* who was eventually revealed to the world as William Sharp.

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It is interesting to compare the styles of Vere Hutchinson and her famous brother, A. S. M. Hutchinson. Miss Hutchinson's new book *The Naked Man,* is receiving very favorable reviews from the critics. The news that William Fox is to produce *One Increasing Purpose* will be welcomed by all Hutchinson enthusiasts. Mr. Fox made such a splendid job of *If Winter Comes* that we need have no qualms for the success of this latest work of "B. C. D. Ash, the famous novelist." Quite recently the writer saw a picture of that very versatile actor, Mr. Percy Marmont, with a small and neatly clipped moustache. It seemed like looking at a picture of Simon Paris; it will be interesting to see whether or not Mr. Fox caught the same resemblance.

* * *

Canadian publishers are to be congratulated on their very worthy efforts to popularize poetry in Canada by the Chap-book. It is an old method of marketing poetry which has been revived in England during the past few years by Mr. Harold Monro of the Poetry Bookshop in London. Mr. Monro's plan is that of publishing every month what he describes as a miscellany, of poems apparently submitted for that purpose. He also includes critical surveys, articles on the drama, bibliographies, and new songs with music, etc. A special cover is designed for each number and in some numbers appear woodcuts and drawings by contemporary artists. Strictly speaking, this is not an ideal chapbook because it is really too varied in scope. The first of Ryerson Press Chapbooks contains a number of poems not previously published, by Chas. G. D. Roberts, called *The Sweet o' the Year.* The verses in this collection are, for the most part, very pleasant. A much more modest publication, but in the writer's opinion, a more varied collection, is that just recently published by The Bookcraft Publishing Co. It includes verses by the three Roberts, Laura Goodman Salverson and others. One particularly pleasing thing in this collection is a poem by Mr. T. D. Rimmer called *Bereft.* It is real poetry and only needs to be read to be appreciated. The verses included in this book have all appeared previously in *The Canadian Bookman,* and the publishers tell us in a very brief foreword that a similar collection is to be published every year. The Vancouver Poetry Society has also published a Chapbook. It is to be hoped that poetry will receive first consideration in these books and that verses will not be included because of the names appended to them. Versifiers we have with us always and their name is legion.

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MARITIMES BRANCH C.A.A.

At the January meeting of the Maritime Provinces branch of the Canadian Authors Association, held at the home of Dr. MacMechan, the evening was devoted to recent works by Canadian authors, beginning with a sympathetic review of the late Peter McArthur's *Around Home.* The opinion was voiced that this book should be used as a reader in rural schools to show the advantages of living on the land.

Dr. MacMechan reviewed the *Wanderings of an Artist Among the Indians of North America,* by Paul Kane, and Newton MacTavish's *The Fine Arts in Canada,* Professor Troller's syllabus of Canadian History, the latest volume of prose and verse published by the French Literary School of Montreal, and W. King Baker's *In the Heart of Canada.*

It Is Reported

THAT—

—this month saw publication of the volume of Queen Victoria's Letters, 1860-1878, edited by George Buckle, former editor of *Times*. It contains much of primary interest to the student of history.

—Dr. Douglas Clyde Mackintosh, a graduate of McMaster University, Toronto, won the $6,000 Broos Prize with his essay, *The Reasonableness of Christianity*, which appeared in a recent issue of *Scribner's Magazine*.

—Lorne Pierce is having a busy time of it in the West addressing Canadian Clubs and branches of the Canadian Authors Association. The West is not backward in showing its appreciation of such an enthusiast for Canadian literature as Dr. Pierce.

—the lectures which Bliss Carman delivered at the University of Toronto last December, and which he is repeating at various other Canadian universities, have been reported and transcribed by Blanche Hume, and the Ryerson Press propose to publish these under the title, *Talks on Poetry and Life*, by Bliss Carman, in a limited edition of 200 copies.

—the literary society of the Manitoba Agricultural College held a Canadian Authors' Night on February 6th, with a most varied programme beginning with "O Canada," followed by an address on Canadian Authors by Mr. H. Gerald Wade, a reading of Pauline Johnson's *The Cattle Thief;* a play *The Airy Prince*, from the story by Beverley Baxter, and several musical numbers.

—Jack Miner, the bird man, who has started such a furore by his agitation for the extermination of the crow as the bad boy of the feathered world, found a champion in Charles G. D. Roberts at a meeting of the Canadian Society for Protection of Birds, at a meeting in Toronto on February 23rd. At the same meeting J. A. C. Cameron, K.C., the new president of the Society, championed the crow as being an affectionate husband and loyal provider of his family.

—Commissioner W. A. MacLeod, president of the Saskatchewan Branch, Canadian Authors Association, recently wrote to Sir Gilbert Parker, Authors Club, 2 Whitehall Court, S.W. 1, London, inviting him to Regina to lecture. The author of *The Power and the Glory* replied that he would be busy early in the summer of 1926 arranging for the publication of a book in New York but hoped to spend a holiday in the late summer on the Georgian Bay. After that it was possible he might be able to visit Western Canada, and would be happy to address a Regina audience if he did reach the prairies. Sir Gilbert is president of the London Authors Club. On the occasion of Mr. MacLeod's recent visit to London, Sir Gilbert invited him to become an honorary member.

—a most inspiring celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of Charles Dickens, held in Winnipeg on February 11th, was addressed by Rev. Canon Gill and Rev. George Laughton. A feature of the meeting was the presentation of a life membership to Mr. Isaac Brooks, a past president. In front of the chairman stood a pot of that "dainty plant" the "ivy green," this self-same plant having been grown from a slip taken from Gadshill, where Dickens spent the last years of his life.

—an exceptionally interesting meeting of the Edmonton branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club was addressed by Dr. Lorne Pierce, on Monday, February 15, when in speaking of the development of Canadian literature, he referred to the awakening of national consciousness in Canada, without which no literature could become truly great. Novels were being produced by Canadian authors, especially in the West, that compared favorably with the world's contemporary contributions to fiction. The quality of manuscript was amazing; chiefly historical and biographical in nature and savoring of romance.

—one night in February the president of the Saskatchewan branch, Canadian Authors Association, discovered that Dr. Lorne Pierce was in Regina and was leaving at midnight for Saskatoon, thence for the Rockies and the Pacific. It goes without saying that the Torontonian was carried off bodily to the president's home and such of the members as were lucky enough to be found on short notice had the pleasure of foregathering. A thousand questions about himself and the other eastern writers were put to him; manuscripts that refused to sell were submitted to him for sympathy and advice; and a lot of his inmost secrets about Kirby of *The Golden Dog* were angled for. It came out that Eugene Kirby, a son of the *Chien D'Or* creator, lived in Regina back in '85, and added to the family possessions a souvenir length of the hempen rope that did for Riel.

—Mr. R. James has opened a bookshop at 319 Cambie street, Vancouver. He has lately bought some very old files of Victoria newspapers, adding greatly to his extensive collection of Canadiana.

Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

Nominated for Lorne Pierce Medal

In *The Witches' Brew* E. J. Pratt neither "holds aloft the torch of a joyous New Life nor strikes iron bands from the poor devoted head of Canada," but in it we find a quickening of our potentiality for enjoyment, that transcending delight which is higher than our five senses can give us.

Into the brew is poured: "Budweiser, Guinness, Schlitz (in kegs), Square Face Gin and Gordon's Dry, O'Brien's, Burke's and Johnny Begg's, Dewar's, Hennessey's 3 Star, Glenlivet, White Horse and Old Parr, with Haig and Haig, Canadian Club, Jamaica Rum and other brands."

And all for the delectation of the fishes! Whether there is intended an oblique comment upon the 18th amendment I know not. Excitement rises until there appears Tom the Cat from Zanzibar, to keep out aliens. He was put to guard the wall that had been built to surround the cauldron. To witness the spree a spectral band from Hades arrives. Among whom are:

"Doctors, auctioneers and bakers,
Dentists, diplomats and fakirs
Clergymen and undertakers."

I am particularly pleased about the doctors, their point of departure. It is a wild time. And Samuel Butler, one of the privileged shades, is moved to remark:
"How could a thing like rye or hops stir
The turgid corpus of a lobster?"

But the sea cat, getting "an awful jag on," is uncontrollable. He sets out to exterminate all his enemies, and the shade of Sir Isaac Newton exclaims:

"How he maintains that lightning rate,
Now in air and now in water
And carries on such heavy slaughter,
Is more than I can formulate."

The slaughter o'er, the cat disappeared
" . . . But the shades
Saw him no more in the flesh. Only
To Satan and the witches three
(In touch with his galvanic tail,
By more occulted masonry,)
Appeared a phosphorescent trail
That headed for the Irish Sea."

An amusing fantasy exhilarating in its audacity of the same genus as *The Flaming Terrapin*, *The Witches' Brew* cannot be said to be specifically Canadian. It is part of the increasing pride of those who know the recent Canadian literature, that there are a few works that may be judged on their merits. Because they may, they are the more Canadian. But alas when we write of them and proclaim them we do not get the publicity accorded to one who has the *entree* to *The Saturday Evening Post*.

I spring to the van with the suggestion as to the destination of the Lorne Pierce Medal for 1925-26. It is that it be bestowed upon E. J. Pratt for the most original imaginatively powerful poem of the season.

AUSTIN BOTHWELL.

THE WITCHES' BREW. *By E. J. Pratt*, Toronto: Macmillan.

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Mighty Men of Valor

SEA VENTURES OF BRITAIN. *By Commander Taprell Dorling.* ("Taffrail.") Toronto: Ryerson Press. $2.50.

Such picturesque seamen as Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Dampier, Cook, Anson, Franklin and Scott figure conspicuously in this book which is of the sort that father buys for son. Then just let the boy try to find that book lying around loose of an evening before dad has read it himself! You know, just like the same pater taking young hopeful to the circus.

The very jacket stirs your blood with its full-sailed galleon ploughing the waves, flags and pennants all a-flutter in the breeze. What a satisfaction it is to follow "Taffrail" through his pages as, in his racy way, he recounts the doughty deeds of historic voyagers and discoverers.

Pictures of the explorers are included among the illustrations and there is a set of drawings of the ships by Cecil King, R.I., an expert in this art. There are also maps, including one of the Dominion of Canada, showing Franklin's Arctic Explorations, a map of the world showing Captain Cook's voyages and one showing the route of the British Antarctic expedition of 1910-1913. This is an admirable book.

J.M.

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THE FINAL COUNT. *By "Sapper."* Toronto: Musson Book Co. $2.00.

Continuing the Bulldog Drummond series, comes Sapper's new novel, *The Final Count*, introducing Robert Gaunt with a diabolical invention to make war impossible by its very frightfulness. In reality Gaunt's invention had been inspired by a benign purpose, but it got out of his power into evil

hands. Unfortunately, as the reader cannot help but feel, this does for Gaunt. But this development is necessary for the working out of this mystery tale. It is full to the brim with horrors, evil deeds and final retribution, such as to stir the blood in the veins of the most hardened devotee of mystery fiction. The mysterious invention is a liquid capable of obliterating people by the million. The criminals who get hold of it and manufacture it by the ton in a cave to which Bulldog Drummond's unerring scent leads him for the eminently fitting climax of the tale.

* * *

RHODA FAIR. *By Clarence B. Kelland.* Toronto: Musson. $2.00.

There are two Rhodas—Rhoda the elder, who, after a notable career as a female crook, turned philanthropist (retaining the respect of the underworld) and Rhoda the younger, the erstwhile crook's beautiful daughter, who is intellectual and inspires love in the hearts of an assortment of men, including an atheistic but honorable young professor, and a gay Lothario of the underworld. Rhoda Fair is torn between two loves until the influence of a mysterious stranger who turns out to be none other than the Wandering Jew, finally sets her mind and heart aright.

Rhoda is somewhat of a wanderer herself, for the trail of the story is through many colorful lands.

This may not be a novel of high literary value, but is of a type bound to please those who like stories having the underworld as a background, with the introduction of a mystery to be solved.

* * *

THE LITTLE WHITE HAG. *By Francis Beeding.* Toronto: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

If the vogue of the mystery story is to keep its hold on so large a part of the reading public, let's have good ones like this. We do not mind so much the almost inevitable incongruities regarding actualities in the body politic or flights into all manner of improbabilities. These are to be expected. But when the story is written without any gross violations of literary canons, in fact, when the author makes you forget all about such a thing as literary style, in the way he grips your interest in his tale, he's done something! And that's just how Beeding appeals to me in this book. The plot revolves around a scheme for marketing illicit drugs on a universal scale, and, extravagant as some of the implications may seem, there is conveyed to the reader something of the threat to world-happiness of this undeniably great and far-reaching evil. To accomplish this without the least impression of preachment or propaganda, is art. J.M.

THE BOOKMAN TREASURY OF LIVING POETS. Edited by *St. John Adcock.* Toronto: Musson Book Co. $2.50.

"Whatsoever force of words doth move, delight, and sway the affections of men, in what Scythian sort soever it be disposed or uttered; that is true number, measure, eloquence and the perfection of speech." This quotation from Samuel Daniels is given by the editor in the introduction as epitomizing how he was guided in the selection of the poems appearing in this anthology. "The only way to know what is poetry, is not to read about it but to read it, and such as touches you and answers your needs is the real thing so far as you are concerned, and whether it has the approval of few or many others should be a matter of indifference to you."

Mr. St. John Adcock has essayed the task of presenting a collection representing the characteristic work of contemporary poets of the British commonwealth of nations and has done his work admirably as a perusal of the volume amply shows. Not only are the big names among poets of the British Isles duly represented, but in the same comprehensive manner do we see reproduced poems by singers of the far-flung Dominions.

Canada is represented with poems by W. T. Allison, Bliss Carman, Helena Coleman, Katherine Hale, Norah M. Holland,* Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Sir Gilbert Parker, Duncan Campbell Scott, Frederick George Scott, Robert W. Service, C. Fox Smith, Robert J. C. Stead and Arthur Stringer.

There are, of course, some names missing that one feels should have had a place in the book. This is inevitable with all anthologies, and the editor explains that certain poets would have had better representation but for the restraints of copyright.

The title is an apt one for it is truly a book to treasure.

JOHN MACKLEM.

*The death of Norah M. Holland occurred after the editor had completed his work.

* * *

CANDID CHRONICLES. *By Hector Charlesworth.* Toronto: Macmillan. $4.00.

From a wealth of experiences more varied and more notable than has fallen to many Canadians, Mr. Charlesworth has drawn forth such a fund as to constitute a fat volume that is not only intensely interesting throughout but a contribution of some significance to Canadian literature. Although the author has spent his life in Toronto and these chronicles have naturally to do, in the main, with events in that city, they are in no sense parochial and have a live interest for the Canadian reader, wherever he may live, by reason of the book's scope in its Canadianism.

Repeated transcontinental trips, twice with royalty, and political tours innumerable, in

the capacity of journalistic correspondent, have given Mr. Charlesworth the wealth of subject matter occupying a considerable portion of this book.

His experiences in journalism began back in the exciting days when E. E. Sheppard was at the head of the Toronto *News*, which Sheppard lost through litigation following libelous reflections on the French-Canadian Battalion engageed with the forces quelling the first Riel rebellion. Shortly after that Mr. Sheppard practically instituted that remarkable journal, *Toronto Saturday Night*, with which he was long connected, and of which Mr. Charlesworth has been dramatic and musical critic for a score of years.

In the years of his most active journalistic experiences on the daily press, Mr. Charlesworth lived through events and touched elbows with personalities accounting for much that is racy and entertaining as well as highly informative, in these reminiscences, but it is in the latter part of the book, dealing with the years coming under his purview as literary, dramatic, musical and art critic, that the book is most highly significant for the studious Canadian reader.

To many it comes as a revelation, the number of really great men and women that Canada has given to literature and art and this is something that some captious critics who are so prone to belittle Canadian achievement, might well take to heart.

JOHN MACKLEM.

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HONOR BRIGHT'S NEW ADVENTURE. *Laura E. Richards.* Boston: Page. $1.75.

This is a sequel to *Honor Bright*, and like each of the long list of Laura Richard's books, is a story well told. The heroine enters a new world with her notable journey to Switzerland with which this tale begins. But most of the action and scene of the story is on the island of Bermuda. It is interesting in plot and full of color, with humor to add spice.

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BABBIE. *By Margaret Piper Chalmers.* Boston: Page. $2.00.

Margaret Piper Chalmers is now one of the Vancouver colony of writers who are making such a name for themselves both in poetry and fiction. This new book is about Babbie Lee, whose chief source of trouble was that her beauty was too great for the peace of mind of the average man. A further handicap was her great wealth in her own name and she was only twenty! Before things got too strenuous a trip to China was undertaken at the instigation of her uncle. How "the real thing" in romance resulted, is the burden of the tale.

A POST-WAR ANALYSIS

IN his latest book, *Kept*, Mr. Waugh has chosen to write of a delicate problem, a problem that has been intensified by the pressure of post-war conditions. Conventions have been erected by society as a bulwark against the tide of atavism and for us recklessly to overthrow them would be an act of militation against our own interest. But every rule has its exceptions and it is not to be wondered at if there are some who revolt and are led by some dominant emotional factor to fling convention to the winds.

It is of this Mr. Waugh writes and, incidentally, gives us an interesting and no doubt veracious portrait of post-war London. He treats of the perplexities that confront a war-widow, Marjorie Fairfield, who is forced under economic pressure, and by other factors, to accept the protection of a married man. Of the difficulties that follow as a natural consequence he writes courageously, and with an obvious sincerity that raises to a higher plane situations that, treated by a less sincere pen, would lend themselves to grossness.

There are many characters in the book but each has a vibrant reality and though there are, of course, foils to the chief actors, there is not one figure in the book that has not a distinct individuality. Cross-sections of London life are, as it were, cut from the whole, and we are confronted with an all too familiar aspect of post-war weariness, disillusionment and *laissez-faire*, as opposed to the eagerness and impatience of the growing generation that has not as yet been through the fires.

Such a juxtaposition of viewpoints is, I think, an important contribution to fiction. We have had many books treating of this phase but few have met it with such unswerving sincerity as is exemplified in this novel. Canadians still cherish fragrant memories of London in war-time, of the "Troc.", of a walk along the rain-swept embankment or of the open-armed hospitality that was intent only on seeing that they had a good time, and many will experience a surge of reminiscence when they read of all the old familiar haunts, now covered with the grey pall of custom and habitude.

But, despite the sub-title, the conditions are only a secondary part of the novel. The main theme is the action of life's acid on the metal of people whose standards have been swept away in the maelstrom of war, who have watched time after time the old sane bulwarks washed away and who have come to the conclusion that, after all, "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," and that things affect us only in so far as we allow them to do so.

The life of Marjorie Fairfield forms a counterpart with that of Christopher Hammond who, weak and vacillating, is swayed by his love for Manon Granta so that, rather than lose her, he acquiesces in her desire to clothe him and furnish his rooms and sells his birthright for a mess of pottage. Thus we have the two sides from which to approach the question, that of the "kept" woman, and that of the "kept" man, and the author does not differentiate between the two—that is, in essentials—though he makes Christopher weak and Marjorie a butterfly that has been broken on the wheel.

There is a touch of genuine artistry at the conclusion, where the book ends on the note from which it had its inception, where we leave Marjorie with the promise of a happiness that has long been delayed, and where she forsakes the two offers of a high road that leads to comfort for the uncertain path pointed out by the finger-post of love.

This is a book that should be read by everyone of discernment. It is sophisticated, it is an exponent of the modern conception of life, and it is tolerant of those things that are anathema to the reactionaries, yet it is written with such sincerity, and with such a forthright courage, that those who read it will be well repaid for their time.

T. D. RIMMER.

KEPT. A Story of Post-War London. *By Alec Waugh.* New York: Albert and Charles Boni.

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A BRIEF HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION. *By J. S. Hoyland,* M.A. Oxford University Press.

The title of this book is somewhat misleading, for there simply cannot be a "brief" history of anything of the kind. Nevertheless, Mr. Hoyland has come as near writing one—or the outlines of such—as would seem possible. HIS *Brief History of Civilization,* at all events, surpasses Mr. Wells' *Outlines,* inasmuch as it is more concise, more scholarly, and less pretentious. Thus if one must rest content with "short cuts to knowledge," or with mere "outlines," and snatches of information from either encyclopedia or the newspapers and magazines, the best one can do is to read also Mr. Hoyland.

But what a pernicious notion and practice is that of the man or woman who thinks for a moment that any "knowledge" thus attained is a bit worth while! For at most and best, such "knowledge" is but superficial, chimerical, and utterly worthless. There is simply no "short cut" or "royal road" to actual knowledge. There never was, and never will be; and so long as the masses of so-called "readers" are thus obsessed, so long will they continue muddle-headed, giddy-minded, and utterly incapable of attaining any right perspective. There must always be a sufficient background of actual knowledge ere such a perspective can be attained; that is, in so far as any knowledge of history, sociology, any civilization is in question.

At the same time, it must be admitted that Mr. Hoyland's brief history has its uses for both student and scholar, if only because of its refreshing "interludes" and trenchant comments, as well as because of its many interesting biographical references and accurate chronological data. It is admirably illustrated also, and the author is to be congratulated on account of the originality and judgment that he has displayed in that connection.

But was not Mr. Hoyland a little too sanguine and over-sure in some of his findings? As, for instance, in that in his opening chapter on the "survival of the fittest!" For, in the subsequent light of his later findings, he made it pretty clear that the "fittest" do not invariably "survive!" Take, for a single example, his comments upon Peru and the Peruvians! Surely its and their civilization was "fitter" and of a far higher order than that of Spain! Yet how ruthlessly the latter destroyed both alike! The same might be said of the Indians in North America—who had to "go down" before what Froude believed to be the "fell sword of the Destroyer," or our Anglo-Saxon civilization, with its ruthless *Commercialism.* Yet the North American Indies were not only warriors but genuine poets by nature!

JOHN OXENDON.

* * *

HEATON'S COMMERCIAL HANDBOOK OF CANADA. (Heaton's Annual.) $3.50.

The twenty-second annual issue is a volume of over 750 pages, a bulky book compared with the modest first issue of over twenty years ago. An idea of the diversified data which it contains may be gathered from the fact that the index alone occupies over a dozen pages.

The work is divided into five parts. Part I. is an office manual dealing with communications, taxation, finance, commercial law, insurance, transportation, and shippers' guide. Part II. reproduces the complete Canadian Customs Tariff. Part III. presents Provincial Ready References and Directory of Government Officials. Part IV. is devoted to Canadian Market Factors and Part V. is a Canadian Education Register. Even from these brief references to the main divisions, it will be appreciated that a vast fund of valuable Canadian data is collected in one handy volume for ready reference. This is not merely a book—it is an institution.

The Meeting Place

Canadian Literary Discussions

"HONOUR TO WHOM . . . "

Editor, "Canadian Bookman":

In these recent years when Canada has been endeavoring to build up a national literature, it has often been a matter of surprise to me that our Universities have failed to recognize in a tangible way, from time to time, the work of our Canadian writers and also our Canadian musicians.

Not a year passes in Great Britain without many British writers and musicians being honoured with degrees by the Universities there. Many European countries follow the same custom.

How many of Canada's novelists, or editors, or musicians, of the present day, have been recognized by our Universities in this way? A round O would almost cover the lot.

Resident Canadian authors and musicians are not devoting their time to these arts purely for pecuniary gain, for there isn't any of that for them in Canada in either literature or music. These people are faithfully following an "urge", an "impetus", and often let the more lucrative things go by. Some of them have declined to leave Canada when better prospects opened up for them because they were hopeful of being able to do something for Canada.

I do not now plead so much for the university professor, the historian, the text-book writer, the minister who writes on the side, for these generally get their recognition from their alma mater in course of time, but I do plead for some little reward for the best of our original novelists—and there are some good ones among them despite mutterings to the contrary—newspaper men and musicians who are doing so much for Canada and in no small way are building up this finer structure "not made with hands," just as much as our stalwart farming sons are, in a material way, building up the Canada we see with our eyes.

It is not the English visitor who runs across our country from Montreal to Vancouver, on the railroad, or the U.S.A. nimrod who does the Rockies, shoots a poor little deer, and then goes home and writes a book on Canada, who is helping to make our land known; it is the resident Canadian novelist, who knows and loves his Canada, who is really capable of presenting the true background of Canada to the people of Great Britain, the United States and other countries.

It has been fashionable to decry the work of the novelist, but it is the resident Canadian novelist of today, with his accurate backgrounds, who is making the permanent records by which our present-day Canada will be known to future generations.

And he is just one of us, earning his bread and butter at other work, just as we are doing, and this extra bit for art's sake he does when many of us are out spending a good but a purposeless time.

Canadian literature is of sufficient importance to demand a growing attention from the teachers of English in our Universities. Surely then, the builders of this literature are worthy of the slight recognition our Seats of Learning have the power to bestow on them.

Canadian Universities, wake up! Honour your sons! It costs you nothing and it means much.

HONOUR TO WHOM . . .

Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 20, 1926.

WHITMAN AND MUSIC

Editor, "Canadian Bookman":

In your issue of January, 1926, on page 26, the statement is made that the element of music is entirely absent in Walt Whitman's poetry. I do not like to let this pass unchallenged.

If anyone can read "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," or many more that could be mentioned, and not feel the "element of music," then, I think there is something lacking in that reader's perception of musical qualities; certainly most readers would feel the music there.

In my Whitmaniana notes I have a list of 110 musical compositions inspired by Whitman's words; does this look as though the "element of music is entirely absent?"

Early in life Whitman attended concerts and operas in New York regularly; it is no wonder that his poems contain a large number of musical references; a man could hardly have such a musical education without it being reflected in his work. One phase of this subject is dealt with adequately by Louise Pound in her recent article "Walt Whitman and Italian Music" in the "American Mercury" of February, 1925.

HENRY S. SAUNDERS.

Toronto, February, 1926.

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SHORTEN THE BABY

Editor, "Canadian Bookman":

I was greatly interested in R. E. Gosnell's article "Canadian Literature and Nationality," in the January issue of "Canadian Bookman." If a mere booklover may voice an opinion, Mr. Gosnell laid his finger on the reason why Canadian literature has not cast off its swaddling clothes when he said our standardized system of education has made everything too soft, too easy for the present generation. It is out of struggle that great thoughts, like great men, are evolved."

Should not quality be the test of literature, Canadian or otherwise? One grows tired again and again of having to condone wooden ideas, sloppy writing and paucity of thought on the score of the novel (speaking of fiction especially) being Canadian. Why should faults be pardoned in native writers that would be honestly criticized in the writers of other countries? Must Canadian literature always be accepted with an apology?

When you sit at a reviewer's desk and dip into novel after novel by Canadian writers, your soul grows sick at the kind of pabulum offered in the sacred name of literature, and you wonder why . . . why? Are Canadians going to be forever content to wear christening clothes?

The tendency of the educational systems of Canada is to turn out youth all to a pattern, killing individuality. And, life in the Dominion is comparatively easy for most folk, writers and others, so that spiritual awakening seems long delayed. Has Canada yet found her soul? As a people, Canadians experienced something of spiritual travail during war years, but the pangs have passed and the country has sunk once more into a comfortable twilight sleep.

It will make little difference to Canadian literature whether Canada achieves a nationalism of her own or remains an entity within the British Commonwealth of Nations. When Canada's soul is born, that same moment will see the birth of a distinctively Canadian literature. Birth is ever a struggle, a torture, a tearing apart. When this experience comes to Canadians as a people—however and whyever: when this country, like Britain Russia or France, has wrung from her the agonized cry: "If it be possible let this cup pass from me"—then will this splendid land produce a literature which will stand unashamed among the great literatures of the world. Suffering and sacrifice are the prices paid for big things, nationally and individually.

Canadian literature of the moment is insular, even provincial. How can Canadians ever hope to produce that which will impress itself on other countries unless they strive for large vision, and that sense of values which will enable them to think in terms of universality?

Perhaps, too, Canadian writers are a bit like pussy who sleeps with one eye open, that eye on the book market. I heard a Canadian author a year or so ago urge an audience to buy Canadian books only; if other books could be afforded all right, but give the preference always to the Canadian product. What would happen to Canadians intellectually if this rule were followed? Was not such a plea absurd on the face of it? I thought at the time that the speaker was far more concerned with the loaves and fishes end of his work than he was with its artistry and creative worth, or its value as a contribution to Canadian literature.

Is there in Canada a body of critical opinion large enough and sound enough to be a moulding influence on Canadian literature? Criticism that is intuitive, constructive, fearless carries a tremendous power with it and I question whether there is just that—enough of it to be a potent factor.

A man under whom I studied music years ago used to say: "Be your own severest critic and don't be satisfied with anything but your best." If writers applied that acid test to their work, would there not soon be a notable change in the quality and character of much that bears the Canadian imprint? Fine work, rather than popular work, would be the ideal. Might there not even come a spiritual quickening, with really big things as fruition?

Thomas B. Roberton, writing in the "International Book Review" for February on "Why Canada Has no National Literature", speaks of that literature as "uninspired, pedestrian, imitative, complacent, elementary and conventional." Is his charge not painfully true? His array of adjectives sting, and should make each one who handles a pencil in any way pause and think. Yet, there is hope! Everyone who contributes sincerely to the world of Canadian letters is a stone of foundation, upon which those greater ones who follow after shall build. This for consolation!

ELLA JULIA REYNOLDS.

Hamilton, Ont., Feb. 15, 1926.

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THE ANGLE OF VISION

Editor, "Canadian Bookman":

What an interesting thing is the "angle of vision"! How different are the pictures drawn for us by Mr. R. E. Gosnell and Mr. Thomas O'Hagan. And yet, I can do justice to both without doing violence to my own native astigmatism. Is there any reason why Canadians should not have a literature of their own even while contributing to the great mass of English literature? Is it not possible to have an empire within an empire, and so strengthen the whole? True, we may "buy our butter for its quality," but should not the brand be a guarantee of the quality? In spite of the bucolic laughter of his countrymen, Noah Webster remains the standard today for the American language!

Canadian Nationalism is no fad, but a very real development of the tremendous sacrifices of our people, both pioneers and soldiers. If the signs are not much at fault there will be a time in the future when Canada will be a country which will reflect, as a crown of jewels, all that is best of the French and British races. In that day it will be said that a great empire has survived, a great culture has remained, to exalt the Latin and the Saxon races.

But not to emulate Cassandra or Calpurnia for the same recognition, let us speak of the madness of Shakespeare's characters. It all depends on what definition of madness is presumed, whether ancient or modern, as to whether Hamlet was mad or not. There are modern neurologists who maintain that suicide is always the result of insanity. Hamlet's neurosis partook very closely of the maniac depressive and Booth's history is suggestive of the fact that he either lived Hamlet or played Hamlet so really because he shared his defect. Hamlet's was the madness of genius; Ophelia's the break down of weak mentality.

ANNE H. FOSTER.

Vancouver, Feb. 11, 1926.

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LITERATURE AND NATIONAL LIFE

Editor "Canadian Bookman":

May I say in reply to the article in the January number of "Canadian Bookman," from the pen of my old and esteemed friend, Mr. R. E. Gosnell, of Ottawa, that I am not at all concerned over the "cutting of the cable that binds us to the Commonwealth of the British Empire," feeling quite sure that Canada in the future will settle all that as the executor of her own will and destiny irrespective altogether of my opinion or that of Mr. Gosnell.

I shall endeavor to be brief in this communication as I take up point by point—seriatim—Mr. Gosnell's contentions. First, then, I hold that any Canadian literary masterpiece, either in prose or poetry, or, for that matter any masterpiece in the plastic arts cannot be disassociated from Canadian life, even though the subject should be found outside of Canada. Are the "Merchant of Venice" and "Romeo and Juliet" less great masterpieces of English dramatic art, because their subjects belong to Italy and their conception and development to an Englishman—William Shakespeare? We must, then, have a Canadian literature, whether English or French, absolutely distinct from that of England, or France. But the supreme court verdict as to its value must be based upon an universal—not colonial or parochial judgment.

Again, there is no possibility of creating a veritable Canadian literature except through Canadian life and that means the spiritual endowment of the Canadian people. (I am using spiritual here in the broad sense of the word as applied to all art.) Again, no age is greater in its creative power—I mean, of course, here in art and literature—than in its spiritual endowment. "Marie Chapdelaine" becomes a world novel—I do not say a masterpiece—and is translated into nearly all the modern languages of Europe. Why? Because of its spiritual appeal and the truth of its life and artistry.

Great masterpieces are not written haphazard. Shakespeare's great dramas are not the outcome of the Italian Renaissance seedlings that found soil beyond the Alps and the English Channel, as some of our wiseacre professors would have it; nor have these dramas the slightest relation to the disintegration of the ancient faith that took place during the Tudor period in England; but rather are they the flowering, ripening and fruitage of crude but significant spiritual representations, for, five centuries of the Miracle and Morality plays which now in York now in Chester, touched the soul of the English people.

If Mr. Gosnell can point to a single country, either in ancient, mediaeval or modern times, being dependent and subject—that is without national life—that ever produced a great masterpiece, in either art or literature, I will readily concede that my contention is wrong. What, I ask, did the Greek colonies produce? What did the Roman provinces of Spain and Gaul produce in art or letters? What does the Parthenon with its stately Doric columns and glorious friezes synchronize but the statesmanship of a Pericles, and the magnificent Athenian National pride and patriotism that gave victory to Athenian arms over the Persians.

For standing on the Persian's grave
I could not deem myself a slave,

wrote Byron more than a century ago. What shall I say of the Augustan age of Roman literature? Was it a mere accident that Horace, the most national of all Roman poets, served with Brutus at the battle of Philippi and later retired to his Sabine farm? Mr. Gosnell refers to Italy. I fear he is very unhappy in his reference. The greatest names in Italian art and literature carry us back to the time of the Italian Republics which not only were great democracies independent and full of national life, but which, especially in the case of Florence, taught all Europe the wisdom of state-craft, the laws of trade and commerce, the worth of individual genius and the glory and perfection of the fine arts.

I need not here refer Mr. Gosnell to that period in the life of Spain known as the Golden Century—El siglo de'oro—when Cervantes and Lopez de Vega and the Spanish Shakespeare, Calderon, lived. These are the product of a great Spanish national life. What, too, about the age of Molière, Corneille and Racine in France? As to Switzerland she had practically no independent life as a democracy, till 1848, having been for the previous three hundred years simply the plaything of Austria and France. And yet Switzerland, as she was gaining national life, gave birth to some writers of note such as Jean Jacques Rousseau and Madame de Stael. Mr. Gosnell refers to Wagner, and he could have included Goethe and Schiller. Were they born in a subject or dependent country? There is no need for an empire with far-stretched tentacles and outposts in order to produce a great art and literature. The republic of Florence had a population of but two hundred and forty thousand. Yet within the space of two or three centuries it produced a more illustrious roll of eminent names in literature, art and science than the greatest monarchies of Europe. As to Ireland and Wales, and Poland, they were simply halted in their intellectual work. The foot of the invader crushed out genius in Ireland—handicapped its people who were obliged to think through an alien tongue, and not through the genius of their own racial language.

In conclusion let me say that a country without national life may produce second rate literature, but never a masterpiece. Let me invoke here as a witness the opinion of a great Anglican divine, the late Archbishop Trench of Dublin. He writes:

"A great poet without a great country, without a great people for him to be proud of and which, in return, he feels shall be proud of him, without this action and reaction never has been and never can be. Elegant and even spirited lyrics, graceful idyls, comedies of social life, with all the small underwood of poetry can very well exist, as they often have existed, where there is little or no national life or feeling; but its grander and sublimer forms, epos and tragedy, and the loftier lyrics can grow out of and nourish themselves from no other soil than that of a vigorous national existence."

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

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WINNIPEG BRANCH C.A.A.

Editor, "Canadian Bookman."
Dear, Guide, Inspirer, and Worthy Friend.

As Secretary of the Winnipeg Branch, I must confess that I have been somewhat remiss in so far as my duties include those of branch reporter. That burden off my soul, I can proceed with some freedom.

Since September last when we organized for our year's work, we have had an interesting and profitable time of it—and there are more good things to come, we expect.

We have had addresses from Mr. Howard Angus Kennedy, of Montreal; Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, of Calgary; Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs, of Toronto; Miss Elizabeth Banks, of London, England; Rev. Thurlow Fraser, D.D., Winnipeg; Julia Arthur, the distinguished Canadian actress, and Dr. Bliss Carman. On several occasions the Branch joined with the Women's Club of Winnipeg in entertaining literary people. These functions were all well attended.

Canadian Book Week was observed in an effective manner; in fact the activities then started are not yet over because I saw by Saturday's papers that that veteran, Mr. Gerald Wade, addressed a meeting in the Y.M.C.A. on "Recent Canadian Fiction." Never before did we have such large and attentive audiences nor made such varied appeal as on this occasion. The national president, Dr. W. T. Allison, and our own branch president, Dr. A. W. Crawford, both addressed many meetings. Several radio addresses, too, were given.

Booksellers tell me that they have had an exceptionally good season. Possibly never before were so many books sold in a Christmas season. Books by Canadian authors, of course, received generous patronage.

A writer in one of our daily papers has been taking some of our local critics to task and accusing them of being unduly patronizing; Western Canadian "back-patters" so to speak. Well, I always feared that we had too many "back-stabbers," and I am glad we have some critics who have some "soft-sawder." In reply one critic, a "back-patter," said that this particular critic, the "back-stabber," had possibly taken too much Christmas pudding and that it had possibly soured on his, the back-stabber's" stomach, and that possibly it would be best to take a charitable view of his, the "back-stabber's" strictures. Personally, I am not so sure of that; the more the merrier. As that choice litterateur, Doctor Allison, said with his engaging smile, "We should worry!" so let us change the subject.

Rev. A. C. Garrioch, of Portage la Prairie, has a new book out, "The Far and Furry North," a novel of western experiences. I am told that it is selling very well and that those who have read it enjoy it. There are many novels in preparation in the west, it is said. In all this mass of new Canadian books there is considerable that is really good.

Some time ago I was in a farm house in the far northern portion of the province—a rather lonely district—and found there a family much interested in good reading. It was a very modest, pioneer's dwelling—log; but for Christmas they had treated themselves to one dozen good books, four being by Canadian authors. The lot, the farmer told me, cost him only ten bushels of wheat. He purposes sowing another acre of wheat next year the proceeds of which are to go for books and papers. We hope he has a good crop and is neither hailed nor frozen out. Sowing wheat for literature: that is the West for you, Mr. Editor! People might provide for reading matter somewhat in this fashion: Nova Scotia, one apple tree; New Brunswick, one lot potatoes; Prince Edward Island, one young fox; Quebec, one bucket of maple syrup; Ontario, one hog; Manitoba, one acre wheat; Saskatchewan, ditto; Alberta, ton of coal; British Columbia, case of salmon. President Allison and his Executive might look into this scheme.

We had a real treat in the visit of Bliss Carman to Winnipeg. He has been giving a course of lectures on "Poesey" and during alternate days has been holding seminars. These meetings, held in the University, have been well attended, Theatre A being usually packed to the doors. The addresses were a real inspiration, and the seminars, were if possible, even more interesting. The Branch, of course, had a special evening with him, and various organizations entertained him. Doctor Carman, consequently, did not have much spare time whilst in Winnipeg. The last evening, January 22nd was devoted wholly to readings from his own poetry. We have one regret to express, and that is that his addresses were not reported in full. Dr. Carman spoke with only very brief notes before him, sometimes not even

that much on paper. His interpretation of the principles of literature, his explanation of certain knotty passages, and the charm of his "aside" remarks, should have been reported stenographically.

We hope that when he goes to Saskatoon that our friends there do better than we did on that score.

I am afraid this letter is already too long; if it is so, cut it down and I'll attend to you when we meet at the Vancouver Convention of the C.A.A. in August which, of course, you will be attending.

E. K. MARSHALL,
Secretary Winnipeg Branch.

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WHAT FILM PRODUCERS WANT

FOLLOWING is the text of a letter from the scenario editor of a leading moving picture production firm in London, Eng., to the secretary of the Canadian Authors Association:

It is our desire to produce films combining a Canadian and British interest, and, at the suggestion of the High Commissioner, I invite your assistance in connection with the discovery of stories suitable for this purpose.

The following notes will, I hope, suffice to indicate the nature of our requirements, but I shall be pleased to amplify them on request for information on any specific point.

1. The dramatic and literary rights in any story purchased by us remain the property of the author; our conduct refers only to the film rights, leaving the author free to utilize his story for the basis of a novel or play.

2. Payment in full is made on acceptance, and the contract assigns the rights for a limited period only—usually seven years from the date of release of the film.

3. We require only a bare outline of a story—a full length scenario is not required. An outline some ten or twenty typescript pages in length is ordinarily sufficient.

4. We cast a film in accordance with the requirements of the story, and authors need not bear in mind any particular "star" when writing. Stories suitable for Miss Fay Compton are particularly welcome, however.

5. Stories involving (a) period costume; (b) difficult foreign locations; (c) Great War settings; (d) mythical kingdoms and (e) controversial subjects, such as spiritualism are not required.

6. Stories suitable for "feature" productions are mainly required but we are prepared to consider stories suitable for one or two reel productions.

7. In regard to the type of story required, the most acceptable is that generally known as "strong drama." This should not be misinterpreted as melodrama, however. Comedies and farces are not required unless suitable for Miss Betty Balfour, but stories in this category can be considered for one or two reel films. We do not want typical cinema stories—the old, old business with gangs, kidnapped children, eccentric wills, "doubles," fake marriages, "scullery maid to duchess"—and similarly out of date stuff. What we want are dramatic stories, containing eventful, rational plots, plenty of action and tension, leading to a striking physical or emotional climax.

I sincerely hope that it will be possible for you to interest yourself in this proposition as I feel that it can be regarded as of Imperial significance. The average weekly attendance at cinemas in this country is twenty million (approximately half the population) and from this fact alone you will see that great possibilities exist for the promotion of increased interest in the Commonwealth. Only in exceptional circumstances could we contemplate the production of films that are frankly propaganda, however.

THE EIGHTEEN-EIGHTIES

Of Canadian Poetry

IN a paper on "The Eighteen-eighties of Canadian Poetry," read before the Poetry Society of Toronto, Mr. R. H. Hathaway dealt in a most interesting manner with the notable Canadian singers whose poetry adorned that decade.

Before touching the eighties, Mr. Hathaway paid tribute to "the first poet to strike what was to be the characteristic note of Canadian poetry," Mr. Charles Mair, whose first book, *Dreamlands and Other Poems*, had appeared in 1868. Quotations from this book and from *Tecumseh* were given to support the claim that Mair was the "true begetter" of Canadian poetry.

After Mair no other noteworthy volume of Canadian poetry appeared until Charles G. D. Roberts' first book, *Orion, and Other Poems*, published in Philadelphia in 1880, when Roberts was a scant twenty years old. Although marked by immaturity, even the casual reader could not fail to be struck by the promise, if not the actual achievement, it displayed. Quotations were given to show the influence of Swinburne, Morris and other English poets in these earlier poems by Roberts. This poet's eesentially Canadian poems in that early collection, were then taken up, and later, *In Divers Tones* and his other mature work.

The next poet considered was Isabella Valancy Crawford, whose *Old Spookses' Pass* first appeared in 1884. "No student can deny that here for the first time is heard an entirely original and individual voice."

And so, with liberal quotations from the poets' works, Mr. Hathaway went on with the glorious company of singers of the eighties—Bliss Carman, George Frederick Cameron, Philips Stewart, Pauline Johnson, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Archibald Lampman, William Wilfrid Campbell, Frederick George Scott and Duncan Campbell Scott. It is a misfortune that the paper cannot be reproduced here in its entirety, because it is so worth-while that it should appear in permanent form.

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A CORRECTION

In the reference to Agnes Laut's article dealing with the Canadian poets Norwood and Watson, in the January issue of *Canadian Bookman*, the latter of these two referred to as "Robert," whereas it was Albert Durrant Watson to whom the article had referred. It would take a psychoanalyst to explain how, with the right individual clearly in mind, the writer of that paragraph came to use the Christian name of another Watson, also an author.

The Writer's Corner

Conducted by DONALD G. FRENCH

LITTLE TALKS ON POETRY
3—The Mechanism of Verse

IN a volume of poems by John Daniel Logan the author includes an essay on verse-making. He says: "The strictly musical element in verse is not a certain quality in the tones of the syllable or of the rhymes, but primarily rhythm. Just as much, too, an efficient means to the actual process of poetical composition is not imagination and knowledge, but a rhythm actually singing itself persistently in the mind." He recommends as an aid to verse-making, the employment of the "rhythmical dummy" and goes on to remark: "The dummy itself is a mechanical form. It had, however, a mental counterpart in an inward rhythm; and this inward ryhthm is at the moment of composition actually pulsing through the mind, or if not, can be caught up again by way of the rhythmical dummy."

Now, the laws of rhythm are simply these: 1. The units of sound (syllables) must be grouped together according to the time required for their utterance. 2. The time-groups are marked off by a regularly recurring stress or accent. The rhythm of any poem corresponds to the bare lilt of a musical tune and the rhythmical dummy is a device by which these time-groups and accented syllables are marked.

Let us construct a rhythmical dummy of the stanza-form used in Gray's *Elegy*. Reading the stanza slowly, letting it break up naturally into time-groups, and marking the accents, we get:

The *cur*few *tolls* the *knell* of *part*ing *day*,
The *low*ing *herd* winds *slow*ly *o'er* the *lea*,
The *plow*man *home*ward *plods* his *weary way*
And *leaves* the *world* to *dark*ness *and* to *me*.

(NOTE.—Accented syllables are set in italics.)

The lilt or dummy may be constructed thus:

Tra *la* la *la* la *la* la *la* la *la*,
Tra *la* la *la* la *la* la *la* la *la*,
Tra *la* la *la* la *la* la *la* la *la*,
Tra *la* la *la* la *la* la *la* la *la*,

The meter of this stanza is perfectly regular, each verse (line) being exactly the same. The result is a monotone, slow and dignified in movement, in keeping with the feelings and ideas expressed. The only variation from this form through the whole poem is the occasional addition of a syllable to a time-group, like the insertion of a grace note in a musical bar:

Now *fades* the *glim*mering *land*scape *on*
the *sight*.
Tra *la* la *la* la *la* la *la* la *la*.

There is no reason why the ear should not recognize ryhthms just as it does musical airs which it has heard several times. Here is the dummy of a rhythm found in one of Kipling's ballads:

Tra la *la* la *la* la *la* la
Tra la *la* la *la* la *la* la
Tra la *la* la *la* la *la* la
Tra la *la* la *la* la *la*
Tra la *la* la *la* la *la* la
Tra la *la* la *la* la *la*
Tra la *la* la *la* la *la* la
Tra la *la* la *la* la *la*

The words of the ballad run:

As I left the Halls at Lumley
Rose the vision of a comely
Maid last season worshipped dumbly,
Watched with fervor from afar.

Anyone who has read Poe's *Raven* can tell where Kipling got his rhythm: when he wrote this ballad he certainly used the rhythm of *The Raven* in building up the form of his poem; and, whether consciously or not, he employed the device of the "rhythmical dummy."

Compare the two poems; a line from each will suffice.

1. *Once* upon a *mid*night *dreary*,
   As I *pondered weak* and *weary*
2. *As* I *left* the *Halls* at *Lum*ley,
   Rose the *vision of* a *com*ely.

The identity of rhyme-scheme strengthens the tone-resemblance of the two poems. But Kipling did not slavishly imitate Poe; in the dummy you find nothing to correspond to the melancholy refrain.

Quoth the *Ra*ven *never more*.

Kipling left off this refrain because it would not have been in keeping with the light, humorous spirit of his love ballad.

We suspect that Kipling on other occasions practised with dummies built on the rhythms of other writers' poems. Compare:

1. *Where* the *sob*er *col*ored *cultivator smiles*
   On his *byles;*
   Where the *cholera*, the *cyc*lone *and* the *crow*
   Come and *go*. —Kipling.

2. *Where* the *quiet colored end* of *evening smiles*
Miles and *miles*
On the *solitary pastures where* our *sheep*
Half asleep

—*Browning.*

For another example in proof of the relation of form, mood and thought compare:

1. It was late in mild October, and the late autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-field all green with grass again.
2. The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing wind and naked wood and meadows brown and sere.

The poems from which these extracts are taken both voice the thought of the quiet of the autumn. In the second poem the calm is tinged with sadness, but this effect is accomplished more by the tone-color than by the rhythm.

A question arises here: In employing any rhythm upon which to build a poem, what deviation from the form of the rhythmical dummy is allowable? In most cases, the only change permissible is the introduction of syllables to correspond to grace notes; a simple example of this has already been given. The number of syllables in a measure may vary from one to three. If the usual foot of the rhythm contains three syllables, one may be occasionally dropped:

I *sprang* to the *stir*rup and *Jor*is and *he*

If the standard bar contains two syllables the variations may run from a one-syllable to a three-syllable bar. See quotation from "Break, Break, Break!"

We must never forget that the basic principle of all rhythm is Time. So many writers on the subject of versification have gone out of their way to prove that there is no quantity in the English syllable, no long and no short. It is quite true that there is not a fixed quantity for each syllable. Sometimes a syllable may be long, and sometimes in verse the same syllable may be short. On the other hand, it is manifestly incorrect to say that there is no quantity. In:

Break,/break,/break,
On thy cold/grey stones/O sea!

it is by a perfectly natural phonic law that the one syllable in one case occupies a whole bar, while in another case there are two syllables, and in a third, three. We cannot without some vocal exaggeration prolong the sounds, *on, thy,* or kindred words such as: *the, a, of, but, in, etc.;* nor can we in natural manner shorten to the same quantity as *on,* the words *break, sea, gray, stones.* A vowel sound phonetically long may be considered in versification as equivalent to two vowel sounds phonetically short. It is only by a proper appreciation of the principle of quantity that one can tell to what extent it is allowable to vary from the rhythmical foundation of a stanza. Here are a few stanzas from a poem whose rhythmic unit is a two-syllable measure. Study carefully the variations from this standard bar unit:

I *stood*/on the *bridge*/at *mid*night,
As the *clocks*/were *strik*/ing the *hour*,
And the *moon*/rose *o'er*/the *city*,
Be*hind*/the *dark*/church *tower*.
I *saw*/her *bright*/*reflec*tion
In the *wat*/ers *und*/er *me*,
Like a *gold*/en *gob*/let *fall*ing
And *sink*/ing *in*/to the *sea*.
And *far*/in the *haz*/y *dis*tance
Of that *love*/ly *night*/in *June*
The *blaze*/of the *flam*/ing *fur*nace
Gleamed *red*/der *than*/the *moon*.

—Longfellow, *The Bridge.*

This extract also illustrates very plainly what has been said about the relation between thought and form. It would, perhaps, be a very difficult matter to analyze the form of this poem to show just how the tone of meditative melancholy persists even from the beginning, although in the three stanzas quoted there is no hint of anything beyond mere scenic description.

The form of a poem is never an accident —it is a result.

* * *

The Manuscript Market

Hart Schaffner and Marx, Chicago, Ill., offer $1500 in prizes for studies on topics relating to commerce and industry. Open to all residents of U.S. or Canada. Contest closes June 1st. Prospective contestants are advised to write for full particulars to address given.

True Story Magazine, 1926 Broadway, N.Y., offers $50,000 in prizes for true stories told in the first person. Contest closes May 31st.

LePage's Glue, Gloucester, Mass., offers a number of cash prizes for letters describing an article made with glue. Competition closes July 1st.

Boys' Life, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, wants short stories, 2,500 to 5,000 words on sport, outdoor interests.

Correct Eating, 17 West 60th Street, New York City, wants articles of 2,000 to 3,500 words; interviews with notable people who have adopted health rules.

First National Pictures, Inc., in conjunction with *Pictorial Review,* Dodd Mead & Co., and Curtis Brown, Ltd., has announced a "first novel" prize competition that offers unparalleled opportunities to authors whose talents have not yet been recognized. It assures recognition for the winner

through serialization in *Pictorial Review*, publication in novel form by Dodd, Mead & Co., and a screen production by First National Pictures. The competition, which opens the way to fame and immediate financial rewards, will be managed by Curtis Brown. First National Pictures offers $10,000 for the motion picture rights to the prize winning story. *Pictorial Review* will pay the winner $5,500 for serialization in the United States and the Dominions of Canada and Newfoundland. Dodd, Mead & Co. will pay the usual book royalties, with an advance of $2,000 against such royalties. First National Pictures has an option on the second serial rights. The judges are Arthur T. Vance, representing *Pictorial Review*, Frank Dodd, representing Dodd, Mead & Co., and Richard A. Rowland, representing First National Pictures. According to the terms of the competition all novels must be submitted before September 1st, 1926. The prize winning novel will be published in *Pictorial Review* by November 1st, 1927. The book will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. on or before November 1st, 1927, but not earlier than the completion of the serial. The contest is open to all writers whose work has not yet appeared in novel form. It is a definite move toward revealing new talent and fresh inspiration, which, it is generally agreed, are needed in the creative fields of motion picture production. No limitations are placed on the type of story that may be submitted. It may deal with any phase of life that inspires the author to sincere expression. Before a decision is reached, it is agreed that the three judges must be of the same opinion in regard to the best work submitted. If for any reason one of the judges named is unable to act, it is understood that the concern which he represents shall appoint a substitute. Contributions will be judged solely on their merits as works of creative writing adapted to publication and motion picture presentation. In commenting on the competition and its purposes, Mr. Rowland writes: "It has always been the policy of First National to search out and reward new motion picture talent, whether it be in writing, directing or acting for the screen. We don't want hack work. There is plenty of that. Also there are plenty of authors with a fair technical knowledge of the requirements of the motion picture. What we want and what we are willing to pay for is the inspiration of stories that come from the heart and therefore carry a genuine human appeal, stories shot through with romance and adventure, stories born of imagination, stories that are big and true and human and out of the beaten path. First National is concerned in the 'first novel' prize competition because it is believed that it will be the means of bringing new talent into a field that offers the brightest future for those who possess literary genius." According to the terms of the

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contest, manuscripts should be between 80,000 and 100,000 words and should be mailed to Curtis Brown, Ltd., 116 West 39th Street, New York, N.Y. Writers are requested to use a *nom-de-plume* in signing contributions in order that the identity of the author may not be revealed to the judges until after a decision has been reached. Correct names and addresses are to be given in notes accompanying the manuscripts. These notes will be kept on file under number corresponding with those placed on manuscripts. A form to be sent with each manuscript will be sent by Curtis Brown, Ltd., to inquirers.

* * *

WINS HIS WAY INTO HEARTS OF WESTERN AUDIENCE

By H. Gerald Wade

THE English Department of the University of Manitoba introduced a decided innovation when a course of lectures and conferences by Dr. Bliss Carman afforded Winnipeg a great literary treat. The atendance has been remarkable, there being a larger audience at the concluding address than at the opening.

In a room devoted to science, behind a slate-topped table, the lecturer made his way into the hearts of his young audiences on every afternoon. The talks he charmed us all with were on: Poesy in Life, Poesy in Religion, Poesy in Art, Poesy in Nature, and his concluding address, Poesy in Personality.

On the alternate days, for the intimate study of problems in English literature, round-table discussions, or seminars, were held, at which free verse, Browning and run-away marriages, the true nature of poetry, reminiscences of poetry-clipping from the newspapers of the eighties, and many other such titbits were enjoyed as food for discussion. At one of these informal talks, at which many questions were asked, Carman had a good word for free verse. Arnold and Henley had done some wonderful work with it, he pointed out. It was an excellent vehicle for things that were a little more than prose and not as perfect as lyrical poetry, for subjects that did not move to the intense feeling of song. But in the attempt to free themselves from stereotyped forms and diction, free verse poets often tried to run away from the laws of poetry, which were fixed and inevitable. Poetry, he further contended, must have a logical relation to life and meaning. In numberless cases today the content of free verse was beyond comprehension.

Our Canadian poet, for the time being turned professor, concluded his two weeks among us by giving a public reading of his poems. This was the wind-up of two weeks of a great literary treat, and he made his way into the hearts of his large audience as he read from his newest book, *Far Horizons*, and from others better known. The spirit he made manifest was one of gentleness and of fingering after beauty—beauty beyond all horizons, and beauty at the doorstep.

Among the poems he read were: *Lord of the Far Horizons, The Rivers of Canada, The Brothers of St. Francis, Ladyslipper, David Thompson, Shambalah, The Spring Call of Wawa, The Place of Vision*, and such old favorites as *Vestigia, Marigolds, Roadside Flowers*, and *The Ship of Yule*.

* * *

SEVEN WONDERLANDS OF THE AMERICAN WEST. *By Thomas D. Murphy.* Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Boxed, $6.00.

A de luxe volume, this new book, enlarging upon the author's *Three Wonderlands*, which went into five editions, is a veritable treasure and an unexcelled guide for any who may be contemplating a holiday trip that will take them away from fashion-hampered summer hotels with their jazz effects and plethora of artificiality in all conceivable forms.

What joy and satisfaction there is in store for those who will follow the trails indicated by this delightful book! It is in fact a joy in itself and that's a mighty good thing isn't it, in view of the fact that so many of us have to postpone indefinitely the prospect of the care-free and purse-full holidaying which the suggestion implies?

Of course many who read this will already have visited the Yellowstone, Grand Canyon and Yosemite National parks, but that will not lessen their interest in Mr. Murphy's fine descriptions of these and the rest of his seven wonderlands. Experienced travellers and perforce stay-at-homes, will, in equal measure, derive pleasure from these writings by such an appreciative sight-seer with such admirable powers of description and entertainment.

As on an observation car, we go through all those beauteous lands as we turn the pages of this book, carrying us into the Petrified Forests of Arizona, Zion Canyon, Glacier and Crater Lake national parks, in addition to the three wonderlands to which reference has already been made. There are thirty-two illustrations, of which twenty-three are plates in full color and nine duogravures.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT FICTION
Published in January, 1926

Abbreviations used for publishers: (A) Thomas Allen; (Cas.) Cassell & Co.; (Copp) Copp, Clark Company; (Dodd) Dodd, Mead & Company; (Dor.) George Doran Co.; (H.&S.) Hodder & Stoughton; (L.G.) Longmans, Green & Co.; (Mac.) Macmillan's; (McC. & S.) McClelland & Stewart; (Nel.) Thomas Nelson & Sons; (McL.) George J. McLeod Ltd.; (Mus.) Musson Book Company; (Ox.) Oxford University Press; (Ry.) Ryerson Press.

"A Gentleman With a Duster"—*The Great World.* (Dor.) $2.00.

Adams, Herbert—*The Sloan Square Mystery.* (Ry.) $1.50.

Allen. James Lane—*The Landmark.* (Mac.) $2.00.

Baring, Maurice—*Cat's Cradle.* (Ox.) $4.00.

"Bartimus"—*Great Security.* (Cas.) $1.75.

Beeding, Francis—*The Little White Hag.* (L.G.) $2.00.

Benet, S. V.—*Spanish Bayonet.* (Dor.) $2.

Bonner, Geraldine—*The Leading Lady.* (McC.&S.) $2.00.

Borden, Mary—*Jericho Sands.* (Mac.) $2.50.

Bower, B. M.—*Black Thunder.* (L.G.) $2.00.

Browne, K. G. R.—*A Lady from the South.* (Cas.) $1.75.

Campbell, Reginald—*Brown Wife or White.* (McL.) $2.00.

Carfrae, Eliz.—*Barbed Wire.* (Ry.) $2.00.

Carfrae, Eliz.—*Through Trusted Waters.* (Ry.) $2.00.

Caron. Maurice B.—*The Curé of St. Michel.* (Mus.) $2.00.

Clark, Ellery—*Carib Gold.* (McC.&S.) $2.

Cody, H. J.—*The Sons of the Bluenose.* (McC.&S.) $1.50.

Cobb, Irvin—*Many Laughs for Many Days.* (Dor.) $2.50.

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Hocking, Joseph—*All-Conquering Power.* (H.&S.) $1.75.

Hudson, W. H.—*Tales of the Pampas.* (Mac.) $1.25.

Hurst, Fannie—*Appassionata.* (Mac.) $2.

Kaye-Smith, Sheila—*Starbrace.* (McC.&S.) $2.00.

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Raymond, Ernest—*The Fulfilment of Daphne Bruno.* (Cas.) $1.75.

Rees, Arthur J.—*The Threshold of Fear.* (Dodd.) $2.00.

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Wallace, Edgar—*The Three Just Men.* (H.&S.) $2.00.
Wells, Carolyn—*The Bronze Head.* (Copp.) $2.00.
White, Wm. Patterson—*The Buster.* (Ry.) $2.00.
Woodward, Edw.—*The Gamblers.* (Ry.) $1.50.
Wren, P. C.—*Who Rideth Alone.* (L.G.) $2.
Wylie, I. A. R.—*Black Harvest.* (Dor.) $2.50.
Young, Gordon—*Days of Forty-Nine.* (Dor.) $2.00 .
O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories. (Ox.) $2.00.
World's Best Short Stories.—Edited by Wm. Johnston. (Dor.) $2.50.

Editor's Note.—It is hoped to add other classes besides fiction, eventually, in this monthly list, but better co-operation will have to be forthcoming than has been evidenced so far on the part of most of the publishers.

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The Collector

A PARAGRAPH appeared in The Collector's Page in the December issue about the sale of manuscripts and autograph letters from the collections of the late William Kirby, F.R.S.C., author of "The Golden Dog," and others, which took place at the Anderson Galleries in New York City on November 30. Details of the results of the Kirby part of the sale have been received since, and show that the main items were sold as follows:

Claus (Col. Daniel, Deputy Superintendent of Indian Affairs in America under Sir William Johnson), A.L.S., 2 pp., dated Dublin, August 21, 1776, to John Blackburn, London, dealing with Indian affairs duirng the American Revolution, $70.

Do. A.L.S. (original draft), 3 pp. dated Quebec, February 29, 1780, to Mr. Blackburn, concerning alleged British sanction of Indian atrocities. $50.

Do., A.L.S., (original draft), 3 pp. dated Montreal, April 3, 1780, to Gen. Haldimand, about the situation among the Oneidas. $42.50.

Do. A.L.S., (original draft), 3 pp. dated Montreal, July 4. 1780, to Sir John Johnson, telling of fitting out "Young Brant and his party." $32.50.

Do. A.L.S. 3 pp., dated Montreal, Nov. 16, 1780, to Mr. Blackburn, containing an account of the publication of the Mohawk Prayer Book of 1779, and the results of the years' campaign of Sir John Johnson, and intimating that Ethan Allen may follow the example of his friend Arnold. $60.

Do. A.L.S. (initials), 2 pp. dated Montreal, March 3, 1781, to Joseph Brant, in regard to the previous plan of attack on the Oneidas, $37.50.

Do. original manuscript journal (96 pp., original boards, 1762-66) of events among the Indians from Montreal to Detroit, including that exciting period when Sir William Johnson, of whom Claus was son-in-law, prevented the Six Nations as a whole from joining Pontiac in the war of 1763. $535.

De Peyster's (A.S.) "Miscellanies, by an Officer," Vol. I. (all published). Dumfries; C. Munro, 1813 (presentation copy and with Ms. corrections throughout by the author, who commanded the British troops at Machillimack, Detroit and Niagara; contains many Indian treaties and important records which were destroyed by fire.) $40.

Original Ms. of Mohawk form of condolence for the death of a chief and the installation of his successor, 8 pp., written by John Deseronto, the chief who founded the Mohawk settlement on the Bay of Quinte, signed twice, and dated Lachine, April 9, 1782, (apparently one of only two examples of native Iroquois manuscripts in existence). $95.

* * *

A catalogue of Canadiana and Americana (No. 2) has been issued by A. H. O'Brien, Toronto, offering among other interesting items, the following, viz: Bosworth's "Hochelaga Depicta," first edition, Montreal, 1839; Bouchette's "The British Dominions in North America," 1831, with "Topographical Dictionary," 1832; E. M. Chadwick's "Ontarian Families," vols. I. and II., 1894-8; Doughty's "A Daughter of New France," 1916, autograph presentation copy of one of only thirteen rare copies issued as the "Princess Edition," (priced $150); Dent's "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion," 2 vols., 1885; Haliburton's "The Clockmaker," first series, Halifax, 1836; the "almost unknown" first edition (priced $75); Haliburton's "Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," 2 vols., Halifax, 1829; Walter Henry's "Trifles from My Portfolio," 2 vols., Quebec, 1839; Doughty's "The Cradle of New France," revised edition, Ottawa, 1910, one of only 10 copies issued privately (priced $75).

* * *

Catalogue No. 397 from Bernard Quaritch Limited, London, offers a splendid run of the Jesuit Relations, as follows: Rageneau's Relation for the years 1649 and 1650, Paris, 1651, in original vellum, the very rare first edition, with tail-piece of fruits on p. 171 and 180 pp. of text, last two being unnumbered, and 178 wrongly numbered 187 (priced £40); Relation for the years 1657 and 1658, Paris, 1659, (priced £37 10); Relation for the years 1666 and 1667, Paris, 1668, second issue, with the Letter De La Reurende Mere Superieure added (priced £35); Relation for the years 1668 and 1669, Paris, 1670, in original vellum (priced £37 10); La Jeune's Relation for the year 1637, Rouen, 1638, first issue and extremely rare, in contemporary limp vellum (priced £120); Ditto for the year 1657, Paris, 1658, (priced £32); Rageneau's Relation for the years 1648 and 1649, Paris, 1650, first edition and very rare, in contemporary limp vellum (priced £42); Vimont's Relation for the year 1640, Paris, 1641, 2 parts in one vol., second issue (priced £45). The same catalogue also includes a number of other items

of extraordinary Canadian interest, among them the following: Diereville's "Relation Du Voyage Du Port Royal De L'Acadie, Ou De La Nouvelle France," Rouen, 1708, first edition, with appended account of the unsuccessful attack on Port Royal in 1707, often missing (priced £20); Drage's "An Account of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage by Hudson's Streights," 2 vols., with 5 folding maps and 4 plates, London, 1748; Twelve Views of the Greenland Whale Fishery," 12 colored plates, London, 1774-80).

* * *

February 15th, 1926, will be long a red-letter day in the annals of book-collecting, for it saw the sale at the Anderson Galleries in New York City of a copy of what is known as the Gutenberg Bible—greatest of all typographical monuments, being nothing less than the very first book to be printed from moveable type—for the amazing sum of $106,000. This Bible was printed at Mainz (or Mayence) in Germany, by Johann Gutenberg and Johann Fust, in 1455, and the copy just sold, which is in two volumes, and which is declared by experts to be one of the most desirable for condition extant, came from the Benedictine Monastery of Melk, in Austria. Besides being the first of all printed books, the Gutenberg Bible is also one of the rarest books in existence, only some forty-five copies, of which twenty are imperfect, being known. The last previous price for a copy was something under $60,000, paid by Carl Pforzheimer, a New York collector, in 1923 to the Rosenbach Book Co.

* * *

An important collection of rare Americana was sold at the auction rooms of Charles F. Heartman, Metuchen, N.J., on November 7, at which a copy of George Cocking's "The American War, A Poem in Six Books," London, 1781, with the rare engraved frontispiece, brought $75. The author was an Englishman, but his poem is non-partisan, his design, as the note in the sale catalogue puts it, being "to relate authentic facts with candid observations on the bravery displayed on either side." The poem begins with the earliest times in America, sets forth the causes of the revolution, and describes the war from the beginning to the end, including the expedition against Canada. Copious historical notes accompany each page. A copy of Lewis Evans "Geographical, Historical, Political and Mechanical Essays," Philadelphia, 1775, with the "General Map of the Middle British Colonies in America," including New France, which is often missing, colored, brought $125 at the same sale.

* * *

The sale of Part I. of the autograph collection formed by the late Col. James H. Manning, of Albany, N.Y., which took place at the Anderson Galleries in New York City on Jan. 19, brought out some extraordinary prices, chief among them being $22,500 for a document signed by Button Gwinnett, one of the signers of the American Declaration of Independence. No autograph letters and only about twenty signatures of Gwinnett are known to exist. A complete set of the "signers." representing a total of fifty-six letters and documents, brought no less than $47,058. Other interesting sales were a letter of General Montcalm, dated 1757, at $125, and a letter of General James Wolfe, dated 1753, at $175. A letter by Robert Burns, with a poem, brought $1,000.

* * *

A first edition of John Milton's "Conus," 1634, brought $11,500 at the sale of part of the library of R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, which took place at the Anderson Galleries on February 17. The Britwell copy of "Paradise Lost," 1667, sold for $10.000 and a first edition of "Lycidas," 1638, realized $5,900. Other rarities sold were a first edition of Shakespeare's "Poems," 1640, for $5,300; a first edition of Spenser's "The Faerie Queene," 1590-96, for $3,900, and a first edition in the original nineteen parts of Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," 1837, for $4,000.

* * *

A collection of books from the library of the late William Ludwig Baker, of Germantown, Pa., relating entirely to the North American Indians and embracing many items of Western travel and exploration, was sold at Stan V. Henkels & Sons' rooms in Philadelphia, on Dec. 7, some of the prices brought being as follows: Ross Cox's "The Columbia River," second edition, 2 vols., London, 1832, $17; Thomas J. Farnham's "Travels in the Great Western Prairies, 2 vols., London, 1843, $24; Peter Kalm's "Travels in North America," translated by J. R. Forster, with plates (map lacking), 3 vols. Warrington, 1770, (first edition in English), $48; Edwin James' "An Account of an Expedition from Pittsburg to the Rocky Mountains," 3 vols., Philadelphia, 1823 (atlas dated 1822), $39; J. Long's "Voyages and Travels of an Indian Interpreter and Trader," London, 1791, $21; Alex. Mackenzie's "Voyages from Montreal to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans," New York, 1806 (map lacking), $26.

* * *

R. S. Frampton, of London, in a special catalogue (No. 430) of miscellaneous books offers at £3 10 an album containing a "collection of reports, interviews, speeches, with lengthy MSS., compiled by Rt. Hon. Charles Buller of (Durham Report fame), 1837-42, which is described as "a unique volume on a remarkable man."

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Inside Stuff . . .

From New Brunswick

H J. CODY, the novelist, writes from St. John, N.B., expressing appreciation of *Canadian Bookman* in its new form and of the work this journal is doing for Canadian letters.

From the same city comes a letter from Miss Agnes Joynes in similar strain. With her letter was enclosed a remittance to cover copies of *Canadian Bookman* to be sent to eight New Brunswick teachers, in the belief that it would assist in the work of teaching Young Canada.

* * *

And Nova Scotia

Professor Rhodenizer, of Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S., in sending his renewal subscription, expressed his great appreciation of the new series *Who's Who in Canadian Literature*. He has for several years taught the most comprehensive course in Canadian literature in the Dominion, and has been devoting his summers wholly to concentrated study of this subject. He has biographical and critical notes for practically every writer of significance in Canadian literature and our readers will be pleased to learn of the prospect of an early article, for this important series, from Prof. Rhodenizer.

Speaking of the new size he says in his letter:

"It will now be easy to keep the numbers on file in a private library, something that was not easy with the old form, and the contents are well worth keeping on file."

* * *

They Like the New Size

"Congratulations on the new format of *Canadian Bookman*," writes John Marco, Victoria, B.C. "The magazine as a whole seems much more interesting in every way."

* * *

"It is now just the handy size to tuck into a handbag, when it arrives on the eve of one of those 'no baggage' trips that one has to make in search of copy. The little magazine—I could have conceded a half-inch more all round—has a very intimate appeal." So writes Mrs. W. Garland Foster from Vancouver.

* * *

"Allow me to congratulate you on your splendid January issue. It is very attractive in its new form," writes Mr. H. Gerald Wade from Winnipeg.

* * *

"I like the new form. I think I shall be able to keep a file now. I found the old style too awkward where space was a consideration. May I thank you for all the pleasure and profit that comes to me through your publication."—Lillie A. Brooks, Toronto.

OUR CHAP-BOOK

So few copies are left of the first Chap-Book of poems reprinted from *Canadian Bookman*, that it is proposed to print a second edition if sufficient advance orders are received to warrant this action. *Canadian Bookman* subscribers are again offered the special price of $3.00 for one dozen copies and it is hoped that there will be a sufficient response to justify going to press with a second edition at an early date. Orders should be sent in without delay. To *Canadian Bookman* subscribers who have not seen this collection, an individual copy will be mailed upon receipt of 25c.

"I want to congratulate you on your Chap-Book. It is fine." So writes Dr. Lorne Pierce. Many similar messages of appreciation have been received. Many a Canadian now living abroad would be glad to receive this Chap-Book as a memento from home.

* * *

It is interesting to observe that *Public Opinion*, that discerning English weekly, selected *Homesickness* for reproduction in its January 22nd issue, this poem being the work of Jean E. Whitman, whose verse was introduced to its readers by *Canadian Bookman* last year in poems published in three different issues.

* * *

Haliburton's First Editions

"The Bibliography of First Editions of Haliburton in your January number greatly interests me," writes Mr. Joseph F. Eaton, from the University Club, Denver, Colorado. Mr. Eaton, by the way, would appreciate getting information as to where some of these first editions might be purchased.

* * *

On Answering Advertisements

So many subscribers tell us that they read *Canadian Bookman* "from cover to cover" that it is quite evident that the advertisements are read as closely as the pages devoted to reading matter. If, when answering these advertisements, *Canadian Bookman* is specifically mentioned, this will be an indirect way of making the magazine larger.

By the way, there are some really attractive propositions available through advertisements, why not investigate them carefully?

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Rudyard Kipling's name leads all the rest when it comes to auction prices of first editions of modern writers. A collection of Kipling first editions made by the E. P. Dutton Co., of New York, sold at the Anderson Galleries on December 15, brought the record total of $12,662.

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"Here is food for everyone. Side by side with the giants like Mr. Belloc, Mr. Chesterton, Dr. Bridges, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. A. E. Housman, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Kipling, "A. E.", Sir William Watson and Mr. Yeats, we have all the lesser lights who have won so secure a place in previous anthologies, as well as many whose whole output bulks no larger than a booklet. Mr. Adcock has done his work thoroughly. **Here at last is an anthology about which there can be few grumbles from High-Brow, Mezzo-Brow, or the lowest of the Low-Brows, for here are rhymes and poems for them all."**

The Glasgow Herald

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The CANADIAN BOOKMAN

A Monthly Journal devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts ✠ *2.00 a year 25c a copy*

Vol. VIII TORONTO, MARCH, 1926 No. 3

Published by Findlay J. Weaver

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Worthwhile New Books

THAT WORTHWHILE PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

The Letters of Queen Victoria

By Sir George Earle Buckle

The widespread dispatches of the last few weeks have indicated the interest this book has stirred up in England. It presents through the Queen's letters in an unusual way history of one of the most interesting and important periods in England, including the Slesvig-Holstein, the Austro-Prussian and the Franco-Prussian Wars. Letters dealing frankly with personal and social matters are given as well as those concerning affairs of state. The volume is published by authority of His Majesty the King. Two volumes, with illustrations. **$12.00.**

The Story of the World's Literature

By John Macy

Various reviews note that this volume is quite what its title suggests, namely, a story rather than a dry treatment, of the literature of all lands, all ages and all peoples. The literatures of the world are seen in their proper relation to one another and to the peoples whose expressions they are. 200 illustrations in colour, line and halftone. **$5.00**

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A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts

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Vol. VIII., No. 3 TORONTO, MARCH, 1926 **25c a Copy $2.00 a Year**

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

SOME EARLY WRITERS

By Donald G. French

MRS. FRANCES BROOKE

IN literature, perhaps more than in any other art, originality has to do with substance and detail rather than with form or method. This we must remember in any study or estimate of Canadian fiction. Therefore, it is not well for us to lay any charge of unoriginality against Mrs. Brooke, who, writing in 1769 *The History of Emily Montague*, adopted the form and method of Richardson, the father of the English novel, and gave in a series of letters, woven together by a story plot, a picture of the Canada of that day, its people and their life.

Mrs. Frances Brooke was the wife of a chaplain attached to the forces of Guy Carleton at Quebec, and her novel met with such success that a second edition was published in 1777. T. G. Marquis in his *English-Canadian Literature*, remarks that the descriptions of wild nature are well done and that the portrayal of the officers and *noblesse* of Quebec is a faithful reproduction, that the characters of the personages of the story are admirably revealed in their letters, and that this is a strong, clean, healthy romance.

JULIA CATHERINE BECKWITH

The first novel that Canada may claim as her own, written by a Canadian-born author, and printed in Canada, is *St. Ursula's Convent, or The Nun of Canada*, described on its title page as "containing scenes from real life." This book was printed in two leather-bound volumes (103 and 134 pages), in 1824, by Hugh C. Thompson at Kingston, Upper Canada. A well preserved set may be seen in the Canadiana collection of the Reference Department of the Public Library, Toronto. The success of its publication was assured by advance subscription, and a list of names and addresses of over 150 subscribers is printed in the book. The majority of the subscribers were in Kingston, but Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and New York were well represented. Toronto (then York) which is now the publishing centre of the Dominion, seems not to have contained a single "literary" person sufficiently interested to procure a copy of this first Canadian novel. (A magazine article, referring to this point, says that one copy was taken in York, but I fail to find the name in the subscribers' list.)

We learn from the preface that this book is the first production of an author of seventeen. The writer, Julia Catherine Beckwith, was born at Fredericton, N.B., in 1796. In 1820 the family removed to Kingston where she married George Henry Hart, a

bookbinder. In 1826 the Harts went to the United States, where, in 1831, Mrs. Hart published *Tomewante, or the Adopted Son of America.* She died at Fredericton, 1867. Her brother, the late Hon. John A. Beckwith, was Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick.

St. Ursula's Convent is, indeed, romantic enough in literary flavor. Incidents are narrated in rapid succession, and there is intrigue, adventure, and shipwreck. The opening chapter gives us as a setting the parish of A——; about fifteen leagues below Quebec, and in this one short chapter is sketched the ancestry of Mons'r Philip de St. Louis, his education, courtship, growth of his family, ending up with the settlement of Adelaide, in her twelfth year, at the Ursuline Convent, as a boarder in charge of Mother St. Catherine.

The rapidity with which the narrative progresses is shown by the first paragraph of the second chapter:

> Adelaide had now passed four years in the convent. Her brother Francis had been three years at college. They visited home every summer, but a year had lapsed since their last visit.

There are many crudities of style, but we must remember that it is the writing of a girl of seventeen, and also that the novel was, at this period of literary history, far from being developed to that stage of artistic finish to which it has now arrived.

We will not attempt to follow the mazes of the narrative—suffice it to say that there is abundant adventure, intrigue, exchanging of infants, and their later restoration to lawful rights. In closing our survey of this first Canadian novel, we may find some amusement in comparing this account of a marriage ceremony with what we might imagine as being written today:

> It was now Lady Louisa's turn. When the priest began, an universal tremor shook her frame. She glanced her eye on the marquis; their eyes encountered. Instantly the tremor vanished. Her face was suffused with carnation. Her eyes brightened, but soon she withdrew them from his ardent gaze, and timidly lowered them to the ground. Near the conclusion of the ceremony, a tear trembled in her eye; Lord Grenville observed it with much concern. The minister concluded. "Ah, my Louisa," said the Marquis saluting her, "May this be the last tear you ever shed on my account."

Oliver Goldsmith (Second)

It is inevitable that Canada's earlier poetry should be patterned after that of the Mother Lands. When the younger Oliver Goldsmith wrote *The Rising Village* (first published, 1825) he followed closely the model set by his ancestor in *The Deserted Village;* he adhered to the rhymed couplet and to the smooth, generalizing, conventional epithets characteristic of the Classic Period of English Literature.

But his theme was a somewhat happier one, and making due allowance for the cramping of originality and emotion by the conventionalized vocabulary and rigidly monotonous form, we find that he has traced with fidelity the progress of the settlers in the new land, picturing first their hardships in the wilderness:

> Where wandering savages and beasts of prey
> Displayed, by turns, the fury of their sway.
> What noble courage must their hearts have fired,
> How great the ardor which their souls inspired,
> Who, leaving far behind their native plain,
> Have sought a home beyond the western main;
> And braved the terrors of the stormy seas,
> In search of wealth, of freedom, and of ease.

Later, when the forest has yielded to the patient, plodding industry of these toilers the pleasing and prosperous country landscape appears thus:

> Here the broad marsh extends its open plain
> Until its limits touch the distant main;
> There verdant meads among the uplands spring,
> And grateful odors to the breezes fling;
> Here crops of grain in rich luxuriance rise,
> And wave their golden riches to the skies;
> There smiling orchards interrupt the scene
> Of gardens bounded by some fence of green;
> The farmer's cottage, bosomed 'mong the trees,

Whose spreading branches shelter from the breeze;
The winding stream that turns the busy mill,
Whose clanking echoes o'er the distant hill;
The neat white church beside whose walls are spread
The grass-clad hillocks of the sacred dead.

And a further rather triumphal note of success is sounded in the contrast between early struggle and privation and final achievement:

While the poor peasant, whose laborious care
Scarce from the soil could wring his scanty fare,
Now in the peaceful arts of culture skilled,
Sees his wide barn with ample treasure filled;
Now finds his dwelling as the year goes round,
Beyond his hopes, with joy and plenty crowned.

An excellent bit of description, in which the poet's realism gives him momentary snatches of freedom from classicism is found in the picture of the country store. This, too, is of a climactic nature, as this pioneer departmental store is owned by one who had begun as a wandering pedlar, packing his wares from one isolated farmhouse to another, but:

. . . soon a merchant's higher title gains.
Around his store, on spacious shelves arrayed
Behold his great and various stock in trade.
Here, nails and blankets side by side are seen;
There, horses' collars, and a large tureen;
Buttons and tumblers, fish-hooks, spoons and knives,
Shawls for young damsels, flannel for old wives;
Woolcards and stockings, hats for men and boys,
Mill-saws and fenders, silks and children's toys;
All useful things and, joined with many more,
Compose the well-assorted country store.

The Canadian Oliver Goldsmith was born in Annapolis County, Nova Scotia, in 1787, and was a grandson of the brother Henry to whom the first Oliver Goldsmith inscribed his *Traveller*. First a clerk in the Commissariat Department at Halifax, he later attained the post of Chief Commisary. In 1834 he published a second edition of *The Rising Village*, in which were included a number of shorter poems. He removed to England and died in Liverpool, 1861.

* * *

A CORRECTION

A correspondent points out that in the Bibliography of first editions of the works of E. Pauline Johnson the date of "The White Wampum" was given as 1896 whereas the correct date is 1895. In the article the date of her death, given as March 7th, 1912, should have been 1913.

To John McCrae

By Vilda Sauvage Owens

"I SOMETIMES think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled."

The earth remembers, and in quiet grief,
Cradles her tender growing things. Each leaf,
Each curving petal, in her brown breast sleeping,
Will Bloom in splendor. But the earth is weeping.
She is remembering the young, young dead.

Poet and Soldier, now that the Night is fled,
Say to the anxious ones who died unknowing,
It will be Spring in France, with soft winds blowing;
And golden Summer, with its waving wheat;
Lush meadows, tall blue lilies, and the sweet
Frail garden flowers. Say that the sun descending
Looks down each day on fruitful labors ending,
On laughing children, women with quiet eyes,
On peaceful hearths where curling smoke-veils rise.
Hush! There is hint of music—everywhere—
The Angelus! It is the hour of prayer.

Some Memories---Literary and Dramatic

By Thomas O'Hagan

NOW, what, you will ask, are the memories of the great actresses I have seen—the Ophelias, the Lady Macbeths, the Portias, the Rosalinds and the Juliets? When I run my finger of memory over the list, what a portrait gallery charms the eye! Since boyhood I have missed seeing but two great actresses—Adelaide Neilson and Ada Rehan. Adelaide Neilson played in Toronto in 1879. The writer was not in the city at the time, but I remember well that as a mark of their appreciation—and I suppose adoration—the students of the University of Toronto drew the great actress home to her hotel in a carriage, after the play, It will be remembered that Bengough's very clever *Grip* was then in existence; and in it the scene was depicted, with the students hauling the carriage, but with ears all out of due proportion to the human form. The students certainly paid dearly for their gallantry.

William Winter describes Adelaide Neilson not only as a great actress but a rare soul. She first visited America in 1872, and it was during her last visit in 1879, that she played in Toronto. Her leading roles in Shakespeare were Juliet, Viola, Imogen and Isabella. Contrary to opinion Adelaide Neilson was not of gentle birth. The truth is that she was born outside of wedlock, and her early days as a little girl marked the life of a waif. She died a tragic death in Paris the year following her last visit to America, at the early age of thirty-two.

William Winter, contrasting the Juliet of Adelaide Neilson with that of Mary Anderson, writes: "The most romantic and the most passionate Juliet of our epoch was that of Adelaide Neilson; the most essentially womanlike and splendidly tragical Juliet that our stage has known within the last fifty years was that of Mary Anderson."

Born in Sacramento, California, in 1859, of an English father and a German-American mother, Mary Anderson spent her girlhood in Louisville, Kentucky, whither her mother had gone early in the "sixties," following the death of her husband, who had been an officer in the Confederate Army. Here as a young girl Mary Anderson received her early education, in the Presentation Academy, conducted by the Sisters of Nazareth. The writer has often lectured in this Academy, and discussed with its teachers the character and stage work of their gifted pupil, who, by the way, left school at the early age of fourteen and became absorbed in the study of Shakespeare.

Mary Anderson when sixteen made her debut as an actress in the role of Juliet, in the Macaulay Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on November 25th, 1875. Her acting won the encomiums of all. For fourteen years this rarely gifted and strikingly beautiful American girl toured America and England and charmed everybody with her voice and presence. The writer saw her in 1880 in the old Opera House, Belleville, in *Juliet,* and as Parthenia in *Ingomar.* Her Parthenia I thought the better of the two. I regarded her as too large to impersonate Juliet, "all fire and dew," who was but "fourteen at Lammastide." But of course as Winter says, her Juliet was "a splendidly tragical" Juliet. Who could ever forget her piteous and despairing question,

"Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?"

As William Winter says, voice was the predominant charm of Mary Anderson. Speaking of the voice the same writer adds: "You can paint your face; you can pad your person; you can wear a wig; you can walk in shoes that augment your height; you can in various ways change your body but your voice will sooner or later reveal you as you are."

Mary Anderson's *repertoire* was a very ample one. She played perhaps best of all Parthenia in *Ingomar* and Galatea in *Pygmalion and Galatea;* then Juliet, Rosalind, Desdemona, Perdita, Hermione and Lady Macbeth and Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons.*

On June 17th, 1890, Mary Anderson was married to Antonio de Navarro, and has resided since at Broady Worcestershire, England. Her last appearance as an actress was at Washington, D.C., in the spring of 1889, in the character of Hermione in *A Winter's Tale.*

Few who ever saw Ellen Terry, that peerless queen of the stage, can forget her interpretation of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice.* I think that of all Shakespeare's women characters Portia is the finest model for every girl who would wish to keep a good balance between head and heart; and, in my opinion, it is this beautiful adjustment of head and heart that after all makes for the true and highest type of womanhood. I, however, heard Ellen Terry declare, when lecturing in 1912 on "Some Women of Shakespeare,"—William Winter holds, Ellen Terry was not a success as a lecturer—that, in her opinion Imogen is the most beautiful type of woman in Shakespeare.

How many interpreters of Lady Macbeth have there not been! From the days of Mrs. Siddons, who was, perhaps, the greatest of all Lady Macbeths—if we except Charlotte Cushman—how varied have been the ideal and presentation of this tragic and overmastering character. There have been two chief types of Lady Macbeths; the physically strong and impressive and the physically frail possessing tremendous mental force. The Hungarian actress Janawschek, represented the first type, and Mrs. Bowers the second. As is very well known, Shakespeare is played very much in Germany—in fact is a favorite with Teutons. Before the Great War stock companies in Germany and Austria used to put on such Shakespearean plays as *Macbeth* and *Die Lustige Weiber von Vindsor.* When attending the Innsbruck University, in the Tyrol, almost twenty-five years ago, I remember being invited with a student friend to share a theatre box with a Tyrolean family at the presentation of *Macbeth* by a local stock company. After the first scene had been acted, my Tyrolean friend turned to me and asked how I liked the play. I replied "I think the witches hovering around the cauldron are not ugly enough looking." "Ah," he replied with a touch of Tyrolean pride, "the girls of Innsbruck are too pretty to make witches." And he was right; for the Tyrolean type of girl is very beautiful. She possesses united the charms of Northern and Southern Europe.

Turning to the play of *Romeo and Juliet,* in which every stage-struck pretty girl likes to essay the role of Juliet, the writer considers Julia Marlowe as the most acceptable of our time. I saw this gifted actress play Juliet to the Romeo of Taber, her first husband, more than thirty years ago. Julia Marlowe, too, has the temperament of a Juliet. She reveals, however, some striking mannerisms in this play, especially in the balcony scene. But Julia Marlowe can flood the stage with love so abundant that even grey beards sigh and think for the moment that they are young again.

An amusing incident is related of

a company that was playing *Romeo and Juliet*. They were on their way from Chicago to Detroit, when the leading man missed the train at Kalamazoo. When the company reached Detroit the understudy for Romeo had to be requisitioned. It was a crucial dramatic trial. So when Juliet, looking down from the balcony, with the "inconstant" moon lighting up the face of the new Romeo, in the garden, exclaimed,

"O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art *thou* Romeo?"

the poor understudy, burdened with the dramatic task assigned to him, pitifully exclaimed, "I am playing Romeo because the leading man missed the train at Kalamazoo." It was indeed an incongruous mixture of fact and romance—and all in the moonlight too!

T. G. Marquis---Scholar, Author and Critic

By Gracchus

IT cannot well be denied that scholarship—deep, broad and solid—is the driving force of literature. Occasionally genius, ignoring all direction of school and college, draws up its own curriculum of studies; but it is, nevertheless, the attainment of scholarship, united to the wisdom of experience, that contributes in every instance, to the creation of literary works whether in prose or poetry. It is true that the divine spark is there, whether revealed in Burns, the ploughman, Milton, the Latin secretary, or Shakespeare, the playwright. But this divine spark must be fanned into a flame—a fusing flame that shall fashion and mould the inspired dream, the overmastering conception giving it creative form in the realm of art. Without the driving force of scholarship, it is needless to say, this divine spark cannot be fanned.

You may cite Shakespeare as a contradiction or refutation of this; yet would it not be, indeed, very audacious to hold that this miraculous child of Warwickshire who left the Stratford Grammar School at fourteen years of age, did not lay up great treasures of scholarship in after life, as he drank in the secrets of nature and life, and to use a Whitman phrase," loafed with his soul," down the highways and in the courts and assemblies of mankind.

Few of our Canadian writers reveal more of the beneficence of scholarship, in their work, than does Thomas Guthrie Marquis, the subject of this brief sketch or study. Mr. Marquis had the good fortune to have been prepared for college by the Canadian poet and novelist, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, then Principal of the High School, Fredericton, N.B. This in itself must have been an inspiration and an incentive to a young, eager mind such as that of Mr. Marquis. From the High School young Marquis proceeded to Queen's University, Kingston, where he came under the influence, in the English department, of Prof. Capon, one of the ripest English scholars and most inspiring teachers of English that have ever occupied the chair of English in a Canadian university.

Graduating with honors and the prize for a poem in his Freshman year, Mr. Marquis entered the field of teaching, and occupied, in succession, the position of teacher of English in the Stratford and Kingston Collegiate Institutes, followed by the Principalship of the Brockville Collegiate Institute.

Abandoning teaching about twenty years ago Mr. Marquis entered the field of authorship where, as every Canadian reader knows, his busy and scholarly pen has been most prolific.

His work is marked throughout by deep and accurate knowledge; his style is fluent and polished; his judgments ever the judgments of a scholar. Every cubit Mr. Marquis has added to his literary stature is a normal growth, not the result of spurious puffery. In truth one may write down Thomas Guthrie Marquis as a hater of literary shams.

Canadian readers blinded by the ephemeral literary trash of the day eulogized and advertised, often forget the solid literary achievement of this writer. They forget that Mr. Marquis has some fifteen books to his credit as well as the editing of many more in collaboration. Let us examine for a moment the literary work of our subject. Curious to know what there is to the credit of Mr. Marquis I listed, a few days ago, the following books of which he is solely or jointly the author: *The Jesuits in North America; The War Chief of the Ottawas; Margaret de Roberval*, (novel); *The Presidents of the United States from Pierce to McKinley; Life of Earl Roberts; Canada's Sons on Kopje and Veldt; English Canadian Literature: A study; The King's Wish* (Fairy Tale); *Stories of New France* (in collaboration with Miss Machar); *Naval Battles of the Nineteenth Century* (in collaboration with Rear Admiral Higginson); *Life of Brock;* joint editor of *Canada and Its Provinces* (23 vols.); edited *Canada in the Great War* and *History of the Early Pacific Coast.*

It is only on an examination of the above list that one realizes the achievement of Thomas Guthrie Marquis as an author. Yet truth is that few Canadian writers shrink from proclaiming their work as does Mr. Marquis. Though always ready to speak a good and appreciative word of his fellows of the literary craft, and ready to give his valuable counsel to literary societies, Mr. Marquis has never sought "his place in the sun" through cheap advertising or worthless literary notoriety. Thomas Guthrie Marquis is an antidote to all this.

March Sunsets

By F. B. M. Collier

THE God of Day rides high across the sky,
The air is keen and wind-blown snowflakes fly,
Yet nightfall sees the heavenly artist blue
Pour earthward every startling tint and hue.

If March refused to lend fair Heaven a hand
Before grim winter laxed his icy band,
Where would the dainty Mayflower get her pink,
The violet or the sunflower colors drink?

March is the Creator's color box
By which he stains the larkspur and the phlox.
Each night, before brown furrows turn to green,
Her sunset dyes the heart of flowers unseen.

That's why, when ice is gone, with sun aloft
The April twilight falls just clear and soft,
The heavenly painter's pageant work is o'er,
The need to drain sun colors is no more.

The Immortals and the Agent

By Minnie Alberta Deards

THE literary agent sat in his office, a bundle of manuscripts in front of him and his stenographer waiting for dictation.

"Ready, Miss Dashaway! 'A. Tennyson, Esq. It is with much regret that I have to inform you I cannot get any publisher to take your Idylls of the King. I had hoped that your excellence of style and polished workmanship would have atoned for that Sunday School atmosphere which pervades the whole collection of stories and which is so unpopular at the present day. But had it not been for that little affair of Sir Lancelot and the queen I should not have ventured to submit it, in spite of its literary merit. However, you do wrong in making the guilty pair repent, and instead of making King Arthur hold forth like a mission preacher he should have killed them both and then fallen on his own sword or consoled himself. Or you might have had Lancelot desert Guinevere after a short time, when she should have committed suicide. Do not give up, but keep your eye on current literature and see what is selling best.'

'C. Dickens Esq. Your serial *Little Dorritt*, has been rejected by *The Present Era* and from private enquiries I learn that their largest shareholder is an important government official, which explains matters. He would naturally think that your gibes about the Circumlocution Office were directed at his own department and be seriously offended. *Nicholas Nickleby* has been sent back time and again, and I should say it was on account of your exaggerated picture of the Yorkshire school. So many advertisers in magazines are private schoolmasters and it would be most unwise to annoy them. I recommend you to be more optimistic and not so ready to scent abuses. If you have a fighting pen, attack the old-fashioned notions of morality or faith and then you will appeal to a large public.'

'W. Scott Esq. I return all the MSS. submitted by you and can only advise you to study technique.'

'A. Balzac Esq. I cannot undertake the submission of your collection of stories as they show deficiency in present-day technique. You should tell your story from the viewpoint of one person only. Make your principal character of supreme interest and do not draw off the reader's attention too much by making your minor characters interesting. Plunge the hero into difficulties, depict severe struggle, suspense, and have him extricate himself by his own efforts. Introduce real surprise and then an abrupt conclusion. Of course I cannot say how long these rules will last, but I think you will have time to remodel your tales before they change.'

'Miss Anon. Your collection of fairy tales shows imagination of a high order and might have gone well a few years ago. Now they say the public objects to a moral, hidden or otherwise. In your *Three Bears* the naughty girl gets a severe fright and in *Beauty and the Beast* it is the loving daughter who is content with little that gets the luck. However, one large firm of publishers do want a moral, but they object to fairy tales. They object to a good many things—in fact they publish advice running to three hundred words as to what they do not want and then another two hundred in explaining what they are looking for. The enclosed copy of the *Writer's Friend* contains these objections and recommendations.'"

A tap at the door, and a shouted invitation to come in. In response there entered a rather severe-looking man, dressed in old-fashioned, rather shabby clothes. A calm serenity sat on his brow and the light of genius burned with a steady glow in his eyes.

"Ah, Mr. Milton," said the agent, "I am glad to see you. Sit down, sir."

"Have you disposed of my *Paradise Lost?*" asked the visitor gravely. "I am most anxious for some money as my sight is beginning to fail. Moreover, I am convinced I have a message for mankind."

"Message! Oh, Mr. Milton, that is the rock on which so many of our authors get wrecked. Forget it, sir! Even our most successful men cannot write what they like. I have inside knowledge."

The visitor started. "Cannot write what they like!" he exclaimed. "Cannot record the heaven-sent thoughts of truth and beauty with which their minds are stored!"

"Truth and beauty have got to accommodate themselves to modern conditions. Your epic makes its appeal to puritans. Very good. There are enough of them to create a respectable market; but, instead of sticking to Puritanism all through, you break off into rhapsodies about nightingales' songs and give glowing descriptions of all kinds of sensuous delights for which your co-religionists have no use. Then you introduce those old mythological tales which half of your readers would not understand and of which the rest would not approve. Write for one set of people and be consistent."

"I write what my Maker commends, like the prophets of old."

"But the prophets of old didn't have to find a publisher and had very little competition. Now I'll make you a suggestion. Take your picture of hell and make it more spectacular. You describe mental punishment only, but I have a poem here by an Italian who deals with the same theme, and he gives so many thrills in his infernal descriptions, and so much action, that he can sell it to the movies in addition to a book publisher."

Something like a groan escaped the poet and the agent continued:

"Do not take yourself so seriously. Perhaps when you have made a name you can write in your present style, if you don't want too large a profit, though I am not sure of that. Listen to this from an enterprising firm: 'We find that publishing only the best literature limits our field. Comparatively few people want it, the rest want popular literature.'"

"Enough, sir," said the visitor rising in displeasure. "You want me to prostitute my genius to gain wealth and popularity. I refuse to do it. I am confident that my message will be delivered, if not by your assistance, then without it."

"Perhaps it will and perhaps it won't," answered the agent carelessly. "Miss Dashaway, give Mr. Milton his MS. and we will get on with our work."

Not Tears, Not Tears

By Clare Shipman

NOT tears, not tears betray my loss of you:
But there are moments when the glance uplifts
With laughter, as the swift speech keenly shifts,
And you are gone—and gone is joyance too.

And there are scenes which for an instant glow
With myriad brush-strokes of the rosy air:
I gaze, and turn, and lo! you are not there;
* * * *
Tears need not fall when hearts can quiver so.

*By Cobequid Bay, Masstown, N. S.

Alexander Louis Fraser

LIKE a forsaken theatre art thou,
The lights extinguished and the actors gone,
Where once Wit, Gaiety and Beauty shone.
Twice fourscore years since their departing bow,
Who to the Fleur-de-lis had kept their vow,
From plenty-laden field and velvet lawn,
And garden of the dead all were withdrawn,
As Fundy's tide swept round their grief-draped prow.

Where once light-sandalled Happiness was glad,
With Home and sylvan voices everywhere,
Moved marshalled men, each visage passing sad,
Leaving their humble cross-crowned house of prayer;
And lingering by this strand today one hears
A wail of sorrow down the time-washed years.

*Scene of part of the Expulsion of the Acadians in 1755. The Village takes its name from the site of the old French Chapel.

Walt Whitman

A Prophet of the New Democracy

IF the future of the world, as has been said, depends upon an understanding between men and nations, it devolves upon all who have the welfare of nations at heart to throw what light they can on the perplexing problems which are continually confronting us.

Perhaps no nation is more misunderstood, and perhaps none is quite so important to the world at present, as the United States of America, and again, perhaps no one has really contributed more to the understanding of that nation than Walt Whitman.

Unfortunately the present stage of civilization representative of the States is not highly conducive to the reading of poetry, nor to the realization that after all, it is the Poet who gives us not only our ideals, but also our ideas, consequently Whitman is not as generally known as he should be in his own country, nor has his influence sufficiently extended to other nations to have contributed to a sympathetic understanding.

But Whitman's influence is yet to be felt, and that of which he sang, the Future of his country, is already more than a poet's dream, more than a visionary's tale, for Whitman sang not only of his country's future greatness, he sang of a new race, and it is a New Race which is being cradled in America today.

But the fact that it is but being cradled, that it is yet in its infancy, is one which is seemingly ignored by the older nations, so centred are they in their own affairs, regarding each other merely in the light of a commercial asset, blind to the possibilities and moral issues involved.

Science, running true to form, has now endorsed the prophetic vision which pictured this new race, and has already credited it with definite characteristics, among which are most conspicuous Intuition and Self-reliance; a self-reliance, which, unlike that of the older races, does not seem to be based upon intellectual reasoning, but rather upon a somewhat vague, innate feeling which cannot be ignored.

Hence the idea amongst Americans, one which unfortunately has afforded other nations much material for cheap humor, that they are a race apart, having some high destiny to fulfil; a feeling which is perhaps very inchoate in most of the people, but is yet the real urge at the back of many of America's apparent blunders, and is responsible for much of her complacent self-assurance.

The restlessness which is such a marked characteristic of this people, is after all but the restlessness of youth which has not yet found the proper outlet for its energies, and even the very bumptiousness sometimes displayed is but the result of the caricaturish efforts of the child to establish its individuality.

And what shall be the ideals of this New Race.

Whitman voices these in *Leaves of Grass*, to read which is to enter into a world of large spaces, large tolerances, and limitless hopes. It is to leave Conventionality and Orthodoxy, and bathe oneself in the health-giving sunshine of individual thought.

The whole book breathes of Liberty—a chant to the greatness of Love and Democracy. In it Whitman himself is the male America, strong, virile, pulsing with force and energy, eager to beget sons and daughters who shall fulfil the promise of a New State.

This is the dominant spirit which fructifies the available materials of a country, and from that and through that produces that country's offspring. These together symbolise the two great forces of nature, the male and the female, and Whitman's attitude towards these, his method of equalizing them, place him at once in the forefront of modern writers.

He is not an academic writer, but a poet who embodied in himself that clean free state he loved to picture, that state where True Democracy shall rule, that New Age about which we hear so much, and which, as has been suggested, has already uttered its natal cry, born of a long and tortuous travail, and still hampered by the swaddling clothes of Tradition in which its Parent has enveloped it.

Whether it shall grow to lusty youth and manhood revelling in the clean, sweet, wholesome things of life, or whether it shall lie overlong in the soft lap of Conventionality, thereby stunting its growth and usefulness, is in the hands of those great souls whom Whitman leads, the Pioneers—those who having had a vision, will fight and struggle though all hope appear to be lost, those who "debouch upon a newer, mightier world."

This mightier world of Whitman's is the world of Democracy, but not the democracy of the ignorant and stupid; Whitman's Democracy is one of Individualism, based upon culture, comradeship, and the equal relationship of man and woman towards each other.

By culture Whitman does not mean the bowing down to existing standards of life

or thought, real culture will create its own standards through its innate feeling of what is true, and while his contemporaries were chiefly parroting the phrases and sentiments of their legitimate sires, Whitman was laying down a new tradition for his country, creating new standards, standards of the open air, of love of man for man, of love of man for woman; standards which would not be judged by their technical precision so much as by their illumination of life, and a reconciliation of religion with both science and life.

Who so eligible to lead men along these new and unaccustomed shores as the Poet?

It is not enough to appeal to people's heads alone, nor is it enough to appeal to their bodily needs, their hearts must be made to respond and thrill to the cause they are to espouse, and in the pen we yet may find the mightiest weapon with which to overthrow and sweep away the accumulated rubbish which is stifling our civilization.

Perhaps the Individualism of Whitman needs some explanation; it is not the Individualism of the Egotist.

The Egotist is one who realises himself at the expense of his fellows, and does not recognize their right to do the same.

But true Individualism is the very opposite of this, and can only be attained through an unselfish love of humanity, which is expressed rather through living than ruling.

For only Man impedes Man, and through a false standard of values, a lost vision of the True and the Beautiful, himself locks the shackles on his brother, without noticing that the chain will presently trip him too.

Behind Whitman's love for America, his hopes in her future greatness, we sense something even bigger still, and that is the importance of man's soul.

When man has tired of his restless, fruitless search for something to satisfy his soul, there will come a time, when lonely and discouraged, and with empty hands, he will look into the nature of that soul, and there will realize that Freedom which, so foolishly, he has been seeking without. Not through material things, not through external, comes material things, not through externals, comes Freedom, but from within.

With this realization will well up such a sympathy and understanding as shall put to shame the paltry pretences of Brotherhood with which we are familiar.

Such is Whitman's Democracy. But no mention of it would be complete without reference to his attitude towards Woman.

Whitman being truly modern recognizes Woman's place in the State, and the woman he loves is the strong, vigorous athletic type, fit comrade for the open road, majestic bearer of the sons and daughters worthy of the new order of things.

Never does Whitman omit to mention Woman alongside Man as his equal, and he says that not yet has the literature of any land done full justice to her.

Perhaps it is that Woman has not yet fully realized herself. Having the superstition of centuries behind her, she has naturally been rather timid about venturing into new fields, and it is this very timidity and nervousness which has plunged her into those excesses which have brought criticism down upon her; for she has had to wear a veneer of self-assurance and bombast which she was very far from feeling, in order to hide the tremulous beating of the heart beneath.

But with the new order of things projected by Whitman, with the hampering garments of Tradition flung aside, Woman will march forward, not behind—not ahead of—but together with Man over the threshold of Understanding into the land of Freedom.

That America is striving towards these ideals of Democracy is apparent to those who look beneath the surface, but we must remember, as stated above, this new race is but in its infancy, and the difference between seed and flower, grub and butterfly, is not more great than the difference between America as she is and that which she is destined to become.

EDITH FIELDING.

* * *

DAWN

By Thomas Muir

(The following poem was written by a boy of fourteen years of age now in attendance at the Simcoe, Ontario, High School. This promising young writer is a son of Mr. Thomas Muir, of Simcoe.)

THE dawn rises as on startled wing
From the dark cold chill of night;
And rising scatters its roseate hues
Thro' its lengthen'd aisles of flight.
Where the sentinel hills are dreaming,
And the woods their banners fold,
Now flushed, with the tide of morning,
Flows the dawn as a sea of gold.

It steals across the cities
And the country wrapt in sleep;
It wakes the city toiler
And the hunter by the creek;
And then it crosses the long wide plain
O'er each field, and brook, and stream,
And touches the valley, lying cold and chill,
With the warmth of its golden beam.

At last with a mighty majestic sweep
It climbs the mountain height;
And passes with softer silent step
To the northern lands so bright,
As it leaves behind it, one by one,
Broad rays of glistening light
Which come from the glorious golden sun,
And fade into velvet night.

It Is Reported

THAT—

—at the last meeting of the Poetry Society of Toronto Mr. John W. Garvin gave a most illuminating address on the work of Isabella Valancy Crawford, whose genuine recognition did not come until after her death in 1887. Only this passing mention of this event is being made this month because it is hoped that at an early date this poetical genius will be the subject of an article in the special series under the general heading of *Who's Who in Canadian Literature.*

—a new Library building to adjoin the present Central Library building in Toronto is to be built at a cost of $250,000.

—there has been quite a stir in Toronto in connection with the Ladner Bill to revise the Canadian Copyright Act, the local branch of the Canadian Authors Association strongly favoring it and representatives of certain publishing and printing interests showing even greater activity in opposing the proposed measure.

—in Winnipeg Professor Watson Kirkconnell is delivering a series of lectures on the Miracles of Civilization. On February 22nd his subject was "The Literary and Artistic Glory of the Renaissance."

—the Board of Education of Owen Sound will provide a well-equipped library for the fine new Collegiate Institute and Vocational School in that city.

—at the last meeting of the Canadian Authors Association, Toronto branch, Dr. E. A. Hardy read a most thoughtful and earnest appreciation of the work of the late Professor Mavor. This was followed by practical addresses on their methods of work by Florence Randall Livesay, who wrote *Songs of Ukrainia* and other poetical works, and John M. Elson, author of *The Scarlet Sash.*

* * *

Communications

AN AUTHOR REPLIES

Editor, "Canadian Bookman:"

In your late issue, in a review of my boys' book, "Chris in Canada," the reviewer says that the Iroquois would not be flattered to learn that they were allies of the French, or words to that effect; giving the impression that I was incorrect in stating that Chingachgook and Hawkeye fought on the side of the English against the French and their allies, the Iroquois. I can readily understand how a casual reader, not a student of the Indians of North America, might take exception to my statement. They WERE allies of BOTH the French and the English. Let me reconcile the reviewer with this statement,—Champlain, in one of his early expeditions, joined a party of Canadian Indians against the Iroquois. This made the latter, (as a nation) bitter enemies of the French, whom they afterwards opposed at every step to the close of the French regime in Canada, 1763, while they were, (as a nation) firm allies of the English. But the French made several attempts, through their missionaries, to win over the Iroquois, and were so far successful that a considerable number from the different tribes, most of them Mohawk and Onondaga, withdrew from the several tribes and joined Catholic settlements at Caughnawaga, and St. Regis, on the St. Lawrence, and Oka on the Ottawa. The tribes of the league repeatedly tried, but without success, to induce them to return, and finally, in 1684, declared them to be traitors. In later wars the Catholic Iroquois took part with the French against their former brethren (of the league.)

It is all rather confusing, and you can readily see how the casual observer would judge my assertion that the Iroquois ever were allies of the French, as incorrect. Further, I would state that in 1689 the Five Nations Indians were supposed to total about 12,850. The next nine years they lost more than half by war and by desertions to Canada (to the French). My authority: "Handbook of Indians of Canada," sessional paper 21 A.

Again, your reviewer remarks that the New Brunswick Government might not be pleased at the fire fighters sleeping at night during the raging of a forest fire. This is just what these or any other men fighting fire from daybreak until dark, would do, except in the pages of a Dime Novel, or one of those Northern romances where men perform herculean deeds of valour. We, here in New Brunswick, are only human, and need a night's sleep. But, perhaps your reviewer refers to the first night. But the first night my men had tramped ten miles over rough country and were still a good distance from the fire when, night coming on, they reached a log shanty and wisely stopped there and had a night's sleep. No good could have been done by going on to the scene of the conflagration after dark (fire does not travel at night as in the daytime anyway.) They would only have been exhausted and by daylight, when the wind sprang up, wouldn't have been in fit shape to think out a plan of campaign.

If my good friend will come down to this part of the world next summer, I'll gladly take him over the ground travelled by Chris and his friends to the scene of the fire, and, if at the lumber shanty, or before, he doesn't beg me to stop the night and fight fire in the morning, I'll buy him a new hat, or cane, or, if "he's" a lady, something in feminine attire.

GEORGE FREDERICK CLARKE.

* * *

THOSE CROWS

With reference to the brief mention of the championing by Charles G. D. Roberts, of Jack Miner's crow campaign, Mr. Wallace H. Robb, of Belleville, writes "Canadian Bookman" to the effect that what is needed is a better general understanding of the bird conservation situation.

Jack Miner, himself, stood not for extermination of crows, but for their local control. Mr. Robb cited the successful issue of the fight by the Bird Protection Clubs of the U.S. against the powerful commercial gun and powder forces behind the crow campaign and intimated that any who sought to carry the fight into the very camps of the bird protection clubs would be up against a general principle that involved taking issue with them.

"It might be well," adds Mr. Robb, "for the baiters on either side to retire while yet they may, before they find themselves, not the champions in a local issue, but the victims of their own lack of comprehension of the real issues which distate, more or less, the official viewpoints of local bird protection societies."

Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . *News, Views and Reviews*

A DELIGHTFUL DIARY

Reviewed by T. D. Rimmer

ONE can regard this *book either as an authentic record or as a hoax. One thing is certain, it is decidedly amusing. Purporting to be the diary of a young lady of fashion, written in the year 1764-1765 and discovered by a descendant, it deals with the grand tour as conceived in the eighteenth century and is plentifully besprinkled with wit and with a candor that is distinctly refreshing.

This young lady, Cleone Knox, has a suitor who proves unacceptable to her father and that irate gentleman whisks Cleone away on a foreign tour in order that she may forget the unfortunate Mr. "A." It is this period which forms the major portion of the book.

The diary is written in that humorously intimate manner which Pepys made immortal and one is conscious of looking for the "and so to bed" which put a nightly period to Pepys' dissertations. Naturally, as becomes the period, the diary is charmingly frank. The young ladies of that day had a sophistication that outrivalled even that of our modern product and subjects are discussed that in the Victorian era were usually relegated to the wine.

Cleone does the grand tour thoroughly and she writes amusingly on the life and gaiety in the various capitals and towns that lie along her route. Some passages taken haphazardly may give a hint of what is contained in the book:

"Saw King and Queen out driving today. Not an Immoderately lovely couple, but I huzzahed and waved my handkerchief with the best of them" . . . "Ned is attiring himself like a Lily of the Field. Has as many as 12 long waistcoats and all his shoes set with gold buckles . . . Lost £10 at Loo at My Lady Drogeda . . . Down the river with Lord M.'s party. All very merry. Ned and Lord M—rd a trifle too much so . . . Lady H. is the greatest rake in town. Her minauderies are Intolerable . . . I spend half the day at the Hairdresser's now. My head has not been opened for nearly a Fortnight and this is positively the longest time I will go in this hot weather . . . Saw the famous Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, out. What a fortune she and her sister gained by their looks. No sign from Lord M. (an admirer) d——n him.

These are comments written while Cleone was staying in London, but whatever city she visits she sets down her views and opinions on the life around her, sometimes waspishly, but more often good-naturedly.

From London she goes to Paris, thence to Lausanne, where she has this to say . . .

" . . . to Ferney to pay our homage to Monsieur de Voltaire . . . sometimes affable, more often peevish . . . (he) reminded me of nothing so much as a chattering old magpie. But we listened silent, with that Respect which is due to Genius, however Wearisome it may be." Then from Lausanne to Venice where, despite her hopeless love for Mr. A., whom she sometimes remembers, she succeeds in having a thoroughly good time.

Her stay at Venice is marred by an escapade of her brother, Ned, but all is smoothed over and the diary has this characteristic ending:

"May 29th. Stupendous Discovery! Mr. A. is in Venice."

And so we leave Cleone facing the prospect of an elopement.

Whether or not this is an authentic diary is immaterial, for it is one of the most piquant journals we have had for some time. It will be read by most people to the accompaniment of quiet chuckles and they will find themselves much in sympathy with the comments and opinions, for they have a curiously modern application. There is, of course, no effort towards style and the grammar at times is "a fearful and wonderful thing" but the book has admittedly only one aim, to be amusing, and undoubtedly it has succeeded in that. One hesitates usually to borrow publishers' euphemisms, but in this case we heartily agree with the publishers that the book is "prodigiously diverting."

* * *

*THE DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION IN THE YEAR 1764-1765. *By Cleone Knox.* Edited by her Kinsman, Alexander Blacker Kerr. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Son. $2.00.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

Congratulations to Dr. James L. Hughes, author and educationist, of Toronto, who reached the 80th milestone of life on March 2nd.

A MUSICIAN TAKES UP THE LYRE

A Review by John Marco

IT is always, to me, pleasant to discover a new poet in my constant scramble through the apparently endless output of verse. It is, in fact, a discovery which should be shouted from the housetops and not kept in the secret chamber. We are indebted to a number of our best magazines for recognizing poetry when they see it. The young author's name is Margaret Tod Ritter, and her book is called *Mirrors.*

To those who like the work of Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay there is a treat in store. Miss Ritter's poetry is not derivative. But, to the discerning, a comparison will reveal the same clean-cut craftsmanship, singing quality, and poignancy unexplainable except by experience. There the likeness ends and from then on you have two poets in search of beauty.

This poet has a fondness for musical themes and usually manages to find appropriate titles for them. Her sonnets are a pleasure to the eye and ear. That most difficult of forms seems to take on new attire and music. Also they should do much to discourage those versifiers who seem to think that making a sonnet is like driving fourteen square pegs into as many round holes.

Since Louis Untermeyer has revised his *Modern American Poetry* as recently as 1925, it is to be wondered at that he overlooked the author of the *Sonnet to a Plow-Woman of Norway,* but still manages to find room for the latest infant prodigy. I feel that this poet's work is worthy the space, in an anthology, of a dozen infant prodigies, and such an omission suggests that the anthologist is playing to the gallery.

It would be unfair, and to say the least, unfortunate to quote from these sonnets. One of the best, *Resurgence,* must be read as a whole, as must her *Sonata Eroica.* One cannot help feeling as one reads such poetry that the author, though young in years, must be old in experience with the jagged edges of life. It fairly vibrates with pain, hope, and music; indeed a most unsettling combination. The following little gem which is called *Dawn,* will give some idea of the amount of feeling that is contained in a few words by this artist:

"Has then
A sword been run
Through an exultant heart
That all this red should drench the floor
Of heaven?"

I believe I remarked a moment or so ago that Miss Ritter's poetry was not derivative. I still feel that I am right. But I wonder if, by any chance, she has ever read the poetry of Francis Thompson?

In closing I would again like to draw attention to the almost masterly control that this poet has over her instrument. The following sonnet is sung with an abandonment and feeling to be wondered at. I have only read one other sonnet recently which I like as well and that was the second of two by John Masefield called *On Growing Old.* The sonnet called *Sonata Da Bravura* follows:

"My tired brain staggers and my senses reel;
O Life, this theme is difficult to play . . .
These are the notes you taught me on a day
In Spring, long, long ago. Can you not feel
Some pity for my weariness? This scale
Is like a rain of stars that burns the air
With liquid fire. O tyrant life, I swear
My head is heavy and my pulses fail.
Faster! The whole world listens . . . flames and swords
Flow from my hands. Yea, mock me with your eyes,
O Life! I laugh . . . I laugh . . . I improvise
Your Song of Spring withers beneath my chords.
Applause! What now? This bleeding must be stopped . . .
Up! coward heart, the curtain has not dropped."

* * *

FOOL'S SOJOURNING. *By Allen Brockington.* London: Erskine Macdonald.

It will be a pity if this volume seems chiefly noteworthy for being a novel in blank verse. *Fool's Sojourning* is a far from negligible work. The story is first told completely from his point of view by a Bishop Thomas, a most credible character; he, having inherited for both himself and his brother, has imposed his advantage over the latter's son, a shell-shocked and decorated soldier. John has only to propose marrying to make the breach complete.

But John does marry, being aided by the gift of an automobile from a stranger. Of this generous Michael we are told,

He did the thing he was inspired to do
When there was need to do it, not before.
I mean, the future was not his concern,
The issues of his actions were not his.

Meanwhile the bishop sees Barbara, John's wife, and tries to turn her against him. Michael is a cricket-player who wins much glory and casually establishes himself as the bishop's chauffeur. Then Rosemary, daughter of the woman the bishop had loved (and lost) appears, having parted from her husband—takes a position as his gardener, and falls in love with Michael. The husband dies and the bishop sets them up.

Thereafter we get the story from Barbara, Bently, another clergyman, Terence, husband of Barbara, and from Rosemary herself.

The blank verse taken for itself is seldom distinguished save for being brisk and readable. Conversations are sometimes a little long-drawn, but throw much subtlety of character interplay into relief. The medium adds a needed unity and there is, generally, a tasteful absence of the meretricious mellifluence which used to be taken for poetry. Active current words are used, as when we are told of Rosemary:

Sometimes I thought her "modern"—
that's the word
To indicate a kind of outraged sense
Of independence both in speech and act.

RAYMOND KNISTER.

* * *

A VINDICATION OF CONFORMITY

By T. D. Rimmer

THE metallic chorus raised by some of the disciples of Free Verse makes it difficult at times to hear the thin note of genuine music, when it is sounded by a poet outside those circles. One can sympathize with genuine artists who are striving to create new forms and who find the old methods militating against their perfect expression. Some of these poets may, and do, evolve true poetry. But too often in the hands of incompetents the freedom degenerates into license and as a result we have these amorphous forms that so irritate the lover of verse. After all, we must have unity, and if the thought straggles through jagged stanzas—that spring from disorder and end in chaos—the poem, no matter how lovely the imagery and metaphor, will be like a beautitul but ill-kept garden where the weeds choke the sweetest flowers.

Such a creation as the following (culled from an anthology) may be free verse, but it must make uneasy the sleep of the masters.

THE FISH

wade (sic)
through black jade,
Of the crow-blue mussel shells, one
keeps
adjusting the ash heaps.

* * *

One virtue of the traditional methods is that they teach discipline and a sense of proportion and if the thought of the poet is accompanied by fluidity of expression the mould will produce an exquisite and harmonious pattern. Naturally, Free Verse is a product of evolution, for neither poetry nor mankind can remain static, but surely it can have dignity and nobility of expression without descending into the abyss of jazz and cacophony.

One of the adherents of orthodoxy is Mr. Brookes More, five books of whose poetry have been sent to me by the publishers. These books have been published at intervals during the past six years and there are now ready for publication the remaining books of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and a book of lyrics.

As has been said, Mr. More is one of those who prefer the traditional forms. His Pegasus can find ample pawing space within that most narrow of enclosures, the sonnet, and his verse seldom shows any sign of strain in even the most intricate of the old forms.

In his *Beggar's Vision* there are seven narrative poems linked one to the other by the chain of a central idea. Truth and Hope are the fulcrum from which these poems obtain momentum and the last poem, *The Land of Light*, is especially beautiful in its mysticism.

The first poem, from which the book takes its title, is in parts rather pedestrian but has notable passages, especially in the closing lines where the following philosophy is set forth:

This is the pledge of life, it never dies;
From dead corrupt the sweetest flowers
arise.
The hour will come when the atoms of
this clay
Will walk new fashioned in a glorious day.

The basic idea has its inception from this poem, weaving its way through the diverse narratives until it finds convergence in the poem, *The Land of Light*. Throughout the book sounds the delicate chord of Hope, now minor, now major, but always present. In *Orpheus and Eurydice*, in the *Last of Lost Eden*—and in *The Land of Light* more particularly—Truth and Hope are the jewels around which Mr. More has set many verbal gems.

The Valley Mysterious is notable for onomatopoeia—but of the seven the two outstanding are *Orpheus and Eurydice*, and *The Land of Light*, and these two are sufficient to stamp Mr. More as a poet of authentic worth whose sense of color and of sensuous beauty is reminiscent of the masters.

In the *Ring of Love* mysticism as a theme blends with that of love and there are many gems of sheer lyrical beauty scattered throughout the book. In his Petrarchan sonnets, especially, the verses are clothed with beauty—and beauty wedded to thought by technique is all we need ask of a poet. *The Last Vigil* is set in the first portion of the book and it is clad in the same lyrical loveliness that pervades the majority of the poems. For instance:

Delight, desire of all dear things I see,
Shadows in dawn, and jewels in night's
gloom,
All these to me are all a part of thee,
And thou and these go with me to the
tomb.

The last portion of the book contains *The Lover's Rosary*, a sequence of Petrarchan sonnets under two sub-titles, *Pearls* and *Ashes*, and it is here that Mr. More has woven a metrical pattern in which an occasional lustreless line is more than compensated for by the brilliance of the rest.

Mr. More has translated into blank verse the **Metamorphoses of Ovid*, a task that must have been exceedingly congenial, for his own verse has its roots deep in tradition. He has given us a full and rich rendering and his deft use of assonance and alliteration enhances the beauty of the lines, while happily, there is not the slightest trace of pedantry to mar the translation. Additional interest is added to Books II. and III. by the life of Ovid by John Gower, which precedes the author's translation.

Workmanlike verse occupies a prominent position in the modern literary output of America, but with the exception of Robert Frost, in *North of Boston*, Edward Arlington Robinson and one or two others, there appears to be a dearth of authentic poetry. There are, of course, several voices resounding from the west but on the whole there is much excellent verse and some genuine poetry.

Mr. More's work may not blaze new trails, in so far as new forms are concerned, but from the mould of the old forms he has brought much that is exquisite both in beauty and thought, and to his mysticism he has added a sense of nuance, and color, a sure technique and a mastery of rhythm that can be found in few of the modern American poets.

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*The Beggar's Vision. *By Brookes More.* Illustrated by Tracey Porter Rudd. With an Introduction by William Stanley Braithwaite. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston.

*The Ring of Love. *By Brookes More.* Illustrated by Tracey Porter Rudd and Lewis Perry. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston.

*Sweet Maggie McGee—Red Cross Nurse. Ovid's Metamorphoses. Book I. *By Brookes More.* The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston.

*Ovid's Metamorphoses. Book I. Translated into English Blank Verse by *Brookes More.* With a foreword by Frederic Allison Tupper. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston.

*Ovid's Metamorphoses. Books II. and III. Translated into English Blank Verse by *Brookes More.* With a Life of Ovid by John Gower. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston.

Discharged

By Christina Willey

ALL winter long the chickadees
Have gossipped at my garden fence,
They had a larder in my trees,
The soft south wind now calls them hence
To richer feasts than mine.

My woodpeckers, through wind and snow,
Mouse-like, have run up trunk and spray.
Now summer breathes, they too will go,
Their whistle will not cheer the day,
Red-head and black depart.

My grosbecks, clipping maple seeds,
Bright troubadours in brown and gold,
Seek other places, other needs,
I shall not hear their calling bold,
The mating moon rides high.

Can I regret? Great good was mine,
Heavens almoner, allowed to give—
To touch the hem of the Divine—
The food by which small birds may live,
Who seek their meat from God.

In the Realm of Art

Conducted by Bess Housser

ROBERT FORD GAGEN
A Tribute

TO few is it granted to live a life so full, well balanced and complete as that of the late Robert F. Gagen, R.C.A., who passed away suddenly at the Art Gallery of Toronto, on March 2nd, 1926, while superintending the arrangements for the opening of the Fifty-Fourth Annual Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists.

A chartered member of that Society, he held the office of Secretary for thirty-seven years.

Mr. Gagen was born in England. His artistic genius was inherited from his father, who was an architect in London. The son Robert, born in 1847, came with the family to Canada in 1867. They settled in Seaforth, Ont., and later came to Toronto where he took up the study of water color and miniature painting. It was not till comparatively late in life that he turned to oil painting.

When a young man he entered the studio of the firm of Notman and Frazer, photographers, miniature painters and art dealers, where he studied with the celebrated John A. Frazer. Other celebrated Canadian painters who began their artistic training in the same studio are Horatio Walker, John Hammond, and McGillveray Knowles. In later years the firm became Gagen and Frazer.

Mr. Gagen's wife was formerly Miss Jane Palmer of Scarboro. She died in 1889. Following this great sorrow in 1901 he lost his only son, the eldest of his family, Robert Eugene Gagen, who died in his 27th year. At the time of his death, a junior in the law office of the firm of McPherson, Clarke, Campbell and Jarvis, he was a student of unusual brilliancy and promise, being silver medalist D.C.L. Trinity College, 1895, and also an honor graduate in law of Osgoode Hall the same year.

The surviving members of the family are Miss Maud Gagen of Toronto, and Mrs. Harry Rust, of Philadelphia.

As a painter of Marine subjects, both in oil and water color, R. F. Gagen is unrivalled in Canada. His studies of the Canadian Rockies, which were mostly in water colors, are fine examples of pure water color painted by a master hand.

He loved the sea in its happy moods, the sunlit coast with the pounding surf when the storm had cleared, the fishing fleet engaged in gathering the deep sea harvest or the boats in harbor when the catch is landed.

His love of gardens and flowers is indicated in the sketches of gardens by the sea, where purple and blue larkspur or climbing roses bloom amid the lobster traps and drying nets of the fishing station.

One brings to memory his water colors of the Rocky Mountains painted at sunset when the last glow of the setting sun lights up the snowy caps of the mountains with a blush of rose, the valley below fading into twilight.

While many of his canvasses depict the turbulent aspect of the mountains or sea, the general impression in the work he has left and also in the memory of his genial personality, is that of sunshine rather than storm, of peace rather than strife. To him the ills and sorrows of life were counterbalanced by the good and the sterner side was tempered by the optimism of perpetual youth, sound judgment and a rare sense of subtle humor.

In his work is found a definite personality, a note which rang clearer as his years advanced. The three pictures, his last, exhibited at the Ottawa Society Exhibition, witness to the clearness of his vision and the vigor of his art.

He was a man of many and varied interests. The home, his garden, which in character indicated his English origin, the church, in which he took an active interest, the art societies and clubs to which he belonged, all testify to his untiring energy and loyal support.

When the Ontario Society of Artists was organized he was elected a member. The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, elected him an associate member in 1880 following this a few years later with a full membership.

For many years he was associated with the Art Department of the Canadian National Exhibition, and latterly was Art Commissioner and Secretary of the Art Department.

When the Society of Painters in Water Colors was organized in 1925 Mr. Gagen was elected Honorary President. He was also a Past President of the Arts and Letters Club.

The true measure of his life is indicated by the large number of friends who mourn his passing and who will miss that rich flow of kindly humor and sympathetic friendship which made him such a charming companion.

HERBERT S. PALMER.

* * *

"Pensive and faltering,
The words, *the dead*, I write;
For living are the Dead;
(Haply the only living, only real,
And I the apparition—I the spectre.)"
—From *Leaves of Grass*, by Walt Whitman.

Activities in the Art Gallery of Toronto

During the last week of the Inaugural Exhibition of the new Gallery in Toronto, three enthusiastic and illuminating lectures were given on different evenings to large audiences in the Sculpture Court. After the lectures the speaker accompanied those who cared for further enlightenment to the gallery, which contained the work of which he spoke. Mr. Wyly Grier's subject was "Portraits," Mr. Arthur Lismer's "Modern French Art," and Mr. Carrington of the Boston Museum of Art spoke on "Prints, Etchings and Engravings."

One of the splendid things which occurred during that month of splendor at the Gallery was the purchase by the Canadian Club of the painting by Tom Thomson called "The West Wind," and its presentation to the gallery. There could not be a finer nucleus around which to gather a presentation of the many aspects that make and reveal the Canadian spirit. The Canadian spirit as seen through the contact of nature's forces with her soil and her people. Someone might make a good move now by following up with the presentation of a real Kriegoff.

The 1926 O.S.A. exhibition which will hang in the new Gallery throughout the month of March is an interesting show. The use of five instead of three rooms as in other years has obviated crowding and gives an added repose both to the paintings and the visitors.

One is reminded by a foreword in the catalogue that the policy of the Society has always been "the encouragement and fostering of original and native art in the Province"—a policy and outlook that will keep the Society actively valuable and working within the community, and keeps one particularly watchful in the O.S.A. shows for the signs and portents of the times—for the appearance of new tendencies and "original" vitality.

To one so looking, George D. Pepper's "A Village in Southern France" is outstandingly engaging. It is a finely organized piece of design, naive yet rich in feeling. "Head of a Man" by the same Ottawa painter is an interesting composition—good in color, and, though perhaps not so appealing as the first canvas, has the same curious blend of stability and humor.

The black and white drawings of J. M. Alfsen and of Thoreau MacDonald, though so totally unlike one another, both attract and hold the onlooker—both are full of a vital quality. "Portrait" too, by Lawren Harris, is not the usual thing in portraiture. "Evening," by Frank Carmichael; "Midwinter," by L. A. C. Panton; "Early Morning." by A. J. Casson, and "Sunday Morning," by T. A. Stone, are all exceptionally interesting.

Calgary Has Four Women Authors

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

THE attention of the literary world has lately been focused on the city of Calgary, because of the fact that four women authors there brought out books last season. No other city of this size in Canada may claim such a distinction.

These authors and their new books are: Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, M.L.A., *Painted Fires;* Flos Jewell Williams, *The Judgment of Solomon;* Laura Goodman Salverson, two books, *Wayside Gleams,* poetry, and *When Sparrows Fall,* fiction, and Miss Donalda J. Dickie, with four story readers, grades I. to IV., in the first series of Canadian History readers ever published.

There is perhaps no more beloved woman writer in the west, or even in Canada, than Mrs. R. W. McClung, or our "Nellie McClung," as she is termed affectionately by hundreds of women. *Purple Springs,* her last previous novel, has passed the twenty-five thousand mark. Her new book, *Painted Fires,* is, the critics agree, the best book from the pen of this talented author.

It is a story of the Canadianization of a young Finnish girl, Helmi. Indeed Helmi has been termed the character find of 1925 in Canadian fiction. A letter from the Finnish Consul to the author states that the foreigner has never had a better interpreter and already he has begun negotiations with her for the translation of the book into the Finnish language, because he feels "Every Finn should read this remarkable story." It has been reviewed in the *Uutisit,* a Finnish paper.

Mrs. McClung first got the idea of the book from a close observation of a Finnish servant girl who worked for her for three years. In order to give her story realism and to learn the pyschology of the Finn character, she proceeded to study every book she could obtain on the Finn, some twenty in all. From these she learned of their quick response to the beautiful in nature—which gave her opportunity for beautiful description, their violent tempers, which had its dramatic possibilities, their quickness, their love of work, their cleanliness, their generosity and imagination.

She then proceeded to take her "Helmi" through the realities of life, which are not glazed over. She has taken her into a dope den, a prison, a rescue home for girls, where hypocrisy and cruelty are rampant, a rough mining camp, a police court and yet she has woven throughout it all, that wholesomeness, humour and charm so characteristic of her own vivid personality.

This is Mrs. McClung's eighth full length novel.

Flos Jewell Williams, author of the *Judgment of Solomon,* is a new writer. She is

a young woman and a brilliant one, and editors and critics who know her work prophesy that she will go far in the world of letters. The very fact that this first book of hers was one of the runners up in the recent Hodder & Stoughton Canadian $2,500 contest, that this well established firm accepted it at once and sent it forth to the world, stamped with its approval, is no mean compliment to a young and new writer.

Mrs. Williams didn't write her book as one in search of fame, for commercial purposes, or in the beginning for the publishers. Once the theme was conceived it was written, four thousand words at a time, for the real enjoyment of writing, until it had developed itself into a full-length novel. It is a story that arose first in the heart and was committed to paper because of that prime requisite of any author—the urge to write. It had never been seen by anyone. Then one day Mrs. Williams saw the advertisement of the Hodder & Stoughton contest. She submitted her manuscript, curious to see how it would come out. Immediately there came back a letter of warm commendation accompanied by an offer to publish it. It had been picked as one of the four runners up in the contest.

Mrs. Williams was born in Toronto and educated in that city, being a graduate of the Jarvis Collegiate Institute, the old grammar school of Upper Canada, and of the Toronto Normal School. Later she taught at Bobcaygeon in the Kawartha Lakes district, which she has woven in, as the beautiful setting of her book. Six years ago she came with her husband, David S. Williams, and her twin sons, to reside in Calgary, in which city her book was written.

* * *

Laura Goodman Salverson is a versatile writer. Her two widely different types of books, published this year, one a volume of poetry, *Wayside Gleams*, and the other a novel, *When Sparrows Fall*, prove this, while the fact that this last novel is of an entirely different type to that most successful first book of hers, *The Viking Heart*, is still further proof. In addition to this she has already completed another, a historical romance, *The Lord of the Silver Dragon*, one that seems destined to be her best piece of work. She is perhaps one of the most hard-working authors in Canada. The *Viking Heart* was written in six weeks; *When Sparrows Fall*, in six months, while *The Lord of the Silver Dragon* represents five years of the closest reading and much capital investment. "That is why I am always poor" laughed the author, "I have put every bit of my spare money into the buying of historical books, old manuscripts, and financing trips to interview experts.

Mrs. Salverson was born in Winnipeg. Her parents came to that city directly from Iceland, on the first passenger train of the Canadian Pacific Railway, pulled by the engine known as the "Countess of Dufferin" in 1881. Being very delicate she was not able to attend the public school very steadily and received most of her education from private teachers and her father. She is descended from a long line of writers dating back to the 14th century, it being in the family records that a certain ancestor, living in the 15th century, was the first to begin the collection of ancient Icelandic manuscripts. On her mother's side the literary talent of her forebears ran to poetry, while on her father's, to articles of political significance.

* * *

The first of a series of Canadian history readers are now completed, although to date only four, grades I. to IV., are released from the publishers. These have been written by Miss Donalda J. Dickie, M.A., teacher of English on the staff of the Calgary Normal school. These readers are the culmination of four years of the most arduous work on the part of Miss Dickie, when every moment of her spare time and holidays has been given over to it. It has meant several trips across the continent, hours of reading and studying in every governmental library in the capital cities of the Dominion, countless interviews for first hand material particularly in the history of the western provinces, an exhaustive hunt for illustrations, paintings, etchings, photographs, etc., for the readers had to be made attractive with pictures, in order to make them doubly appealing to the child mind.

Book one is mostly a picture book about Canada, her emblems and days, the flag, the maple leaf, Dominion Day, little stories of Indians, characteristic animals, and very simple stories of children who live in each province. Book two is devoted entirely to Indians, or the "First Canadians"; their modes of life, wigwams, hunting, preparation of food and clothes, medicine man, burial rites, legends, while there are dramatizations of the council and smoking of the peace pipe. Book three is "How Canada was Found," telling in an interesting way stories of the discoverers looking for far away Cathay. Book four deals with the "Pathfinders of Canada" when the long trail begins in Nova Scotia and ends with Mackenzie, Thompson and Fraser on the western coast. Book five is the story of Quebec before the British conquest. Book six tells of the time "When Canada was Young," the days of Upper and Lower Canada and the United Empire Loyalists. Book seven deals more with the first days of the Golden West; book eight is the story of "How Canada grew up," and tells the most important history-making stories up to 1905.

Miss Dickie came to Alberta fifteen years

ago to take a position on the staff of the Calgary Normal school. Her qualifications were of the highest, a graduate of the Galt Collegiate, where she won a scholarship for Queens University, the degrees of B.A. and M.A. obtained from Queens in 1910, together with a gold medal in English and gold medal and fellowship in history, a post graduate course in Columbia University in history. Since being in Alberta she has pursued further courses in English, when she spent a year at the Somerville College at Oxford.

She has four text books to her credit, these being *The Canadian Poetry Book*, a compilation of poems of Canadiana into a moderately priced book appealing especially to children, and three text books on *Teaching Methods of Teachers in Composition*, these arranged to suit the grades.

She is a pioneer in the making of Canadian text books for Canadian children. "While text books of other countries, so prevalently used in our schools, are in themselves commendable," she says, "we in Canada have our own traditions, our own ideals and our own history. This is what we want our children to know."

* * *

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan will publish soon a volume of criticism bearing the title *Intimacies in Canadian Life and Letters*, dealing largely with the language and literature of French Canada in which will appear translations into English verse representative poems of eight or ten French Canadian poets. As Dr. O'Hagan is a French scholar of the European type and a poet as well, we may expect some felicitous translations from his pen.

* * *

MY BOAST

By Anne Merrill

I know
A man
Who knows
Who wrote
"The Land
Of Aft-
Er-noon."

* * *

CANADIANS ARE ELIGIBLE

There has been some doubt as to whether Canadians are eligible for the $17,500 novel competition as set forth in the February issue of *Canadian Bookman*. One Canadian author reports having sent for one of the required forms for signature, the very first paragraph of which reads: "I declare that I am a citizen of the U.S." Mr. H. A. Kennedy, of Montreal, however, reports having received official information that Canadians are eligible for this competition.

The Life of Benito Mussolini

By Margherita G. Sarfatti

Two years ago the name of Mussolini was unknown out of Italy—today it is one of the most famous names in the world; and the appearance of the man himself, with his semi-Napoleonic countenance and powerful frame, is as familiar as Bismarck's. But the questions which every one is asking are, "What sort of man is he?" "What kind of life did he live before his dramatic seizure of government?" Here we have Mussolini's life-story and his character vividly set forth by one of his most intimate friends.

The New York Times says:

"Signora Sarfatti's book is a valuable and informal biography of the most interesting political personality of the age . . . It has presented a picture of a man upon whose character may depend the history of the next twenty years."

The Montreal Star says:

"Signora Sarfatti has sought to explain Mussolini to the world. And she has succeeded largely because she has the sympathetic viewpoint, the feminine grasp of detail and a complete comprehension of the subtleties of the Latin mind . . . The style is graphic, simple, direct and picturesque . . . The personality of the man shines through the record."—S. Morgan-Powell.

The book is well illustrated with a series of photographs. **$4.50.**

Thomas Nelson & Sons Limited

77 Wellington Street W.
Toronto

The Writer's Corner

Conducted by DONALD G. FRENCH

LITTLE TALKS ON POETRY

4—Rhyme and the Reason

The repetition of similar sounds always adds to the musical effect of verse. When these are found at the end of the line, we have rhyme. This rhyme may consist of one or more syllables. The initial consonants must be different, but all sounds after the consonants, alike: to produce effective rhyme there must be contrast as well as similarity. The repetition of identical sounds is not rhyme; *falls* rhymes with *walls*, but *air* and *heir* do not make a rhyme.

Rhyme always emphasizes in meaning somewhat the words on which it falls. In a rhyming couplet the force of the second word is usually a little stronger than the first; hence that word should be more important in meaning.

Single Rhyme.—The simplest form of rhyme is the coincidence of sound in words of one syllable:

There she weaves by night and "day"
A magic web with colors "gay"
She has heard a whisper "say"
A curse is on her if she "stay"
To look down to Camelot.
—Tennyson: "The Lady of Shalott."

And no man even knew that he went by
None saw or heard him pass;
Softly he moved as clouds drift down the sky,
Or shadows cross the grass.
—Virna Sheard: "The Angel."

This kind of rhyme is the commonest for the simple reason that it is easier to find rhymes for monosyllabic words than for words of greater length. Being the most natural form of rhyme, it is most suited to serious or reflective themes.

Double Rhyme.—Two syllables rhymed; this form is fairly common, but often varied by the use of alternate single rhyme:

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in "story,"
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in "glory."
—Tennyson: "The Bugle Song."

Shook the mill-stream sweet and clear
With its silvery laughter;
Shook the mill, from flooring sere
Up to oaken rafter.
—Isabella Valancy Crawford,
"Bouche-Mignonne."

Here the second and fourth lines have dissyllabic rhyme. he reverse plan is found in:

Internal Rhyme.—Also called middle or sectional rhyme, is the rhyming of a word in the middle of a line with the word at the end. This serves to quicken the movement of the verse and also to accentuate the effect, whether it be serious, humorous, weird or graceful.

And ice mast-"high" came floating "by."
—Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner."

The splendor "falls" on castle "walls".
—Tennyson: "Bugle Song."

Once upon a midnight "dreary," while I
pondered weak and "weary"
—Poe: "The Raven."

He hums and he "hankers", he frets and he
"cankers." —Burns: "The Auld Man."

It hath no heavy gabled roof, no door with
lock and key,
No window-"bars" shut out the "stars"
The aisles are wide and free—
Here through the "night" each altar-"light"
Is but a moon-beam, silver-white.
—Virna Sheard: "The Temple."

There are strange things "done" in the mid-
night "sun"
By the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic "trails" have their secret "tales"
That would make your blood run cold.
—R. W. Service: "The Cremation of Sam McGee."

Imperfect Rhyme—Occasionally are found, used with good effect, rhymes which do not conform to the regular rule. They are merely consonantal rhymes. It will be noticed, however, that the preceding vowel sounds although not identical bear a close vocal relation to each other:

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art!
—Shelley: "The Skylark."

Here Shelley rhymes *spirit* and *near it; wert*, *heart*, and *art*.

Where it hung in the emerald meadow,
(Was death driving the shadow?)
* * * *
Till at the end of the even,
The last shell-tint on the snow-peaks
Had passeed away from the heaven.
—Duncan Campbell Scott: "Memory of
Edmund Morris."

The Mist was driving down the British "Channel"
The day was just begun,
And through the window pane on floor and
"panel"
Streamed the red autumn sun.
—Longfellow: "The Warden of the Cinque Ports."

O, saw you our beloved where the cedars darken
over
The moon-white iris grown beside the stream?
Or did you meet him walking in the honey-
breathing clover,
The first star flowered before him like a dream?
—Marjorie Pickthall: "The Singing Shepherd."

Dissyllabic rhyme used continuously lends itself more readily to light and humorous themes:

At seven you nick it,
Give card—get wine ticket,
Walk around through the Babel
From table to table,
To find—a hard matter—
Your name on a platter.
—Hood: "A Public Dinner."

Triple Rhyme—Three syllables rhymed; this form is rare and on account of its artificiality is most suited to humorous and satirical verse.

But—oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked-you-all.
—Byron: "Don Juan."

While treading down rose and ranunculus
You Tommy-make-room-for-your-uncle-us,
Troop! all of you, man or homunculus.
—Browning: "Pachiarotto."

By avoiding artificial and forced combinations and alternating this triple rhyme with single rhyme a serious graceful effect may be secured, as in:

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.
—Hood: "The Bridge of Sighs."

Veil-like and beautiful
Gathered and dutiful
Mist in the night,
True to the messaging,
Dreamful and presaging
Vapour and light.
—Duncan Campbell Scott: "Mist and Frost."

A careful study of rhymes will show that certain forms of rhyme are suited to certain themes—there is a reason for every rhyme.

* * *

The Manuscript Market

The following poetry magazines pay for contributions:

Contemporary Verse, Box 38, Station H, New York City.

The Measure, 449 West 22nd Street, New York City.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, 232 East Erie St., Chicago, Ill.

Fighting Romances, 1926 Broadway, New York City, wants stories of conflict and adventure, 5000 to 8000 words.

True Detective Mysteries, 1926 Broadway, New York City, wants true stories of investigation of crime by first-hand observers—detectives, newspapermen, etc. Photographs desired.

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6327 Glenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

The Stratford Magazine, 234 Boylston St. Boston, Mass., offers $100 for the best poem submitted before June 1st. No limitations as to style, subject or length.

America's Humor, 608 South Dearborn St., Chicago, is in the market for epigrams, humorous verse, scrap verse.

Complete Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Ave., New York City, uses stories of real human drama, adventure of almost any type, humor, mystery, business. Short stories should run 5000 to 7000 or 8000 words, complete novels from 35,000 to 50,000 words.

True Story Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City, is offering $50,000 in prizes for true stories of life experiences. All stories must be written in first person but writer's name will not be published. Address: True Story Contest Editor, as above.

We have, in this department, from time to time, dealt with the Canadian magazines and their requirements, but for the convenience of our readers, we print again the addresses of some of the principal journals which are in the market for stories, articles, etc. The list will be continued in our next issue:

Maclean's Magazine, 143 University Ave., Toronto.

Canadian Home Journal, 71 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

Canadian Magazine, 345 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Canadian Countryman, 198 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The Grain Grower's Guide, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The New Outlook, 299 Queen W, Toronto.

Willison's Monthly, 34 King St. E., Toronto.

* * *

About Paper

Submit your manuscript on a letter size sheet, that is, 8½x11 inches. Many writers still use the clumsy and inconvenient foolscap size paper, 8½x14 inches.

Don't use a flimsy sheet of paper. Get a bond paper, 16 lb weight at least.

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* * *

MONTREAL MAN WINS

T. M. Morrow, Montreal, won the first prize of $50 for the best one-act play in the competition conducted by the Montreal Branch of the Canadian Authors Association. The title of the winning play is *The Blue Pitcher.*

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Inside Stuff . . . .

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN will be the subject of next month's sketch in the series under the general heading of *Who's Who in Canadian Literature*, this article being Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott's contribution to the series.

Besides the others announced in the January issue, articles that have subsequently been arranged for are:

WILFRED CAMPBELL, by O. J. Stevenson, M.A., Ph.D., of the Department of English, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

JOSEPH HOWE, by Prof. V. B. Rhodenizer, Ph.D., Acadia University.

In the case of this month's article the available bibliographical data is restricted to the titles there mentioned, but the Bibliography of First Editions will be an important feature of subsequent contributions to the series.

It should be mentioned that it is not the intention to follow out any chronological order in this series. In fact it is proposed to publish occasional briefer articles about the younger living authors in addition to the longer sketches concerning those whose literary achievements are matters of history.

Nor is it to be assumed, either in the case of the chief articles or of the shorter sketches, that relative importance is a deciding factor in the order of their presentation. It will be appreciated that certain articles are more readily available than others. Thus for instance, much as we might like this month to have had an article dealing with Isabella Valancy Crawford or Charles Mair, or Sir Gilbert Parker, it may possibly be months before these particular ones, or others of outstanding interest and importance, are ready for presentation in this series.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that each succeeding issue will present information and data about Canadian writers that will add appreciably to the value of each individual subscriber's file of *Canadian Bookman*.

* * *

WHILE there is no conclusive proof based on a counting of "yeas" and "nays" among subscribers as to whether the majority favor the new size or the old, there have been dozens of letters received in which approval of the new size was expressed, some with appreciative remarks mentioning advantages, while only one correspondent favored the larger sized page.

* * *

Vilda Savage Owen, who contributes the poem *To John McCrea* to this issue of *Canadian Bookman*, has to her credit a notable war poem, *What Has England Done?* This poem is now included in several textbooks including one Canadian. She considers *In Flanders Fields* the outstanding poem of the war and desired to express her own appreciation of McCrea through the medium of *Canadian Bookman*.

* * *

We hope there were not many of our readers who construed Mrs. Davies-Woodrow's interview with Bliss Carman, in the January issue, as being unfriendly to Carman. We know that the interviewer did not intend it as an unkindness and feel equally confident that the poet himself did not construe it as such. An admirer of Carman, however, writes *Canadian Bookman* on this subject as follows:

"I am not pleased with your writer's remarks concerning Bliss Carman. Such a page could have been employed with less unkind remarks. If we have nothing good to say of our fellow authors, let us remain silent. It is evident that poor Mr. Carman was *tired* and that he was interviewed at an inopportune time.

* * *

"I like *Canadian Bookman* very much, but, being human, would like it better if it appreciated me." This followed the return of a manuscript. Of such are the woes of an editor! We could not possibly find room for all the good things that are submitted to us and many contributions are returned with genuine regret along with innumerable others that should never even have been written. The most numerous offerings are poems, real and alleged. Most of this stuff is dross, but that there is also some real gold as evidenced by many of the poems that have been published in these pages. The dross comes in avalanches. It would be interesting to print some of these poems as involuntary entries in a "competition" for the most horrible of horrible examples.

* * *

An error occurred on this page last month when the initials "H. J." instead of "H. A." were used in connection with a reference to Cody, the novelist. The other initials are those of Rev. Canon Cody, of St. Paul's Church, Toronto.

* * *

It is good to get words of encouragement from a brother editor. Mr. Newton MacTavish, of "The Canadian Magazine," writes:

"In sending my renewal subscription for "Canadian Bookman" might I say just a word of appreciation? I enjoy reading what you publish, and when one considers all the difficulties and the restricted field, each issue is a credit to the publisher. I have watched similar publications in the United States and England, and merely as an onlooker I have surmised that they too have had their times of stress. There isn't a doubt in the world that "Canadian Bookman" is of great value to literary workers, especially in Canada."

NEWTON MacTAVISH.

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The Collector

H. BEDFORD-JONES contributes an interesting article "Some Notes on La Potherie," to the March issue of *The Americana Collector*, in which he deals with some bibliographical points in connection with what he calls "that marvellous hodge-podge of Americana sources" entitled "Histoire d l'Amerique Septentrionale." After pointing out that the author of this volume—which, as Parkman notes, "is the sole authority for certain phases of Canadian history"—is usually catalogued as Bacqueville, although his full and proper name is Claude Charles le Roy, Sieur de Bacqueville de la Potherie—Mr. Bedford-Jones goes on to say that the publication date of the "Histoire" is apparently open to argument. J. Edmund Roy, in the most exhaustive study made of the man and his work, a paper published by the Royal Society of Canada, cites 1716 as the date of the original edition, on the authority of a mention by F. de Fonette, but Mr. Bedford-Jones declares that such an edition is otherwise unknown, and that he could find no copy in the Bibliotheque Nationale. He points out that although the work was approved for publication June 9, 1702, the "Privilege du Roy" is dated May 26, 1721, and as the Privilege served for the first and subsequent editions it must be concluded, he says, that the 1722 edition was the first. He adds: "Undoubtedly the MS. lay neglected for years." Mr. Bedford-Jones also challenges M. Roy's assertion that what he calls the fourth edition of 1753 was "an exact reproduction" of the so-called second edition (1722). He says that he has had available for study two copies of each edition, and that his conclusion is that the 1753 edition was a re-issue of unbound sheets rather than a distinct edition. He notes, however, the interesting fact that his own copy—formerly the Severance copy and bought, to judge from certain writing and seals, from the Seminary of Quebec—has an extra page bound in and numbered 13-14, which contains a different text, including verse quotations not found in the French edition. This page, Mr. Bedford-Jones says, manifestly must have come from the Amsterdam edition of 1723, though he has not been able to get access to a copy of this edition. La Potherie's work is a mine of historic and ethnologic wealth, but it has never been translated, except in part Mr. Bedford-Jones' article, however, suggests that we may some time have a translation from his hand, and it is to be hoped that such is the case.

* * *

The Clinton Papers, comprising mainly the correspondence of Gen. Sir Henry Clinton during his command of the U.S. forces in North America between 1775 and 1782, but including also the papers of his father, Sir George Clinton, and his son, William Henry Clinton, have been acquired by William L. Clements and added to the William L. Clements library at Michigan University. The French and Indian War is particularly well covered by the documents, among these being a letter from Gen. Shirley to Sir Henry Clinton giving in full his plan for the attack upon Canada, together with the comments of Clinton and Cadwalader Golden on the plan. There are in all no less than seventy papers wholly or chiefly relating to the expedition to Canada, containing official instructions, etc., and including Stoddard's journal describing the attack on Crown Point and Montreal. The entire collection, it is announced, will be made available before long for research workers.

* * *

An important maritime collection, comprising, besides naval books, maps, etc., ship models, paintings, prints, whaling logs and other MSS., belonging to James E. Butzer and Fred J. Peters, with the addition of a selection of ship porcelains from the Trumbull-Prince collection of Princeton University, was sold at the American Art Galleries in New York City, Jan. 5 and 6, bringing a total of $65,943. The top price in connection with the maritime collection was $2,050, which was brought by the original log book and journal, comprising 3 volumes, kept by Prince William Henry, later King William IV. of England, during his service on H.M.S. Prince George as midshipman in New York, 1781-2, during the American Revolution, and other experiences of the "Sailor Prince." Other notable items sold were an etching in colors of "Quebec: The Capital of New France, A Bishopric and Seat of the Soveran Court," published in Boston in 1759, $275; Popple's "Map of the British Empire in America, with the French and Spanish settlements adjacent thereto," in 20 sections, bound in large folio, half calf, $200; a lithograph in colors, "Sperm Whaling, with its Varieties," by

Benjamin Russell, 1870, giving an extensive view of the Arctic Ocean, with whaling vessels, etc., $140; another lithograph in colors by Russell, "Night Whaling in Behring Straits and Arctic Ocean, with its varieties," 1870, $140; oil painting by Hugh Renagle, "Battle on Lake Erie—Perry's Victory," $260; original engraved map by Matthew Albert Latter, "Carte Nouvelle de L'Amerique Angloise," embracing the coast of Canada from the mouth of the St. Lawrence and the New England coastal states and as far south as Florida (c. 1760), $25.

* * *

The Melbourne University Press has recently published a volume entitled "Bibliography of Australasian Poetry and Prose," by Percival Serle, which is described by the London Times as "beautifully printed and in every way a credit to Australian bookmaking." The volume, which has been issued as a forerunner of a "History of Australasian Poetry," which Mr. Serle hopes eventually to publish, extends to more than 200 closely packed pages. When, one wonders, will such a volume be published in Canada? There have been some tentative efforts in that direction, notably C. C. James' "Bibliography of Canadian Poetry" (1899) and Horning and Burpee's "Bibliography of Canadian Fiction" (1904), but the field is still wide open for the man who possesses the requisite qualities for the task.

* * *

The March (No. 3) catalogue of Canadiana from the Canadian Library Agency, Toronto, maintains the standard of the preceding catalogues, offering some unusually interesting and important Canadian items. Among them may be mentioned Robson's "An Account of six years' residence in Hudson's Bay," London, 1752; William Smith's "History of Canada," 2 vols., Quebec, 1815; Cartwright's "Journal of Transactions and Events during a residence on the coast of Labrador," 3 vols., Newark, 1792; "Reglement de la Confrerie de l'Adoration Perpetuelle du S. Sacrament de la Bonne Mort," nouvelle edition, Montreal, 1776; one of the earliest books, if not the first, printed in Montreal, (priced $50); Selkirk's "Narrative of occurrences in the Indian countries of North America, "Montreal, 1818, and Maseres' "Account of the Proceedings of the British and other Protestant inhabitants of the Province of Quebeck," London, 1775.

* * *

The sale of the late Viscount Leverhulme's library, which took place at the Anderson Galleries in New York City, Feb. 22 and 23, was not remarkable for high prices, except for a few items of special importance, but then the library itself was not particularly important, although it contained many interesting books, particularly on art subjects. The high price of the sale was $3,200, which was paid for a collection of about 5,000 caricatures, in 25 folio volumes, by Rowlandson and others, and the next highest $1,800, which was brought by three folio volumes of engraved trade cards and billheads of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. A first edition of Thackeray's "Pendennis." 2 vols., 1849-50, which usually sells for about $50, brought only $17.50, while a copy of the same author's "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," original glazed boards, London, 1850, sold as low as $6.

* * *

"Bibliographies of Modern Authors," (second series) compiled and edited by C. A. and H. W. Stonehill, has just been published by John Clark, London, and contains collations of the first editions of all the works of John Davidson, Ernest Dowson, Katharine Mansfield, Alice Meynell, Walter Pater and Frances Thompson. The volume is illustrated with facsimiles of the title-pages of the rarest volumes of a number of the authors whose books are described, and the edition is limited to 750 numbered copies, of which 730 are for sale.

* * *

Bernard Halliday, Leicester, Eng., in a catalogue (No. 79) of old, rare and choice books and manuscripts, offers some unusual items of Canadian interest, among them the following, viz: Jefferys' "Natural and Civil History of the French Domains in North and South America," 2 vols. in one, London, 1760, described as a "very fine copy" (priced £10 10s); original water color view of Quebec, by W. S. Hatton, 1860, 13 by 10 inches, showing buildings in great detail, with names on shops (priced £10 10s); "Memorials of the English and French Commissaires concerning the Limits of Nova Scotia or Acadia," (with "Memorials of the English and French Commissaires concerning S. Lucia") 3 vols. London, 1755, with presentation inscription from J. Pownall, Secretary to the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations (priced £15); Capt. H. Warre's "Sketches of North America and the Oregon Territory." London, circa, 1850, without map and with only 12 out of the 16 colored lithographs (priced £20).

The Rosenbach Co. of New York, paid £2,700 sterling at Sotheby's auction rooms in London, on November 23, for twelve leaves of Christopher Brooke's "A Poem on the late Massacre in Virginia," a small quarto, printed in London in 1682. The importance of this little item of Americana, heretofore entirely unrecorded, lies in the fact that it is probably the earliest celebration in verse of the British settlements in America. THE COLLECTOR.

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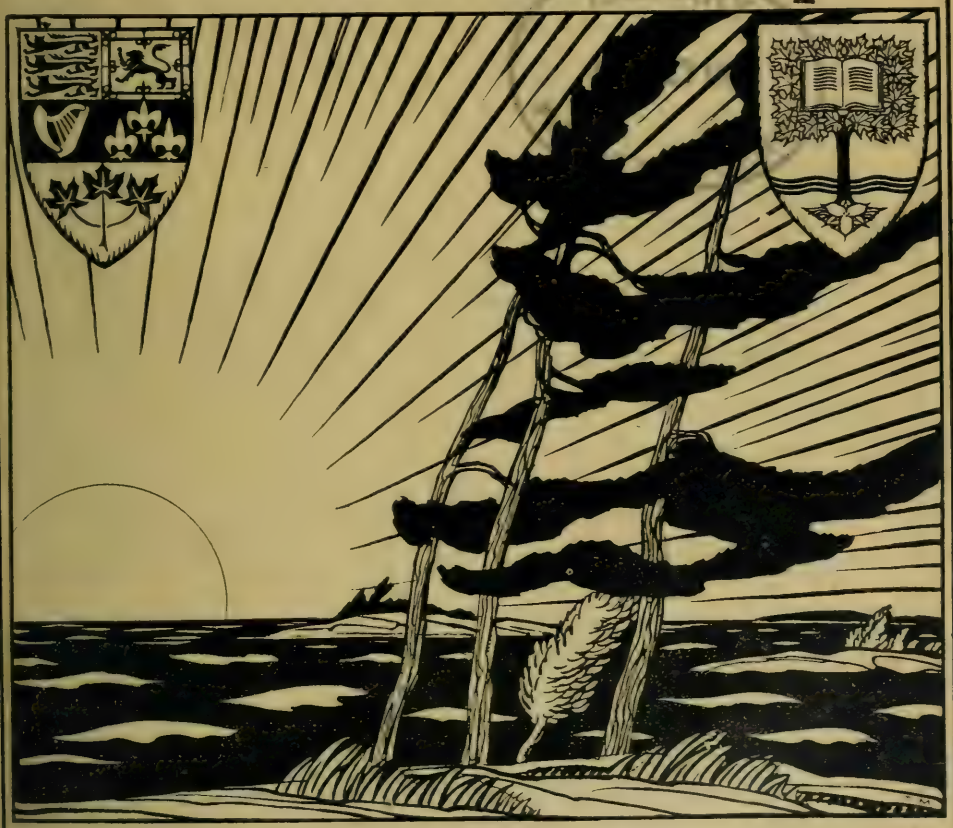

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A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts

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Editorial and Business Office: 125 Simcoe Street, Toronto, 2, Ont.

Vol. VIII., No. 4 TORONTO, APRIL, 1926 **25c a Copy $2.00 a Year**

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

By Duncan Campbell Scott

THE new edition of Archibald Lampman's poems, to be called *Lyrics of Earth, Sonnets and Ballads*, will be published this season by the Musson Book Company. My introduction will, I think, be an interesting supplement to the memoir which I wrote shortly after his death, and which was published in the Memorial Edition. Apart from the critical portion, which may or may not be valuable, it contains matter which should throw new light on Lampman's character. In selecting the poems for the new volume, I endeavoured to omit all that seemed to interfere with a full appreciation of the distinctive qualities of the poet, and neither the Biblical drama, *David and Abigail*, nor the tale, *The Story of An Affinity*, will be found there. Lampman himself considered them experiments, not entirely successful, and would no doubt have abandoned them cheerfully. When everything that may be placed in this category was omitted, there remained an extremely fine body of poetry, one of our chief national possessions.

Lampman had very high poetic ideals and made exacting demands upon himself in endeavoring to realize them. From his early 'teens he was interested in poetry, and as the years went by the interest deepened until in 1893 he felt that poetry had "seized and enveloped the whole field." The field was to be severely limited, as when he wrote these words he was not very far from the end of his life, and during the years remaining he was not to add very much to his store, although some of his latest poems are among his best. I firmly believe that if years had been added to his life, he would have developed new powers and extended the boundaries of his province of poetry. I base that faith on the quality of his mind, and on evidences of growth which are present in his later poems. Speculation on that subject is idle, and in view of what he has left, might seem ungrateful, if we were on that account to neglect or underestimate the perfection of the completed work. He once wrote:

> "To have written a good stanza is the finest sensation on earth. If one has produced something really good one experiences a magnificent enjoyment."

Here we have a record of the zest with which his work was done and evidence of the valuable power of self-criticism. He knew what a good stanza was and labored to write it. His task was finished before the later

"modernism" had taken hold upon poetic art, and I fancy he would not have had much sympathy with the insurgents. Walt Whitman was no favorite of his, and the small rebellion of Stephen Crane which, so far as I recall, was the only contemporary manifestation of unrest, left him cold. Lampman was loyal to the great traditions of English poetry. He found the established technique sufficient for his purposes, and his finest work was done within strict limitations of form. His assured control of the sonnet influenced his treatment of the stanza which approximates to the feeling of satisfaction yielded by the sonnet form. There are traces of imitation in his work, there are echoes of the great manners and the great cadences of the past, but imitation pervades all art, is in fact, the great nourisher, always and everywhere, of artistic effort. Alfred de Musset has it: "C'est imiter quelqu'un que de planter des choux"; true of all occupations, from that of poet to that of kitchen gardener. But, while we expect that all cabbage soup shall have the same flavor, we expect of our artists constant variations upon the texture of imitation; the more strangeness and variety, the more are we delighted. What Lampman has brought to mingle with the old methods is the joy of a new land, its vigorous climate and life, and the excitement of recording impressions of a beauty that is untroubled by human tradition. The product of this graft upon the old stock is fruit with a tang of native flavor to be compared to the fruit of his own ancestral Niagara district; the old form with the gust of a new soil.

Lampman was master of the sonnet, and a group of his finest work in this form will stand comparison with the best. This is high but deserved praise. The variety of subject matter, the felicities of diction, the perfections of texture and cadence make his one hundred and more sonnets a treasure-house for the lover of poetry and for the student who desires to discover the potentialities of the sonnet as a verse form.

In all his poetry there is nothing feigned. It is inspired by true feeling and first-hand observation. It is the work of a realist in the best sense of that term. His task was to capture the essential in the object and not to obscure it with conventions. The pageant of the seasons, the stars in their courses, the birds in their haunts, the flowers in garden and wood—he brooded upon it all and realized and interpreted nature in its relation to life. As for his creed, it is written large in the mass of his work and in its smallest details. Once he transcribed this ideal:

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

"The main current of the human spirit through many changes, and many falls, is setting eternally toward a condition of order and div-

ine beauty, and peace. A poet may never have uttered this thought, may never perhaps have been even conscious of it, but unless the general body of his work is in some way accordant with it, unless his transfiguration of life has in some way tended to strengthen and glorify the universal yearning for order and beauty and peace, the heart of man will keep no hold of it."

Here is a prose statement of Lampman's creed. It makes plain the tendencies of his work and reveals the hope which sustained it. He desired to transfigure life and to strengthen and glorify the universal yearning for order and beauty and peace. The hope was high, but the task was accomplished.

* * *

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

By R. H. H.

The bibliography of Archibald Lampman, so far as regularly published books are concerned, is a brief one, as it contains but three titles; but when it comes to "collectors' items"—that is, privately issued publications—the story is somewhat different. The number of such items amounts to about a dozen, most of them leaflets or tiny pamphlets, issued in association with his poet-friend, Duncan Campbell Scott, and containing one or two poems by each of the two poets. Interesting as these items are, however, there are two other items, which if anything, are even more interesting. The first of these is the volume *Alcyone*, which, printed by Constable, of London, was to have been published in 1899, with the imprint of James Ogilvy, of Ottawa, but which it was decided, for some reason, after Lampman's death, to cancel, only twelve copies being issued. The other item is a little volume containing a facsimile of an autograph poem, *Little Book, Thy Pages Stir*, which was discovered on the fly-leaf of a copy of *The House of the Trees*, by Ethelwyn Wetherald, now in the possession of Lorne A. Pierce, and fifteen copies of which were privately issued by the Ryerson Press, Toronto, in 1923. These two items, like the leaflets and pamphlets above mentioned, are, of course, only prizes for the collector, but here for the information of the humble reader and admirer of Lampman's work, are details of his regularly published books:

Among the Millet. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son, 1888.

Lyrics of Earth. Boston: Copeland & Day, 1895.

Poems, (Collected). Edited, with a memoir by Duncan Campbell Scott. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co., 1900.

Lampman Memorial Tablet

On the Memorial Tablet, erected by Lampman's friends in St. Margaret's Church, Eastview, a suburb of Ottawa, in connection with the inscription appears this line of Lampman's:

"Life, O Life, I kept on saying, and the very sound was sweet."

This information comes to *Canadian Bookman* from Rev. George Bansfield, who was for many years rector of St. Margaret's.

Francis Dickie

By A. M. P.

FRANCIS DICKIE'S ancestors on the paternal side were Canadian for four generations. His parents removed from Ontario to Manitoba ahead of the railroad, in 1875, travelling by ox-team from Fort Garry to Portage la Prairie, later making their home at the frontier hamlet of Carberry, Manitoba. Here Francis Dickie was born in 1890 in a typical prairie town, with its long string of grain elevators.

Leaving High School at fifteen he took a job time-keeping for a large land-clearing gang. From that he went to surveying, working for the three great transcontinental lines of those days. In the winter of 1909 he found himself "broke" in the frontier city of Edmonton, and shipped to a logging camp at Dore, British Columbia. After a few weeks of felling trees, he decided to go to the South Seas. Falling in with a striking old man at the railway station, he was invited to spend the winter with the latter at his cabin in Montana, but on their arrival at the cabin they found it had been looted. Dickie took to the "open road" and followed the life of "a gentleman of leisure" for the next six months.

Coming back to Canada, he entered the newspaper field in Calgary, and afterwards in Edmonton. He now found his proper bent and in 1916 turned his attention entirely to novel and story writing.

Mr. Dickie has had about 150 short stories published in English, United States and Canadian magazines. In 1913 he won second prize in a story contest in Edmonton; in the same year second prize for the best motion picture play with a Canadian setting. He has had three novels published serially, one of these, *The Master Breed*, being published later in book form. He wrote also the story of Stevenson's voyage in the *Casco*. In 1924 he won $500 as first prize in an international story contest, conducted by Hutchinson & Co. of London, England.

He lives near Heriot Bay, Quadra Island —one of the rocky, fir-clad islands off the coast of British Columbia. Around him is much of the free outdoor life which he depicts so often in his stories—deer and grouse may be seen frequently feeding quite close to his home.

Bibliography:

THE VOYAGE OF THE CASCO. Chicago, 1921
THE MASTER BREED. New York, 1923.

Frederick Philip Grove

By W. K.

EASILY the most significant author in Manitoba last season was Frederick Philip Grove, whose novel, *Settlers of the Marsh*, appeared in November. Those who approach this book after an acquaintance with his earlier volumes of essays will be struck at once by the revelation of an entirely new side to a remarkably powerful writer.

Mr. Grove may well be many-sided, for his life's experience has been extremely diversified. Born in Europe in 1872, the son of a wealthy Swede and a Scotchwoman, he lived for years the life of a roving young intellectual; visiting all parts of Europe and most of the world; taking part in a scientific expedition to South America; writing with distinction in French, German, Swedish, and English; actively co-operating in London in the eighteen-nineties with H. G. Wells, Wilde, and their group; and editing personally, at that time, the first complete edition of Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*.

In 1896, family reverses led him to come to Canada as an immigrant. A life of vicissitudes followed, in which he touched the bottom of the abyss as a tramp in the Mid-Western States. Rehabilitation came first as a self-reliant hobo, then as a farm laborer, and finally as a school teacher in Manitoba. He is today a graduate of the University of Manitoba, and a Canadian by law and conviction. He has been married twice and has two sons and one daughter.

So far as Canada is concerned, his long literary career first bore fruit three years ago in his delightful descriptive essays, *Over Prairie Trails*. A second volume of even finer quality, *The Turn of the Year*, appeared in 1923. And now, after a silence of two years, has come his first full-length novel, *Settlers of the Marsh*.

Students of Russian literature will see an immediate parallel in Tolstoi's *Kreuzer Sonata*, but the grimly repulsive theme which they have in common is given far healthier and saner treatment by the Canadian novelist.

Bibliography:

OVER PRAIRIE TRAILS. McClelland and Stewart, 1922.
THE TURN OF THE YEAR. McClelland and Stewart. 1923.
SETTLERS OF THE MARSH. Ryerson Press. 1925.

Some Memories---Literary and Dramatic

By Thomas O'Hagan

IN these *Memories* I wish to include certain recollections of great orators and public readers I have, from time to time, heard during my life. The actor, the orator and the reader hold much in common. The basic element in all is soul-power, and its revelation. True oratory is logic on fire. Again, personality enters into all three.

We have left to us descriptions of the great orators of antiquity such as Demosthenes and Cicero. In our boyhood we have translater their orations, from Greek and Latin into English. For a great oration you need a great occasion. Imagine an army of Europe, with a red cross upon their shoulders, fronting Pope Urban II. at Clermont-Ferrand, in France, when that pontiff preached the First Crusade in 1095, and the shout went up, "God wills it," and you have a great occasion for oratory; or the tall form of an Abraham Lincoln, after four years of martyred duty to God and country, delivering slowly and solemnly the Gettysburg dedicatory oration, and you have truly another occasion for genuine oratory.

Oratory is very much marked and differentiated by racial temperament. You would not expect to find the same style of oratory in the German Reichstag, the English House of Commons, the French Chamber of Deputies, the American Congress or the Canadian House of Commons. The oratory of the Latin races is marked by climaxes; the Teutonic—and in this is included the English mode of speaking—is marked by less rhetoric and fire and more close welding of the links of reasoning. The one appeals more to the emotions, the other to intelligence and conviction.

In the spring of 1917 the writer was in the Gallery of the Canadian House of Commons, when ex-Prime Minister Viviani of the French Chamber of Deputies, then visiting America, addressed the House. His was a splendid example of French oratory; while the vote of thanks moved by Sir George E. Foster illustrated well the ordering of English oratorical thought.

The English House of Commons has lost the traditions of the days of Pitt and Burke and Fox. It is today parliamentary speaking that prevails. The writer has frequently visited the English House of Commons and has, at all times, been more struck by its debating power than by its oratory. What a pity that Edison's phonograph has not recorded for us the glorious voice and periods of a William Ewart Gladstone; or going farther back, the thunderous tones of a Daniel O'Connell. The mere delivery of a speech does not receive the same attention in Europe as it does in America. The Americans have made of public speaking the open door to position and promotion. In Europe, on the Continent, there is no such a word as "lecturer." The French use the word *Conférencier* and the Germans *Vorleser*, the latter word in its composition containing the idea of reading.

In no other country in the world are young men so taught to express themselves easily and readily on their feet as in the United States and Canada. But the French college-bred young man of twenty or twenty-five years of age has a much better developed and disciplined mind than either a Canadian or American college-bred young man of like age.

The three greatest American orat-

ors I have heard were William Jennings Bryan, Thomas Bourke Cochran, and Daniel Doherty. Bryan possessed the finest speaking voice of his day on the American platform; Cochran had a marvellous periodic style; while Doherty was dramatic and captivating in his humor and mimicry. Doherty, a very handsome man, was also grace in every action; but it could be said of him as it was of the American *litterateur* and lecturer, George William Curtis, that it was worth the admission fee to his lecture to see him take off his overcoat. Each was an orator *sui generis.*

About thirty-five years ago the writer was accustomed to spend his summers at Chatauqua, N.Y., and there heard many notable American speakers as well as many American authors read from their works. I remember a speaker who lectured on "Orators and Oratory." He was a very clever mimic and struck off to the life the characteristics of prominent American speakers. The week preceding, Dr. Talmage of the Brooklyn Tabernacle had lectured at Chatauqua, his subject being "The Absurdities of Evolution." His lecture was more entertaining than convincing. When the lecturer on "Orators and Oratory" reached Talmage, he paused and said, "If you ask me what kind of gestures Dr. Talmage uses I refer you to a windmill," and he added "Dr. Talmage is a perfect Niagara. He is the only man I know who can start his jaws going and then go off and leave them."

Canada has a fine lineage of orators from Hon. Joseph Howe and Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee of Confederation days to the later stalwarts, Hon. Edward Blake. Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Sir George E. Ross, Hon. C. F. Fraser and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. All the latter I have heard upon the hustings and in the House. The Canadian lecturer of today, however, in point of scholarship and in the gift of organizing thought, scarcely measures up, in my opinion, to the lecturer of thirty-five years ago. Perhaps we are too busily engaged in dressing our windows to look after the goods in the shop.

Of all the authors I have heard read from their works, by far the best was James Whitcomb Riley, the "Hoosier" poet. Sir Henry Irving said of Riley that, in devoting his life to the writing of poetry, a great actor was lost to the stage. Few authors read well from their own works. I heard General Lew Wallace read the "Chariot Race" in Ben Hur. The late Dr. William Henry Drummond read his *habitant* poems fairly well though this widely-beloved man was much better at the head of a dinner table portraying the *habitant* in stories.

Among great readers who visited Canada many years ago were Bellew and Vandenhoff, and the peerless Mrs. Siddons. The writer did not hear the first two. Bellew, who had been an Anglican clergyman in England, exchanged the pulpit for the reading desk. I understand he was strikingly handsome and graceful. His son, the late Kyrle Bellew, supported on the stage for many years the well known actress, Mrs. Brown Potter. Mrs. Siddons was unquestionably a great reader and had a quality of voice all her own. Her presence was charming, suggesting delicacy of sentiment wedded to the very highest culture and refinement.

More than thirty-five years ago a Mr. Belford, an Irishman by birth with an English education, visited Canada and gave recitals in many of our Canadian cities. He, too, was a handsome man—a kind of matinée idol for the ladies. Belford was a most accomplished reader and very versatile. He was truly an artist in every thing he attempted. The writer once asked him why he did not put Shakespeare in his repertoire, and he humorously remarked, "I did once

and a friend of mine said to me, 'Belford, when you read the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius it sounds to me like trouble between Smith and Jones,' so I have never read Shakespeare since."

There is a great difference between the entertainer and reader or vocal interpreter. Mrs. Black (Agnes Knox) is the interpreter. Mrs. Black reaches the inner hidden poetic meaning. Those who heard her read in Toronto a few months ago—though she is now between sixty and sixty-five years of age—will recognize the high quality of her work. Mrs. Roberts (Jessie Alexander) also of Toronto, is a marvellous entertainer. The latter calls for special gifts that have their root in a profound knowledge of human nature and its idiosyncrasies.

Immortality

By Jean E. Whitman

FULL well I know that I
Shall never die
Save what is base in me,
But all that's grace in me
Shall grow to greater grace and beauty by and by.

For when the spring is rife
Each clod awakes to life,
Shall I alone be dead and unaware?
I who love beauty so
Shall unto beauty grow,
Shall blossom with the earth, shall with the spring grow fair.

Then shall my spirit sing
With birds upon the wing,
With butterflies I'll dance among the flowers;
Mine shall the beauty be
Of moss and fern and tree,
And mine shall be the joy of all spring's golden hours.

If the dull earth can bring
Colors and forms of spring
Will not a rarer life from eager spirit grow?
Can the soul's beauty be
More transient than the tree?
Could there a spring arise that I shall never know?

And so I know that I
Shall never die,
But all that's grace in me
Lives and shall trace in me
A fairness that shall grow to beauty by and by.

Genesis of Four Canadian Novels

Authors at Convention of Librarians

AN unusual and a most interesting feature of the annual convention of the Ontario Library Association held in Toronto on April 5 and 6, was that of the afternoon session of the first day, when four Ontario authors were present and gave inside information as to the basis and inspiration of their novels of Canadian life.

Miss Mabel Dunham, of Kitchener, who is the chief librarian of the creditable Public Library in that city, told of the coming of the Pennsylvania Dutch, as the pioneers of Waterloo County at the dawn of the 19th century, and how she had drawn upon a wealth of actual facts for *The Trail of the Conestoga.* Incidentally she gave the interesting information that the choleric Sam Bricker of that book, was not only drawn from life, but was her own maternal grandfather.

Marian Keith, similarly drew a delightful picture of pioneer life in another section of Ontario, the scene of her remarkably fine novel, *Duncan Polite.* The writer has a keen recollection, when doing the assignment of "churches" as a cub reporter on the Toronto *Mail and Empire* about twenty-five years ago, of dropping in upon Rev. Robert Haddow, then associated with the late Dr. Macdonald, in the editorship of *The Westminster* and *The Presbyterian,* and finding him immersed in the manuscript of *Duncan Polite.* He could not repress his enthusiasm about it and made prognostications which were more than justified by the subsequent reception of that novel in both serial and book form.

Arthur Heming was most entertaining in reciting his experiences as a budding artist, especially in his juvenile days. Not less interesting was his account of how he came to combine authorship with the pictorial art in which he had already made an international name for himself. This was in connection with *The Drama of the Forest,* which scored such a success a few years ago.

Augustus Bridle followed in a brief account of what stood behind *Hansen,* that Canadian novel of Gargantuan scope which may not be the smooth-running tale that makes the ideal novel, but which nevertheless embodies essentials of Canadian life that should give it a more lasting place than many a story of more rounded construction.

President Charles F. Belden, of the American Library Association, was a fraternal delegate to this convention, his mission being in connection with the 1927 A. L. A. convention which will be held in Toronto. He made the interesting announcement of a further honor to Canada in the unanimous report of the nominating committee in putting forth the name of Dr. George H. Locke, chief librarian of Toronto, for the presidency of the A.L.A. for 1927. This is a signal honor, the highest in the librarian profession, and this is the second time it has come to Canada. The association has over 7,000 members and includes university and college libraries, business and research libraries, medical and law libraries, State, Provincial and Government libraries, commercial and technical libraries, banking and insurance libraries, as well as public libraries.

Dr. E. A. Hardy's presidential address was inspirational. He sounded his great faith in Canada. She ranked among the most prosperous nations of the world on the material side and intellectually had achieved first rank in education, literature, art, architecture and music. Spiritually Canada led the world in co-operative organization.

There were at present in the province some 500 libraries, compared with the 100 which existed in 1875. Approxmiately 475 municipalities were served by these 500 libraries. "But we should aim to have a free library service for every one of the 900 and more organized municipalities. This may be best accomplished for the rural districts by county library systems, but we can never feel that our task is overtaken until every man, woman and child in old Ontario has a library service at least equal to the school service in the province."

THE NEW OFFICERS

Following is the list of officers elected for the ensuing year: Fred Landon, Librarian of University of Western Ontario, London, Ont., who formerly was Librarian of the London Public Library, President; Miss Lillian H. Smith, Public Library, Toronto, First Vice-President; H. J. Clarke, Belleville Public Library, Second Vice-President; Miss Blanche Steele, Toronto Public Libary, Secretary-treasurer. The following Councillors were re-elected: F. M. De la Fosse, Peterboro; Mrs. A. A. Kennedy, Kingston; Henry Durant, Runnymede; Miss Winifred Matheson, Brantford; James Steele, Stratford, and Dr. E. A. Hardy, Toronto, ex-President, who succeeds G. W. Rudlien, Arnprior.

Cabaret

By Lionel Stevenson

FOURTEEN hundred grasshoppers clacking,
Thirty-seven blunt saws hacking,
All Queen Juno's peacocks squalling—
Noise entrancing and appalling . . .
BOOM goes the big drum, BOOM--boom--BOOM---
Solid sound in the writhing room,
Pounding the rhythm through the din,
Hammer—hammer—hammering it in.
Under the smoke and the orange light
Lips are scarlet, eyes are bright,
Bodies sway like willows in a gale,
Goaded by the orchestra's tyrannous flail,
Couples cling in intricate embraces
Drugged by the nearness of each other's faces,
Knowing nothing but the drum's command—
DANCE it thunders, and they understand.
. . . . Somewhere amid the undulating mass
Maybe two dreamers serenely pass,
Certain that the moment of ecstasy survives,
Promise of fulfilment in recurrent lives,
Seeing in each sinuous girl and boy
Universal rhythm and eternal joy . . .
Thus revealed to their enchanted eyes
Pandemonium is paradise.

Deirdre

By T. D. Rimmer

THERE'S a keen in the sea-wind, O Deirdre,
As it swirls round the grey-mantled hills;
There's a droop to the wing of the sea-gull
And an ache in the sorrow it shrills.
But the wind will be stirring the long-grass
And the sea-gull be circling in vain,
For it's long with the straight sons of Usna
The soft dust that was Deirdre has lain.

It's a cold place, the grave, where the grasses
Are aslant in the breath of the wind;
But there's warmth where her memory is planted
And the white-handed queen is enshrined.
For the beauty and sorrow that straightened
The fair children of Usna in death
Are a part of the glory of Eire
And a badge on the flag of her faith.

A Peter Pan of Literature

By N. de Bertrand Lugrin

TO a Canadian nothing could more clearly mark the difference between England and our own country, between the old world and the new, than a certain type of novel which is coming out of London publishing houses just now, and which, if we are to believe English people themselves, and we have discussed the question with many of them, furnishes a most realistic reflection on the life of the ultra modern twentieth century men and women. Clever stories they are, witty, a bit satirical maybe and cynical, but very amusing up to a certain point. Reaching that point we are brought up with a sudden shock; not only a moral shock but a physical shock, for one's whole being feels the insult and rises to the challenge.

Certain things we have been taught to look upon as sacred. And we have not out-grown that teaching. Certain things we endeavor to hold up to our children as sacred—a woman's chastity for instance, and a man's honor. The beauty of a Magdalen has not meant her exaltation, and sin in high places does not become less than sin to us. All the camouflaging with jewels and silks, perfumes, fine manners, clever chatter and assumptions of dignity, cannot mask the life of a wanton or make it better or baser than it is. Nor can the rapier-like wit of a clever novelist when he mocks at virtue and purity and high ideals, find a vulnerable spot in truth as we have learned it, or prove it to be negligible. Perhaps we should confess this humbly. Perhaps it makes us seem ridiculously old-fashioned and behind the times. But there you are!

One does not so much mind that there seems to be a monotonous partiality for heroines of the demi-monde, but it is the whole tone of the story, the attitude of all the characters, *blasé*, disillusioned as they are, which affronts us. They are stories without a purpose, of persons without a purpose, unless one can call the eternal search for new sensations a purpose. And they can make an appeal only to those whose literary taste has become vitiated through trailing after false gods.

We do not believe, nor do we propose to believe that the characters in such stories represent the majority of men and women in England and the old country generally. In fact we know better. If we did believe such a thing we should think it high time that Canada severed all ties with the Motherland and shook herself clean and free. But this is not the case. In every over-populated community, there are bound to be, under existing conditions of civilization, groups composed of over- or under-stimulated individuals who either have adopted a pose for the sake of seeming different, or who have really become morally sterile from vapid meanderings after worthless idols. And these persons set the fashion for the thoughtless.

Since the war we have become involved in all sorts of complexities, particularly complexities of religion and philosophy. And there has been a general weakening of faith throughout the whole of Christendom. Not so much faith in God as faith in mankind. And that is the reason why all the fine ideals around which novels used to be written not so long ago, seem to have vanished. This is not alone true of England, but of every country producing literature. According to many of our modern writers, the world's men and women have

lost credence of ideals altogether, just as the children in *Peter Pan* had lost their belief in fairies.

What we seem to need just now is a new Peter Pan, a Peter Pan of literature who will restore to us our lost faith.

We venture to suggest that Canada should take upon herself the responsibility of being this sort of Peter Pan. That the novelists, poets and every sort of writer in Canada endeavor to bring back to the world faith in the old ideals. We do believe that there is no other country in the world better fitted to the task of inspiring this sort of literature than is Canada. And surely there could not be a task more honorable and glorious.

So it is that we need a new Peter Pan to convince us that the immaterial is true, and to show us how to think beautiful thoughts so that, like the children in the story, the souls of us may grow wings and know a kinship with marvels which we never realized before, or, having once dimly realized have lost sight of for the time being.

The reason we claim that this sort of Peter Pan should come out of Canada is that Canada is the child among nations. Young, beautiful, uncontaminated by the evils of effete civilizations, untouched by any but the hand of God, she stands on the last Anglo-Saxon frontier, while across the seas from her the old, old East watches her with contemplative, Sphynx-like eyes, knowing that her supreme test is coming as it comes to all nations, and wondering as to the issue.

Men die and are forgotten, nations die and their greatness becomes a mere myth, but art lives on. And it is not alone in literature today that we need the inspiration of old ideals but in the whole realm of art. How are the mighty fallen when we can appeal to the popular imagination only through the modern painted canvases, cubist, futurist and what not, and inharmonious jazz music or uninterpretative musical compositions which sound like the wail of some lost soul or a whole purgatory of souls in torment.

Today the world is not producing very much that will last because of the lack of real inspiration. Canada's literature, Canada's art, for the matter of that, is in swaddling clothes as yet, a mere infant crying in the night and with no language but a cry. But it has been prophesied that as the last fifty years brought the United States into the front rank of nations, so will the next fifty years see Canada one of the foremost, and with this expansion must come the growth of our national literature. So that the attention of a jaded world will be brought to bear upon us to see what worth-while things come out of the new land.

Let us then become the Peter Pan of lost ideals! Let us be disciples to bring back the simple faith in all loveliness and purity. We have everything to inspire us that a kindly nature could bestow. All good gifts are within our reach in this favored land. The voice of God himself speaks to us from our mountains and forests as it spoke to the prophets of old. Nor is there in any annals braver or brighter tradition than has been handed down to us by our fathers who laid the foundation of Canada.

Let us stand before our audience like Peter Pan and assure them that it is only because they refuse to believe, that beautiful things do not come true. And who knows but if we plead for a renewal of faith, we shall have the whole old world shouting an enthusiastic assent, and becoming young again with us?

It Is Reported

THAT—

—Alfred Rubbra has been elected president of the Toronto Writers' Club.

—Prof. D. C. Harvey has been elected president of the Winnipeg Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. This is the second largest branch in Canada, now having 449 members.

—the Hawarden Prize for the best imaginative literary work of the year in Britain, has been awarded to Sean O'Casey for his play *Juno and the Paycock*, now playing in London.

—Kathryn Munro, author of the recently issued Chap Book, *Forfeit and Other Poems*, in the Ryerson Poetry Chap Book series, is Mrs. J. F. Tupper of Sutton, Ont., wife of Rev. J. F. Tupper, Anglican clergyman of that place.

—Mrs. W. E. Groves gave a successful recital of selections from her book of poems *The Kingdom of Childhood*, in Hygeia Hall, Toronto, on March 23rd, associated with her on the programme being Miss Bertha Tamblyn, who has set many of Mrs. Groves' verses to music, and Miss Edith McLaren, whose delightful illustrations so enhance the appeal of *The Kingdom of Childhood*.

—a thoughtful address on Basil Mathews' *The Clash of Color*, was given by H. Gerald Wade before St. Luke's Literary Society, in Winnipeg, on March 24th. The post-war race problem was characterized as of supreme importance in the world today. If Canada would not foot the bill to repatriate the Chinaman in British Columbia, return him his head tax, plus interest, and compensate him for loss of business, the only alternative was to incorporate him into the national life by introducing him to the power of the best Canadian ideals.

—the gold medal for the best group of work at the third annual exhibition of the Canadian Society of Graphic Arts held at the Art Gallery, Toronto, was awarded to Arthur Heming, artist, and author. Six bronze prizes were awarded as follows:

Color prints—Walter J. Phillips, A.R.C.A., Winnipeg, $100.

Etching—Dorothy Stevens, O.S.A., Toronto, $100.

Lithography—Arthur Gresham, O. S. A., Toronto, $100.

Drawing—Walter E. Huntley, O.S.A., $100.

Design—Fred Coats, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., $100.

Illustration—Arthur Heming, Toronto, $100.

The jury of awards also saw fit to award the following supplementary cash prizes:

Etching—Mr. M. P. MacDonald, Toronto, $25.

Color Prints—Edwin Holgate, Montreal, $50.

* * *

WINNIPEG COMMUNITY THEATRE

AMONG the Little Theatres of Western Canada that have quietly but steadily been progressing in the last five years towards larger and better things, is the Community Theatre of Winnipeg. This group of busy people who five years ago began their work with a production of Galsworthy's *The Pigeon* in an abandoned commercial theatre, now lease their own small building and carry on the regular season's work with volunteer workers from the producer down to the stage hands.

The present theatre holds three hundred people. There is enthusiasm at its highest pitch with the Community Theatre group, and it is hoped that through the co-operation of the various service clubs and public bodies a wider knowledge of the aims of the Community Theatre will spread throughout Winnipeg and Manitoba.

There are dreams a-many. Some selfish, such as the one that dreams of better lighting and more space and equipment for experimenting; others purely altruistic, for they concern the helping of smaller amateur groups, the suggestions for better plays, the assistance of experience to inexperience, and the production by Winnipeg people of good plays in the surrounding towns that have not yet developed their own Little Theatre movement. All these are the ends towards which the Winnipeg Community Theatre aspires and surely this year will see us a little farther on the road towards our ambitions.

Mrs. Edythe Yates, a member of the Community Theatre of Winnipeg, and the chairman of the Saturday Night committee for 1924-25, succeeded in winning the scholarship offered by the Cornish School of Seattle, and Mrs. Yates was so successful in her work that she was unanimously chosen to play The Virgin, in Materlinck's *Sister Beatrice*, which closed the summer session at the school.

* * *

THE TOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO AFRICA AND SOUTH AMERICA. *By Ralph Deakin.* With a Preface by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. $4.00.

The most significant trip of our time, taken with the most popular traveller in the world and finely illustrated from 46 photographs made by the author en route. An intimate record that will delight all who have succumbed to the Prince's charm.

Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

A Chinese Mirror. *By Florence Ayscough.* Toronto: Thomas Allen. $5.00.

A Canadian friend of mine who has been in China for nearly a generation and who was recently back in his homeland, on furlough, told me that long association with the Chinese, with the consequent use of the Chinese language in all those years in the Celestial Empire, has had the effect of largely dissociating his mind from English even in thought. That is, he had long since got to the stage where he *thought* in Chinese, and this was true even when back in Canada carrying on conversation in English.

He has written no book about China, but I have often thought that he should be able to write an unusually interesting one that would hold up the real China, or at least that section of it to which his life in China has been largely restricted, so that people not familiar with China would be able to really visualize and truly appreciate the actualities of Chinese life and character.

Now comes *A Chinese Mirror*, by another Canadian, Florence Ayscough. Her remarkable book more than fulfills the promise of the imagined volume that I had mentally speculated upon on behalf of my expatriated friend.

But this mirror in book form, to use Miss Ayscough's own words "... is no mere sheet of glass ... Even a modern plate-glass reflector is supposed to transform evil influences into good, and its metal predecessor was expected to reveal from the depth the reality behind any image projected upon its surface, and so it is that in the pages of this book I have tried to show certain realities of Chinese life as they have been manifested to me during the last quarter of a century."

Would you learn of how the Che'ng-Huang cult permeates Chinese life and of its significance in getting a real knowledge of the Chinese mind? Then, get these reflections from *A Chinese Mirror*. Instead of hopping about from chapter to chapter of Miss Ayscough's book, I am going to devote all my remaining space to her chapter on the building of a house in China.

We are told the whole story, from the selection of the site to the final completion of the house—highly ceremonial throughout. Involved in this whole enterprise, so inately identified with Chinese life, is the propitiation of deities and the warding off of evil demons. The height of the ceremonial is reached with the raising of the roof-tree. This is accompanied by an incessant beating of gongs, clashing of cymbals and popping of fireworks, followed by a feast before the image of Lu Pan, patron saint of carpenters. Endless rites are conducted, including the flinging about of "guaranteed prosperity dumplings"; the distribution of gift money to the laborers and the burning of the image of Lu Pan, this latter being a reverent ceremony. Symbolical and religious rites distinguish the whole affair and, as in everything the Chinese say and do, the sense of the past is interwoven into the dedication of the house.

Ancient aspects, in fact, dominate the whole book, revealing a close study of Chinese religion and mysticism on the part of the author.

JOHN MACKLEM.

Pig Iron. *By Charles G. Norris.* Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

The Black Flemings. *By Kathleen Norris.* Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

The vigor of the masculine and the sentiment of the feminine of the species—ignoring in this instance a memorable passage from Kipling—seem to be logically represented in the new Norris novels.

It can hardly have been a coincidence that these two books by man and wife, even though coming from different publishing houses, were launched at the same time. This view is strengthened by the union of the advertising forces exploiting these novels in U. S. publications, with the aid of the art of the photographer posing in one picture the conjugal mates who are friendly rivals in their art, at work in their study.

The vigor of Mr. Norris's book seems to be carrying it along at a faster rate than *The Black Flemings*. This is somewhat of a reversal of form, there being plenty of evidence that in the past Kathleen Norris's books have outsold those of her husband.

However, they are both good novels. *Pig Iron* is a realistic tale in which Norris again shows that insight into the elemental problems that are peculiar to American life and often so perplexing to the foreign ob-

server. A very average American youth, Sam Smith, comes to New York during the middle eighties and by his instinct for salesmanship, hammers his way to riches and power in the business world. The women he meets, the parts they play in his life, the woman he makes his wife because they have been drawn together by the business net which has emmeshed him, are spread before us in vivid pictures.

Mrs. Norris's novel is sheer romance of the most appealing sort, with Wastewater Hall—an old Georgian mansion facing the sea, a place of old-fashioned gardens, dense shrubbery and trees planted two hundred years ago—as its scene and background. The story centres about the life and the love of the beautiful Gay, last daughter of the house of Flemings.

* * *

HEARTS OF HICKORY. *By John Trotwood Moore.* Cokesbury Press. $2.00.

Those who like historical romances will find an absorbing one in *Hearts of Hickory*, by John Trotwood Moore. The central figure is that famous Southern hero, Andrew Jackson, whose thrilling life story the author has skilfully recreated. There is also the romance of Tripping Toe and Phillippe, the Little Duke, and a thrilling account of the Duke's life in an Indian Camp where an Indian princess falls in love with him and sacrifices her life to save him. While the history of the period is authentic, romance is so blended with reality, that the reader is given a vivid impression of the stirring days of 1812. The reader who is weary of the ultra-modern novel will find in this story of fighting life in the open a refreshing interlude. H.M.R.

* * *

THE SPLENDOUR OF ASIA. *By L. Adams Beck.* Toronto: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

Set about the personality of the grand Buddha, Prince of India, this is a novel on a grand scale. It is a remarkable interpretation for the average reader of the significance of Buddhism in India. One senses sort of a pro-Buddhist atmosphere, but on the score of a well constructed story, *The Splendour of Asia* is an achievement.

* * *

THE BLIND GODDESS. *By Arthur Train.* Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. $2.00.

Train is one of the best of American novelists and, being a lawyer himself, is at home in a dramatization of phases of criminal court justice such as distinguishes this fearless revelation of present-day methods of dealing with crime which obtain in "the land of the free."

THE RED-HEADED KIDS. *By A. M. Chisholm.* Chelsea House. $2.00.

This is Chisholm's sixth book and is a story of adventure in the Canadian lumber business. It is not made ridiculous by technical errors on the part of the author, as for instance, in a recent story, a canoe was loaded fully before being pushed into the water, a bark canoe at that. No comment necessary. In another, people operating in the Coulonge country were made to go south to Quebec, and in a motorcar. Quebec is due east of the Coulonge country. Doing business in Quebec meant square timber. In square timber days autos and the Quebec Highways Department were matters of prophecy. If the author meant logging operations it was not necessary to go to Quebec. Any log that got past the Booth or the Eddy concerns, the Hurdmans, the Gilmours, the W. C. Edwards Company or the Hawksbury Mills, would have an exceedingly lonesome trip to Quebec. Chisholm does not make mistakes like these because he knows this country. Many a time and oft did he fill his tummy with the satisfying pork and beans, pan bread and 40 h.p. tea on board the timber rafts.

The story, oh yes! The Red-headed Kids, boy and girl, meet, part and meet again as young man and young woman. There follows struggle, uncertainty and final success. The plot is common and the actors are regular Canadian folk. The action lies in the everyday life of the lumber camp and the river. The charm in Chisholm's art is in his ability to weave these common things into a smooth, logical and compelling story that grips without over-straining the imagination.

There are fights, and reminds me that one of Chisholm's critics found fault with the frequency of the fights. Anyone who knows lumbering of the old days knows that it had two main objects—lumber, and to find out who "was de bes' man."

Twenty-five years or so ago there was a sort of clearing house in Hull where the unsettled disputes of the camp and river were given a final hearing. It was a veritable "battle of the giants." A lumber story without fights would be a Hamletless Hamlet, an eggless omelet. Lumbering is not a Sunday-school operation. And now a secret, so lend an ear: the original red-headed kids are real people whose story has been expanded to meet the requirments of fiction. I was talking with the he one a few days ago. Here is a mystery up to the reader. Its solution is innocent of the heart-burnings said to have followed the publication of *The Land of Afternoon.*

MARK G. McELHINNEY.

THE MYSTERY OF JOHN JASPER

A Unique Volume

THERE have been many attempted completions of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, but Dickens' enigma remains without a thoroughly satisfying solution. Perhaps Sir Harry Johnston could do something with it. The continuations and endings which have already been published are undoubtedly interesting from the first one—was it not by B. L. Farjeon?—down to the last one to hand by H. R. Leaver, M.A., of Edmonton, Alta. This is a truly unique little volume, *The Mystery of John Jasper*, because it is written in verse, and because it does attempt a solution that includes all the characters involved while accepting the details and conditions of the original plot so far as we have it. Mr. Leaver disarms criticism by his prefatory observation: "No writer could copy Dickens' style. Any other prose style would lack the true attachment. Metrical form involves an elevation of the subject, and whether such elevation has been achieved is a matter for the reader to judge." Mr. Leaver also furnishes an introduction where he states, after detailing the three problems: "In the following attempted solution of these three mysteries, the view is taken that Drood was murdered, that the character Datchery is Bazzard in disguise, and that the opium woman is related to Edwin Drood." Mr. Leaver, in fact, introduces her as Drood's mother. Her age would appear to be an objection to this but he does not consider it. The leading characters give their versions of the story in blank verse monologue, very well written as a rule, but with undoubted arid patches. Jasper, The Minor Canon, Grewgious, Sapsea, Rosa, and Bazzard in turn give their account of the tragedy. Of these "Rosa" is the most successful.

"These ministers—in God's room—are so far
From knowing human error in the soul:
They try to bring God down to mortal earth
And not to raise men to immortal God.

Grewgious and Sapsea are done in harmony with Dickens' conception of the characters, and Bazzard shows a streak of true poetry:

"A thin frail gossamer, a spider's work,
The labour of a dewy summer night,
Neglecting all the fever of the spring."
Why does the printer misspell "impulse"

on pages 37, 72 and 74? There are other typographical errors on pages 34, 38, and 45. The book is very neatly produced, however, with an Edmonton imprint.

A. E. S. S.

A VIRGIN HEART. *By Remy de Gourmont.* Translated by Aldous Huxley. Toronto: Musson's. $2.00.

Sigmund Freud on a holiday might have written this book just for the fun of the thing—had he the art of the novelist which Remy de Gourmont had in such high degree.

It is a dip into the realms of psychoanalysis served up for the entertainment of those whose reading runs to fiction rather than to the tomes of the dissectors of the human brain in its functions and reactions and physical concomitants.

There is a naive element of complacence as regards the treatment of what are apparently to be accepted as the ordinary, everyday love of affairs of typical Frenchmen, as represented in the two men who are among the chief characters of the story. One of these is a rather dessicated and fusty entomologist, who experiences something in the way of a flare of rejuvenation by contact with the animated young daughter of his host at whose home in the country the bug man is a guest. The other foil to the heroine of the virgin heart, is a younger man, a landscape architect. The insight into the mental and physical reactions of these two men is second in interest only to the innate mental functioning of the young lady herself, as dished up for the delectation of the reader.

Watching a group of little girls and boys the young architect marvelled as he pondered on the mystery of intelligence among children. "How is it that these subtle creatures are so quickly transformed into imbeciles? Why should the flower of these fine graceful plants be silliness?"

Sex is represented as an absinthe that only the strong can stand; it poisons the blood of the commonality of men. A few men succeed; their intelligence escapes shipwreck, and they float free and smiling on a tranquillized sea. Women are represented as succumbing even more surely than men to the crisis.

"Women are ruminants," says the author. "They can live for months, for years it may be, on a voluptuous memory . . . Women remember the first kiss when men have forgotten the last."

JOHN MACKLEM.

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SECRET HARBOUR. *By Stewart Edward White.* Toronto: Gundy. $2.00.

"X. Anaxagoras, Healer of Souls," of *Skookum Chuck*, is again engaged upon more extraordinary adventuring and his subject is the same thoroughly likeable young millionaire who had been back-sliding. How the smugness of his lazy life as a yachtsman was punctured, is the pivotal point of a most interesting and humorous tale.

THE NEW EDUCATION. *By Inspector A. E. Marty.*

"The New Education has evolved as an outcome of modern society. Generally speaking it is based on democracy, instead of autocracy. In discipline it develops a sense of responsibility, initiative, and self-government; in teaching methods and organization, it has due consideration for the capacity and needs of the individual pupil; and as an ethical basis for life, it substitutes as a motive, co-operation and service for competition and self-interest."

Such is Dr. Marty's definition of the subject upon which she writes with clarity and force in a pamphlet which should be read by every Canadian teacher. One of the statements which gives the reader food for thought is her contention that in pedagogic matters the "emphasis has been shifted from the teacher to the pupils." Formerly the teacher occupied the centre of the stage, "as the chief performer." Now she is more often found "passing from pupil to pupil, correcting, suggesting and encouraging, teaching the individual rather than the group." The whole trend of the New Education is in the direction of preparing the pupil to play an intelligent part in a democratic scheme of life. To this end, educational methods are now employed which serve to cultivate the reason and judgment of the coming citizen. A good illustration of this tendency is the substitution of test questions for the old-fashioned written examinations; or, in other words, the substitution of questions that evoke thought for questions that are largely memory tests.

On the ethical side Dr. Marty points out that the New Education develops the spirit of co-operation and service by "enlisting the regular class-room activities in the cause of co-operation."

Thus, instead of the old individual competition, groups of children co-operate to win success for their "teams," and, as the Inspector remarks, "group competition is at least one step in advance of individual competition."

Individualistic in its methods, but co-operative in its efforts, the New Education points the way to that wise utilization of human energy which is the hope of a worth-while Democracy. H.M.R.

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BRIEFER MENTION

THE SHANTY SLED. By Hulbert Footner. Toronto: Doran. $2.00.

A Canadian author's novel of the Canadian Northland—the wilderness country of the Peace River. This is the background against which Footner has drawn romance of love and adventure.

* * *

THE SMOKING LEG. *By John Metcalf.* Toronto: Gundy. $2.00.

Mystic, gruesome, supernatural, are adjectives that apply to this book of nineteen highly imaginative stories—tales of dark magic in the East; of uncanny and uncharted islands off the shores of matter-of-fact England and weird, unhallowed regions in Britain itself.

* * *

THE PLUMED SERPENT. *By D. H. Lawrence.* Toronto: Macmillan. $2.50.

This book is of Mexico. The story itself concerns a cult that rises to restore certain Aztec religious rites, with a modern spirit injected.

* * *

CLARA BARRON. *By Harvey O'Higgins.* Toronto: Musson. $2.00.

This is interesting as a psycho-analytical study of the hinterland of a young woman's mind. What are her processes of thought? What is going on behind the inscrutable eyes of the enigmatic and fascinating heroine? The story is told in a most capable manner, the author going below the surface facts of his remarkable heroine's life.

* * *

SOUTH SEA GOLD. *By Charles Rodda.* Toronto: Nelson. $2.00.

The quest for hidden gold! How it stirs the blood to recall the old tales of "piruts" and buccaneers! This has a modern setting and excitement is added by the element of a race against time and between rivals.

* * *

COL. GORE'S SECOND CASE. *By Lynn Brock.* Toronto: Musson. $2.00.

Colonel Gore is an amateur detective and in the peaceful precincts of the Marshfront Golf Course he uncovers the murkiest of mysteries, involving the odd behaviour of two golfers. Who are the slayers who strike at the Powlett family? Who will inherit the great Powlett fortune? Finding out provides quite exciting entertainment.

* * *

A Calendar of Words for Professional Writers comes from The Writer Publishing Company, Cambridge, Mass. The first sheet with calendar dates Jan. 1 to 16 has a middle column devoted to modification of "small" and "large." This is followed by "Words Useful in Characterization," then "Descriptive of Persons," and so through a dozen useful lists. The calendar is so arranged that the middle portion of each sheet may be cut out and preserved.

* * *

Reading With a Purpose

Two additional titles in the American Library Association's Reading With a Purpose series described in a previous number of *Canadian Bookman* are *Psychology and Its Uses*, by Everett Dean Martin and *Our Children*, by M. V. O'Shea.

THE LITTLE BROWN COMPANY. A Franciscan Anthology. London: Martin, Hopkinson & Co.

It is quite fitting that, in this year, when the seventh centenary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi, "Everybody's Saint," is to be celebrated, there should be a revival and study of Franciscan literature. So Louis Vincent brings to our editorial table his interesting volume, bearing the title *The Little Brown Company*: An Anthology of Franciscan Poetry and Prose. Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. M.A., an English Franciscan, the author of *The Romanticism of St. Francis*, writes an introduction to this volume. One of the first in English literature to bring out the spiritual value and importance of St. Francis was Matthew Arnold. Today there is a very rich literature dealing with "the little man of poverty," of Assisi. Among works dealing with St. Francis may be mentioned *Life of St. Francis*, by Prof. Paul Sabatier; *The Little Flower of St. Francis*, by Matthew Arnold; *The Story of Assisi*, by Duff Gordon; *The Franciscan Poets in Italy*, by Frederick Ozanam.

St. Francis was a forerunner of the great Italian poet Dante. His was the first cry of a nascent poetry which found its highest expression *in the Divine Comedy*. St. Francis taught his countrymen the use of their native tongue in simple and spontaneous hymns.

Mr. Vincent's anthology is a rare collection of Franciscan poetry and prose. Among contributors quoted are the names of such well known writers as John Ruskin, Gilbert Chesterton, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Father Cuthbert, Coventry Patmore, Johannes Jorgensen and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

We Canadians, who are accustomed to associate the name of Vachel Lindsay with a kind of jazz free verse, will be surprised to read these fine lines on St. Francis from his pen, in the opening page of *The Little Brown Company*:

Would I might wake St. Francis in you all,
Brother of birds and trees, God's Troubadour,
Blinded with weeping for the sad and poor!
Our wealth undone, all strict Franciscan men,
Come let us chant the canticle again
Of mother earth and the enduring sun.
God makes each soul the lowly leper's slave:
God make us saints and brave.

This volume by Louis Vincent is indeed a treasure house of Franciscan prose and poetry.

FRANCESCANO.

MONTREAL MAN THE WINNER

One-Act Play Competition

From Nova Scotia to British Columbia the playwrights of the Dominion have evidently taken a keen interest in the competition arranged by the Montreal Branch of the Canadian Authors Association. The prize offered for the best one-act play was only $50, but artistic ambition is a stronger motive than love of cash, and 36 plays were sent in—23 by 18 Montrealers, and the other 13 from Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria, Belleville, and Wolfville, N.S. The winner is Mr. T. M. Morrow of Montreal.

The result was announced on March 19th at a largely attended meeting of the association in the Ritz Carlton Hotel, Mrs. Fenwick Williams, who presided, said that the judges—Miss Foley, Mr. Basil Donn, and Mr. L. Mulligan—had found it hard to decide which play was best. Last year's plays had been very good, but this year's were very much better.

Mr. Basil Donn read the winning play, *The Blue Pitcher*. He remarked that the lamentable meagreness of the prize might well prompt some of Montreal's rich people to offer something more worthy of the artistic work stimulated by such a competition. Miss M. W. Brooks gave a summary of her play, *The Dream*, which stood first on the list of "Honorable Mentions."

Mr. L. G. Barnard's play, *The Midnight of Monsieur St. Jean*, was read by the author himself, and Mr. Donn read *Come True*, by Miss Mazo de la Roche of Toronto, the winner in last year's contest. Honorable mention was also won by *A Dead Woman Bites Not*, by G. D. H. Hatfield, Wolfville, N.S.; *The Pearls*, by Miss M. Brooks; *The Maid*, by Stuart Armour, Montreal; *The Turn of the Road*, by Miss E. J. Church, Montreal; *Which*, by Mrs. F. Fenwick-Williams, Montreal; *They That Passed By*, by Miss D. Bidwell, Victoria; *The Hardhead*, by Mrs. Norman S. Rankin, Montreal.

Mr. H. A. Kennedy, the treasurer, stated that he had been officially informed that Canadians were eligible for the $17,500 prize offered in New York for the best first novel by an "American writer."

* * *

WILD WEST. *By Bertrand W. Sinclair.* Toronto: Ryerson Press. $2.00.

Shining Mark Steele had everything his own way until Cowboy Robin Tyler saw through his hypocrisy. Robin was not of the type that can be either bribed or browbeaten. He stood up to life and he not only stood up to Shining Mark Steele but proved himself the better man. How he did it is the burden of this tale in which cattle-stealing, gun-fighting, matching of wits provide plenty of excitement.

MARITIME PROVINCES BRANCH

Canadian Authors Association

The members of the Maritime Provinces Branch of the Canadian Authors Association were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Archibald, Jr., on the evening of April 6th, this being the final meeting of the season. The President made a brief report upon the activities of the past season. There had been five meetings and a reception to Charles G. D. Roberts. Nine manuscripts had been submitted for the Williams Prize competition; and it was expected that the jury of award which decides the Denis Prizes would also pass upon these.

The report of the secretary-treasurer, Mr. W. T. Allan, emphasized the work done during the Canadian Book Week. Notices were sent to all the booksellers in the Maritime Provinces. The week was advertised in the trams and in the various theatres. The press of Halifax had been sympathetic and helpful. Mr. Allan also reported a substantial balance to the credit of the branch.

The literary programme included an original sketch of pension life in Florence by Miss Mary Fletcher, a critique of *The Land of Afternoon*, by Dr. Atlee, and an original poem, *Spring*, by Mrs. MacIntosh, Dean Llwyd, on request, spoke about his recently published volume of essays on *Mysticism*, and read a story of early conditions in Seattle. The President noticed briefly a new edition of Principal Grant's *Ocean to Ocean*, published by the Radisson Society, comparing it with the edition of 1879. He also read a sonnet from *Verse and Translation*, by Robert William Cumberland, a new Canadian poet, whose work shows promise.

* * *

WINNIPEG BRANCH C.A.A.

Winnipeg, April 1—The Manitoba branch of the Canadian Authors Association has just closed a year of success and progress as revealed at the annual meeting held last evening in the faculty room of the University of Manitoba.

Dr. A. W. Crawford was re-elected president, and the other officers selected were: First vice-president, Prof. A. L. Phelps; second vice-president, Miss C. Cornell; secretary-treasurer, E. K. Marshall; archivist, Rev. Dr. John MacLean; executive, Thurlow Fraser, Gerald Wade, Robert Watson, D. C. Harvey, Miss Jackson, Miss Mitchell, Dr. W. T. Allison, Rev. Canon W. Bertal Heeney, Aaron Perry, Robert Cove Lloyd, and Watson Kirkconnell.

In his report, Mr. Marshall outlined the year's activities, making special reference to the annual convention of the association, held in Winnipeg during June, and to the visit of Bliss Carman.

Announcement was made of the annual national convention of the association, which will be held in Vancouver, August 5, 6, and 7. Dr. Allison, as Dominion president; Prof. Kirkconnell, who is secretary; Robert Watson, treasurer, and Prof. Phelps, a member of the executive, and Dr. Crawford, as president of the Winnipeg section, will all attend, and a number of other delegates are expected to represent this city.

Prof. Kirkconnell outlined the copyright situation and urged the members to write Premier King and the leader of the opposition, Mr. Meighen, to bring forward the writers' side of the case.

John W. Dafoe, editor-in-chief of the Manitoba *Free Press*, who was elected honorary president of the branch, addressed the gathering on the journalism and literature of Australia and New Zealand.

* * *

PASSING OF JANET CARNOCHAN

At the age of 87, Janet Carnochan passed away on March 31st, at her late home in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario. She was known far and wide as the historian of the Niagara peninsula and was one of Canada's outstanding women. The Niagara Peninsula Historical Society owes its organization to her instrumentality and through that organization much work has been done in rescuing from oblivion material that is of incalculable value to historians, educationists, and writers. The $5,000 historical building at Niagara-on-the-Lake housing ten thousand items identified with the history of the Niagara peninsula, owes its existence to her personal efforts in appeals to the public and personal interviews with cabinet ministers at Ottawa and Toronto.

The late Miss Carnochan was a native of Stamford, Ont., where she was born Nov. 14, 1839, both her parents being of Scottish birth, of Cameronian and Covenanter stock.

Besides *The History of Niagara* and other books, Miss Carnochan wrote many sonnets and poems as yet unpublished.

* * *

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA. *By Sir George Earle Buckle.* Toronto: Ryerson Press. 2 vols. $12.00.

The widespread dispatches last month indicated the interest this book has stirred up in England. It presents through the Queen's letters in an unusual way history of one of the most interesting and important periods in England, including the Slesvig-Holstein, the Austro-Prussian and the Franco-Prussian wars. Letters dealing with personal and social matters are given as well as those concerning affairs of state. The work is published by authority of His Majesty the King.

THE DIALECT OF THE CAPE BRETON KELT

By William Boyd Macodrum

THE contemporary writer in quest of setting for historical fiction, has invaded the sea-coast, the glens and the lochs of my native isle. In Cape Breton a frontier of romance and heroism, as yet barely penetrated, awaits a Zane Grey or a Ralph Connor. Already adventurous literary pioneers are breaking the way to this alluring wonderland of myth and tradition, and giving to the magazines the fruits of their labour.

Some of these stories I have read; tales which depict the Keltic immigrant faithfully; which tell of his heartrending toil, his unfailing self-sacrifice, and always of his tender loves. Unfortunately, however, for one who is by race a Highlander of the Dispersion and who even yet speaks the old Gaelic tongue, many of these narratives are marred by faulty dialect. That blemish is much to be regretted. Accurately and intelligently employed, dialect contributes interest to the story as well as plausibility. But, unless literally steeped in the intricacies of the language he is going to use, the writer had better dispense with colloquial provincialisms altogether.

Before dealing further with the dialect of the Nova Scotia Kelt I shall state two facts which may not be generally known to authors who have not lived in the north-eastern section of the Peninsula and Cape Breton Island.

In the first place it should be clearly borne in mind that "Lowland" or "Broad" Scotch, (the dialect of Auld Lang Syne, for instance), is not found among the Highlanders at all. The Macleods and Macdonalds of Mira do not say "Where werr ye?" or "Ma guidness!" They would not know, save by reading or study, what the word "Dinna" meant. Yet this is the vocubalary that those who tell these narratives constantly use. Furthermore the Kelts regard this language as an impure mixture and resent having it thrust upon them.

In the second place there is really no distinctive Cape Breton dialect. English is spoken with a pronounced Gaelic accent, a flavour of the Doric that lingers about the palate, but which does not create a new sub-division of language. Even today Gaelic is the ordinary business and conversational medium of the majority of Cape Breton countrymen. There may be a dialect in the making, for while English is superseding the ancient tongue, the latter adds its impress to the conquering speech. A lengthening and deepening of tone—a gutteralizing, if I may coin a new term.

This process goes on continually. English words are deepened and softened to suit Scottish throats. Thus "automobile" is lengthened to "automobi-il"; "berries" becomes "berris"; "disc" to toned down to "tisc"; "Jersey" becomes "Chersey"; "machine" deepens to "machi-in"; "oil" becomes "aile" and "treacle" lengthens to "trayaycle". These illustrations taken at random illustrate the nearest approach to dialect in Cape Breton. It would appear as if a dialect is being slowly a-borning.

The Scottish farmer of Cape Breton calls the long poles used in building fences "longers." He "raises enough" money to "put down" his seeds and perhaps to give him a "good lay" on a car. He "looks after" his live stock, "puts off" or sells his cattle to the drover, who "puts them out" to market.

It must not be forgotten that New England has a marked effect on the idioms of Nova Scotia. There is constant movement between the north-eastern section of the United States and the Maritime Provinces. Naturally there is a reciprocity in language as well as in more visible commodities. Thus in my country men ask "what's the damage" when somebody has done them a favor, "good turn" for which no payment is usually made. A "chance" means a satisfactory position or "good job," while "a stand" is the term commonly applied to a farm and its buildings. A "Bluenose" is a Nova Scotian and is not correctly applied to a citizen of the other Maritime Provinces. "Herring-chokers" is a general term and also "Down-Easters" for any dweller of this sea-coast. A "Spud Islander" is the appellation of he who boasts Prince Edward Island as home.

Glancing through a recent short story dealing principally with the Cape Breton Scot I come across words like "yea," "nay," "gey", "tae," "bonnie toun" and "yonder" which are entirely alien to the people who are supposed to use them. I do not know how "yonder," a term ordinarily confined to dignified poetical usage crept in. Certainly it was not common in the rough vocabulary of shifting immigrant life.

After all there is no pressing need for dialect. Gaelic was universally used, whether for giving crisp commands in a raging storm at sea or crooning love songs at twilight. Clear and sympathetic English seems the better language to tell the story. In no case however, should Gaelic be translated into a "broad" or "lowland" Scotch, because such a rendering gives an erroneous impression and is not true to life.

NATURE LORE

PERHAPS the most active of all devotees of nature lore in Canada is Wallace Havelock Robb, now of Belleville, where an interesting exhibition of his collection of paintings and photographs of birds was held in the Chamber of Commerce in March. Mr. Robb was largely instrumental in the organization of a Nature Club in Belleville, of which Dr. F. E. Malott was elected president. He is syndicating a creditable series of articles on Nature Lore which are now appearing in different Canadian newspapers.

In a recent issue of the *Daily Ontario* of Belleville, was reprinted in full Mr. Robb's bulletin containing his defense of Napoleon A. Comeau, being also a protest against the proposed naming of part of the Canadian Labrador as "Townsend's Labrador." Mr. Robb withholds no credit that is due Dr. Charles W. Townsend, of Boston, who made a special study of the birds of the north shore of the St. Lawrence, publishing a valuable book on this subject; but points out that Comeau's book, published nine years earlier than Townsend's, listed the birds of the north shore—lists that are of permanent scientific value. Comeau's period on the north shore was from 1860, or earlier, to his death in 1923.

It is Robb's claim that Comeau was an even more interesting hero of the true Labrador than Dr. Grenfell.

* * *

THE STORY OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE. *By John Macy.* Toronto: Ryerson Press. $5.00.

This volume is a story rather than a dry treatment of the literature of all lands, all ages and all peoples. The literatures of the world are seen in their proper relation to one another and to the peoples. There are 200 illustrations in colour, line and halftone.

* * *

A TROOPER WITH CUSTER. *By E. A. Brinistool.* Columbus, O.: Hunter-Trapper-Trader Co.

This is a quite interesting book of sidelights on the great Custer fight with the Indians—the battle of the Little Big Horn. It is the first volume in the "Frontier Series." In his preface the author says: "Had Uncle Sam raised a few more thousand William Penns, the Indian would have had no excuse for taking to the warpath in retaliation for the wrongs inflicted upon him. The Indian never was bad until first made bad by his white brother, through his villainous whiskey and still more villainous trickery and chicanery. Contact with the white race was the real undoing of the Indian . . . He had every reason for going to the bad."

WILLIAM

By E. H. Young

"In the beauty of its English and the strength and truth of its character creation 'William' is exceptional." —*Hugh Walpole.*

When a novel by an almost unknown author, without any flourish of trumpets, steadily finds readers and then more readers, one may be sure that it is the "right stuff." Such a novel is "William."—$2.00.

Excerpts from Canadian Reviews

"Mrs. Young has shown us a man who has a genius for fatherhood and husbandhood. A unique, moving and finely wrought story. A paean to fatherhood; the first I have come across in modern fiction."—*Sheila Rand, in "Saturday Night."*

"It is a fine piece of work this—a penetrating study of a man in his relations with his family, particularly with 'Lydia.' And it is done in a style distinguished in its quiet certainty."—*Austin Bothwell in "The Canadian Bookman."*

"There is a quality of interpretive analysis about this book that lends it a peculiar attractiveness. The characters are so deftly and so revealingly drawn. The author shows a skill amounting almost to genius at times for indicating the unconscious working of motives and of sympathies in the mind."—*S. Morgan-Powell, in "The Montreal Star."*

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LITTLE TALKS ON POETRY

5.—Verse Forms and Rhyme Schemes

A combination of lines grouped together to form a unit of measurement of a poem is called a stanza. There is usually a regular arrangement of the meter and rhyme within the stanza and the rhythmic effect of the whole corresponds to the complete tune of a selection of music. Considered rhetorically the stanza is analogous to the paragraph of a prose composition and deals with some separate topic of the main theme. Any unusual or elaborate form of stanza is adopted for the purpose of producing special melodic effects.

The stanza ranges in length from two to nine lines. The Couplet as a separate stanza is not very common.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said: "Oh, mists, make room for me."
—Longfellow: "Daybreak."

Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.
—Tennyson: "Locksley Hall."

The Triplet, or three-line stanza is also rare:

A still small voice spake unto me,
"Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?"
—Tennyson: "The Two Voices."

The Quatrain, or four-line stanza, is a favorite in lyric poetry. The common rhyme-scheme is 1, 2, 1, 2.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
—Gray: "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

In a very long poem this alternating rhyme becomes monotonously sing-song. A change of the rhyme-scheme to 1, 2, 2, 1, as used in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," entirely removes this tendency:

Sweet after showers ambrosial air
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare."

Another device for subordinating the rhyme effect, when thought rather than form is the aim of the poem, is the use of over-running lines: That is, lines in which the pauses come in the middle rather than at the end. The above extract illustrates this: Browning's "My Last Duchess," is another excellent example of the effect of over-run lines. Here one scarcely notices the rhyme at all.

There are many variations of the Quatrain stanza depending upon the number of measures used in a line. The Ballad stanza is very common; it consists of alternate iambic tetrameter and iambic trimeter lines:

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
—Macaulay: "Horatius."

There is a swing to the ballad stanza which adapts it readily to stirring music.

The five-line stanza is not very common except when formed from a quatrain with an added refrain. Shelley uses a five-line stanza in the "Skylark:"

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight,
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight.
Thou art unseen and yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Here the rhyme-scheme is 1, 2, 1, 2, 2, the first four lines rhyming like the ordinary quatrain.

The six-line stanza may be regarded as a quatrain with an added couplet, rhyming 1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 3.

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
Tonight beneath my cottage eaves;
While smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen
That overpowered their natural green.
—Wordsworth: "To Rev. Dr. Wordsworth."

Some six-line stanzas appear to be but groupings of three couplets rhyming regularly:

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze as some bluff river headland its spray.
—Browning: "The Ride from Ghent to Aix."

The Ottava Rima is an eight-lined stanza with two alternating rhymes in the first six lines, and ending with a rhymed couplet:

This lady never slept but lay in trance
All night within the fountain—as in sleep.
Its emerald crags glowed in her beauty's glance.
Through the green splendour of the water's deep
She saw the constellations reel and dance
Like fireflies—and withal did ever keep
The tenor of her contemplations calm,
With open eyes, closed feet and folded palm.
—Shelley: "The Witch of Atlas."

An eight-line stanza is often formed of two quatrains bound together by the rhyming of the last lines of each quatrain:

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook, how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat
And flowers and birds once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.
—Wordsworth: "The Green Linnet."

Notice also here the quickening effect resulting from the rhymes *weather* and *together* ending in unaccented syllables, while the other rhymes of the stanza end in accented syllables.

The Spenserian stanza, so called because first used by Edmund Spenser, consists of nine lines, rhyming 1, 2, 1, 2, 2, 3, 2, 3, 3. The ninth line contains an extra foot and thus adds a stately swing to the whole stanza. Compared with the Ottava Rima its greater variety of rhyme enhances the melodic effect:

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then,
Her Beauty and her Chivalry and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

—Byron: "Childe Harold."

The Spenserian stanza is also employed by Tennyson in "The Lotos Eaters."

In long poems particularly in narrative or dramatic verse, the stanza form gives way to a sort of paragraphic structure, the subdivisions corresponding to certain logical divisions of the narrative. The verse forms used in this way are:

The Short Couplet: iambic tetrameter lines rhyming in pairs:

There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

—Milton: "Il Penseroso."

The Heroic Couplet: iambic pentameter lines, rhyming in pairs. This is the favorite meter of the Pope-Dryden prose-poetry school of poets:

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is but always to be blest;
The soul, uneasy and confined from home
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

—Pope: "Essay on Man."

The Alexandrine consists of iambic lines of six feet, rhyming in pairs.

The English hexameter is unrhymed, in lines of six feet. It is slow and stately in movement and is an imitation of the Latin and Greed dactylic hexameter:

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane and wandered alone by the seaside.

—Longfellow: "Courtship of Miles Standish."

Blank verse is the name applied to the unrhymed iambic pentameter which is much used in drama:

This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he
Did that they did in envy of Great Caesar;
He only, in a general honest thought
Of common good to all made one of them.

—Shakespeare: "Julius Caesar."

The regular sonnet is a fixed form of fourteen lines, divided into two parts, the octave and sestet. It must deal with only one main thought or sentiment. In the octave the motive or theme is developed and the sestet is a sort of commentary or reflection upon the octave. The octave is a sort of crescendo passage and the sestet a diminuendo. The prevailing rhyme-scheme is: 1, 2, 2, 1, 1, 2, 2, 1, 3, 4, 5, 3, 4, 5. Lofty, concentrated thought and noble sentiment are necessary for the making of a successful sonnet.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on the pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
And hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—Wordsworth.

* * *

The Manuscript Market

Continuing from our last issue the list of Canadian magazines, journals, etc., which are likely markets for stories, articles, verse, etc.

The Star Weekly, 18 King Street West, Toronto.

The Montreal Standard, Montreal, Que.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, Que.

The Sunday Leader, Halifax, N.S.

Toronto Saturday Night, Toronto, Ont.

Onward, care of United Church Publications, 299 Queen West, Toronto.

The Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

The Busy East Magazine, Sackville, N.B.

Ontario Farmer, Richmond St. W., Toronto.

Journeys Beautiful, 150 Layfayette St., New York City, wants story-articles on travel, 300 to 3000 words.

Pictures, 1926 Broadway, New York, is offering large cash prizes for a letter on "The best motion picture I ever saw, and why". This is in conjunction with a contest naming pictures represented by certain drawings. If interested get copies of the paper. Contest closes October 15, 1926.

Rust Craft Publishers, Inc., 1000 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., wants verses for Christmas Cards, of not over 8 lines in length, and preferably 4 lines. Also uses verses for birthday and other greeting cards.

Physical Culture, 1926 Broadway, New York City, wants personal stories of health and strength won through drugless methods.

The Shrine, 1440 Broadway, New York City. In the market for short stories up to 12,000 words; serials up to 100,000 words and feature articles 3500 to 4500 words.

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Inside Stuff . . . .

A Happy Medium

A. L. McCREADY, of Chatham, refers to *Canadian Bookman's* new size as a "happy medium," while Miss Vivien M. Fowler, of St. John, commends it for its convenience for reading in a street car. Miss Fowler was good enough to send us a duplicate copy of the December, 1920, issue of *Canadian Bookman*, of which issue there is a scarcity. Will some other kind friend now send us a copy of the February, 1922 issue? All we have is our file copy.

* * *

A Little Pal

C. HENRY COLE of Ottawa sets his O.K. on *Canadian Bookman's* new size. "It is now a little pal that can go around with one and not be in the way."

* * *

Results

GOOD returns from the one-inch advertisement carried regularly in *Canadian Bookman* are reported by the Good Service Bureau, the latest being a nice order from Montreal.

* * *

Around the Globe

THE foreign circulation of *Canadian Bookman* continues to grow, there being subscribers in China, Japan, Brazil, Italy, France, Germany, Hawaiian Islands, Australia, the Phillipine Islands and a rapidly growing list in the U. S. These foreign subscriptions usually originate as gifts from appreciative subscribers in Canada who wish to let their friends in distant climes "in on a good thing."

* * *

Miss B. Macdonald, Prince Rupert, B.C., expresses appreciation of the new size of *Canadian Bookman*, in sending in her renewal subscription.

* * *

PUSSY WILLOWS

By Alfred Bailey

OH, Pussy Willow, furzy child of Spring,
Nestling softly in the warming light,
Wavering to hear the robin sing
And bobbing heads to catch the sound aright;

Thick clustered on the balmy April noon,
The fluffy buds upon the stalks of brown;
Gentle zephyrs will be sighing soon
To sprinkle all that golden pollen down.

PLOOS VAN AMSTEL

ONE of the most arresting and intrinsically beautiful exhibitions of prints seen for a long time in Toronto, has just been opened at the Roberts Art Gallery, 29 Grenville St., Toronto. It is the work of a little-known Dutch engraver. Ploos van Amstel (1726-1798) of Amsterdam. On the walls, in suitable carved wood frames, and in mats are 104 pieces in colour and monochrome, believed to be the only complete collection of Ploos' work on this continent, to be offered for sale. Print experts and connoisseurs now claim that Ploos van Amstel is equally entitled to the distinction of being the inventor of the aquatint process, generally credited to the Frenchman, Jean Baptiste Le Prince (1733-81.) Suffice that these two, in different countries and at practically the same period, were using the porous ground in the preparation of their plates. Ploos however used multiple plates in making his colour-prints, which are unique pieces. His prints are imitations of the drawings, water colours and crayons of the old Dutch and Flemish masters of the seventeenth century. As facsimiles they have hardly been surpassed, even by modern methods of reproduction, and it is frequently difficult to distinguish them in quality from the original drawings, even with the aid of a glass. And there is romance attached to the craftsmanship, but this aspect had better be told by Roberts & Son, who have issued a brochure that is well worth the perusal by all lovers of artistic and old prints. It is from the pen of Captain Percy F. Godenrath, of Ottawa, who has made a special study of Ploos van Amstel's work in both London and Amsterdam, and who selected the collection now being offered for sale. Out of town clients and collectors will have the booklet mailed free on request. For Torontonians an exceptional opportunity is afforded of viewing personally this very interesting and rare collection, which, however, is offered at prices within the reach of the most moderate purse. The exhibition will last until the first week in May.

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LITERATURE AND NATIONALITY

Ottawa, March 7th, 1926.

Editor, "Canadian Bookman."

Having been absent from Ottawa for some weeks my attention was not called to the letter of my friend, Dr. O'Hagan, in your February issue, until the other day. I do not propose to continue a controversy in which views, so far as his and mine are concerned, are so divergent as to leave no hopes of their ever converging. When we talk about the influence of "national life" on literature we are discussing something so speculative as to be incapable of proof either historically or philosophically. It really all depends upon what we understand by national life. In my own view, which is simply submitted for what it is worth, and as a conviction that the conditions of life and the genius of a people, rather than the status of a nation, are the potential factors, and these are hard to define or even to clearly indicate. In some instances, the golden age of literature has been coterminous with great wealth and prosperity; in others great literature has been the result of great travail, the outcome of distress or the struggle for freedom against subjugation. Each phase of a nation's life has had its effect on the kind as well as the quality of the literary product. This is a "thought" that might be expanded to almost interminable lengths, but I merely venture it and let it go at that.

R. E. GOSNELL.

* * *

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT FICTION

Published in March, 1926

Abbreviations used for publishers: (A) Thomas Allen; (A.N.Co.) American News Company; (Cas.) Cassell & Company; (Copp) Copp, Clark Company; (Dodd) Dodd, Mead & Company; (G) S. B. Gundy; (H.&S.) Hodder & Stoughton; (L.G.) Longmans, Green & Co.; (Mac.) Macmillan's; (McC.&S.) McClelland & Stewart; (Nel.) Thomas Nelson & Sons; (McL.) George J. McLeod, Ltd.; (Mus.) Musson Book Company; (Ry.) Ryerson Press.

Benson, A. C.—The Canon. (G.) $2.
Bethea, Jack.—The Deep Seam. (A.) $2.
Fedler, Romilly—The Peacock's Tail. (Nels) $2.
Forbes, Esther—O, Gentle Lady. (A.) $2.
Chapman, Arthur—John Crews. (A.) $2.
Dorrance, James—The Long Arm of the Mounted. (A.N.Co.) $2.
Gerard, Louis—The Flower of the Flame. (A. N.Co.) $..
Jameson, Storm—Three Kingdoms. (Mac.) $2.
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The Collector

WIDESPREAD regret was caused among Canadian bookmen by the news of the death on March 21st, at his home in London, of John Davis Barnett, Mr. Barnett, who had reached the ripe age of 71 years, was born in England and came to Canada when a young man, entering the services of the Grand Trunk Railway as mechanical engineer, and finally becoming superintendent of the company's car shops at Stratford. He early developed a taste for books and amassed a library of 40,000 volumes, which some years before his death he presented to the University of Western Ontario, and of which he subsequently was appointed curator. Mr. Barnett had a special flair for Shakespeareana, and 1,600 bound volumes, together with many others of a brochure character, coming under the head, featured his collection. The university recognized his generosity in 1919 by giving him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

* * *

Dr. A. W. Rosenbach, the well-known collector-dealer of New York, paid $3,200 for an autograph sonnet by John Keats at an auction at Sotheby's in London on March 25th. The sonnet was the property of Leopold J. Maxse, and was formerly owned by his father, the late Admiral Maxse, an intimate friend of George Meredith, who received it from T. F. Kelsall, to whom it was given, in the poet's lifetime, by one of the Olliers, the London publishers.

* * *

A catalogue of Americana (No. 161) comes from Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston, which contains a number of items of particular Canadian interest, among them the following, viz: Champlain's "Voyages," translated from the French by Charles P. Otis, 3 vols., original wrappers, Boston, 1880-82, only 250 copies issued (priced $50); Charlevoix' "Journal of a Voyage to North America," 2 vols., London 1761; "Journal of the Rev. Peter Jacobs, from Rice Lake to the Hudson's Bay Territory and Return," Boston, 1853, (very rare); Harmon's "A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the interiour of North America from Montreal nearly to the Pacific Ocean," Andover, 1820.

* * *

An autograph manuscript purporting to be that of the earliest known verses written by John Milton was sold at Sotheby's in London, March 30, for $36,000 to a man named Morrison, according to the firm's announcement following the sale. It is believed, however, as Morrison was unknown and as none of the great buyers participated in the sale, that the manuscript was not sold, but the $36,000 was merely the minimum price fixed by the owner, Professor H. C. H. Candy. A first folio of Shakespeare sold at the same sale brought $17,000.

* * *

A catalogue (No. 210) of Americana and general literature, issued by Noah Farnham Morrison, Elizabeth, N.J., offers under the former head some items of special Canadian interest, including the following, viz: John K. Lord's "The Naturalist in Vancouver Island and British Columbia," 2 vols., London, 1866, Capt. G. L. Hugshe's "The Red River Expedition" (of 1870), London, 1871; Haliburton's "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," 2 vols., Halifax, 1829; "The Backwoods of Canada," London, 1846.

* * *

The latest catalogue (No. 251) from Myers & Co., London, is an illustrated catalogue of fine and rare books, illuminated MSS., etc., and offers, among many other important items, a series of MSS. of great Canadian interest. Several of these relate to the American expedition of 1709 against Canada, including an official transcript of entries made in the minute book of the joint councils of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, held at Fort Anne, New York, May 18 to June 25, 1709, at which Col. F. Nicholson was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the land forces employed in the expedition, and details of the expedition were arranged. 9 pp., folio (priced £25); contemporary MS. official copies of letters addressed to the Governors of New York, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, from Cols. S. Vetch and F. Nicholson, in the same connection, 6 pp., folio, dated Boston, April 30, 1709 (priced £15), and a contemporary official MS. copy of Col. Vetch's instructions to Capt. Pickering for Newfoundland and to the two Hurons to be sent to Montreal and Quebec, 1½ pp. folio, dated Boston, May 31, 1709. Another

item comprises three documents in connection with the capture of Newfoundland by the French at the end of 1708, which are described as "almost entirely unmentioned in printed histories," among them being the articles of ransom agreed upon between the inhabitants of St. John's and Mon. Ovide De Broueland, Lieut.-Governor of Placentia, and Commander of the forts of St. John's and the harbors adjacent (priced £30). Still another relates to the expedition against Port Royale in 1710, and includes the original official MS. copy of a Memorial to the Board of Ordnance from Joseph Dudley, Governor of Massachusetts Bay, and Cols. F. Nicholson and S. Vetch on the subject of the expedition. Among the books offered in the catalogue is one of the utmost rarity by Mathia Tanner, Soc. Jes., entitled "Societas Jesu usque ad Saguinis et vitae profesionem militans in Europa, Africa, Asia et America," Prague, 1675, part 4 of which deals with "Societas Jesu America," and is "full of interesting and valuable information" respecting New France, among other regions, and the Iroquois, Hurons and other Indian tribes, and also gives long accounts of the doings of Fathers Jogues, Daniel, De Breboeuf, Lallemant and Garnier among the Hurons and Iroquois, with notices of Quebec, Montreal and the St. Lawrence, etc., from 1636 to 1640 (priced £30).

* * *

American Monthly List (No. 26), from E. M. Lawson & Co., Sutton Goldfield, Eng., offers, as usual, some items of particular Canadian interest, these among them: Robert de Vaugondy's "Atlas Universal," consisting of 108 double-page colored maps, including North-America and Canada (with special inset of the Lakes), Paris, 1750-1757 (priced £11); Jean Palairet's "Atlas Methodique," consisting of 53 finely-colored double-page folio maps, including maps of North America and the English and French possessions in North America, London, 1755 (priced £8); "Traits of American-Indian Life and Character. By a Fur-Trader," first edition, London, 1853 (very rare); Myles Cooper's "Poems on Several Occasions," first edition, London, 1761, (containing his famous "Britannias Tears: An Elgiac Ode occasioned by the Death of General Wolfe").

* * *

Documents concerning the early history of the American Continent containing, so it is declared, matter hitherto unknown of such importance that it may cause the revision of existing histories, have been recently acquired by Henry E. Huntingdon, of San Gabriel, Cal., through a London firm. The documents are said to include the original decrees signed by the King of Spain dealing with the conquest of Peru and subsequent events in the Inca country.

* * *

A paragraph which appeared in this section of the February issue of the *Canadian Bookman* told of the sale of a document bearing the signature of Button Gwinnett, one of the signers of the American Declaration of Independence, for the amazing sum of $22,500. Gwinnet's Bible, bearing his autograph, was sold at Stan. V. Henkel & Son's rooms in Philadelphia, March 9, for $10,000. The book had been in the possession of Francois Ludger Diard, of Mobile, Ala., since 1900. The original manuscript orders of Major-Gen. Montgomery at Montreal, Nov. 13, 1775, written and signed by James Van Rensselaer, his aide-de-camp, and comprising two pages quarto, sold at the same sale for $85. A cataloguer's note reads: "This is really his appeal to his army not to desert him, but to continue in the service and assist him in the capture of Quebec (where he fell). The document came from the papers of Gen. John Armstrong, who has written on the back and signed with his initials, "by Gen. Montgomery, the object of this order was to induce the troops brought from St. Johns to remain in service, but was not successful J.A."

* * *

An important sale of first editions from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, English and American, together with inscribed copies, authors' manuscripts, private press publications, etc., took place at the American Art Galleries in New York city, Jan. 14 and 15, 835 lots realizing $40,759. The highest price was $3,525, which was paid for the first issue of the first edition of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," 3 vols. London, 1719-20—the well-known Lord Amherst-Walter T. Wallace copy—and the next $3,300, which was brought by a first edition of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," London, 1751, while $1,700 was paid for a first edition in the original paper covers of Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat," London, 1859.

* * *

The Collector, overcome by a periodical attack of nostalgia for the sidewalks and the bookshope of New York, ran down to the American metropolis for the Easter holidays, and, of course, had many interesting experiences. One of the most memorable of these was a visit to the American Art Galleries, one of the largest book and art auction establishments in the world. Mr. Arthur Swann, the secretary, was plainly a busy man, nevertheless he took time to conduct his caller through the vast building, covering an entire block, occupied by the

organization, explaining the purpose and uses of the various rooms as they were glanced into or entered. Mr. Swann, from certain remarks which he made, has none too high an opinion of Canadian book collectors, although he mentioned one or two names with evident respect. The trouble with our collectors, in his view, is that they do not realize that book auction conditions today are not what they were in former years, so far, at least, as New York is concerned. There are too many collectors, as well as too many dealers, in the field now for anything really worth while to be picked up "for a song," and so Canadian collectors, if they are to be in the running, must be prepared to pay full market values for the books they want. And such values, Mr. Swann declares, are bound to increase as time goes on, and that not simply because of the steadily increasing number of collectors, but also because the locking up of great collections in public libraries which is going on constantly is diminishing the supply of the more desirable books and forcing collectors to turn their attention to those of lesser importance.

* * *

The Harvard University Press has just added to its growing list of books on typography "Gutenburg to Plantin," by George Parker Winship, Librarian of the Harry Elkins Widener collection in the Harvard College Library. Mr. Winship has chosen from the rarer volumes in the Widener collection some 22 unusual examples of printing and book illustration for reproduction in his book, in which, in the broader spirit of humanistic studies, he points out the relation of the new art of printing to the intellectual, social, literary and artistic currents that made up the broad stream of Renaissance culture.

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What was described as a "magnificent copy" of the second folio of Shakespeare's "Comedies, Histories and Tragedies" London, 1632, brought $3,150 at a recent sale at the American Art Galleries in New York. The collation, variations in pagination and signature marks, according to a cataloguer's note, agreed with Mr. Pollard's collation, with the exception that in the second pagination, where the numbers 69-100 are repeated, numbers 87 and 194 are correctly numbered, while the signature c c is printed b b, and there are a number of errors in lettering not mentioned by Mr. Pollard.

* * *

The Rare Book Co., New York, in a catalogue of "Historical Books, Legal Literature, Constitutional Conventions, etc.," offer some Canadian books of interest, including Mackenzie's "Voyages to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans," London, 1801; Hon. Henry A. Murray's "Lands of the Slave and the Free, or Cuba, the United States and Canada," 2 vols., London, 1855; Parkman's "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, first edition, Boston, 1851; William L. Stone's "Life of Joseph Brant," 2 vols., New York, 1838.

* * *

An important book for those interested in printing is announced by Grafton & Co., London, under the title, "Wynkyn de Worde and His Contemporaries, from the Death of Caxton: A Chapter in English Printing," the author being Henry R. Plomer, author of "English Printing Ornaments," etc. The book, which is a crown quarto, is fully illustrated, with bibliography and is limited to 1,000 copies.

* * *

Another work on printing announced by Grafton & Co. is "Early Book Illustration in Spain," by James P. R. Lyell, F. R. Hist, S. It is a demy quarto, is profusely illustrated with facsimile reproductions of early woodcuts, and the edition is limited to 500 copies, including America, each copy being numbered and signed by the author. The price of this book is £3 3s net, which will be raised to £4 4s after publication.

* * *

"A Second Century" is the title of the latest catalogue (No. 132) from Chas. J. Sawyer, of London, and an enticing collection of books and MSS. does it present. Among other items which might be mentioned are the original MS. of the first 12 pages of Jane Austen's "The Watsons" (priced £85); Charlotte Bronte's first French exercise book, used by her in the course of her studies at Brussels in 1842, comprising 17 pages written in her hand (priced £110); Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," "Sylvie and Bruno," and

"Sylvie and Bruno Concluded," 1861-1893, 4 vols., first editions, all presentation copies or otherwise of special interest (priced £85); Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," original 20 parts in 19, all dated 1836 (priced £375); Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," first edition, Sailsbury, 1766 (priced £220); Homer's "Ilices et Odyssea," editio princeps, Florence, 1488 (priced £750); Kipling's "With Number Three. Surgical and Medical and New Poems," Santiago de Chile, 1910, only six copies known (priced £57 10s); Milton's "Angli Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio." London, 1651, author's presentation copy to Charles Vane (priced £250); Nelson's own log book on the "Victory," comprising 44 pages entirely in his handwriting (priced £350); original MS. of Stevenson's poem, "If this Were Faith," and unpublished poem, "Along the Uneven Beach," inlaid and bound in 1 vol. (priced £105).

THE COLLECTOR.

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Vol. VIII., No. 5 TORONTO, MAY, 1926 **25c a Copy $2.00 a Year**

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

JOSEPH HOWE (1804-73)

By V. B. Rhodenizer

OF thousands of descendants from four Howe brothers of southern England who early settled in New England, at the Revolution only John Howe adhered to the side of England, and consequently removed to Halifax. There Joseph, the son of his second marriage, was born December 13, 1804. Joseph's meagre formal education, obtained by summer attendance at the school conducted by the famous Loyalist schoolmaster Bromley, ended when, at the age of thirteen, he entered his father's printing office. His informal education—outdoor life, conversation with his father, and the reading of good books—resulted in a robust physique, a well-stored mind, and literary tastes and ambitions. Probably because of the favorable notice taken of his poem *Melville Island,* he purchased the *Weekly Chronicle* in partnership in 1827. While conducting this paper as the *Acadian,* he completed his training for the great task of his career, the conducting of the *Novascotian,* which he purchased in 1828 and kept till 1841. Seven years of incessant labor on his part made it the leading newspaper of British North America in political and literary influence. In 1835, by successfully defending himself when placed on trial for libel because he published a letter signed "The People" accusing the magistrates of Halifax of misappropriation of public funds, he won for journalism in British North America its Magna Charta.

The next year, elected as a member of the Assembly, Howe began his political career. Noble as was his liberalism in religious and educational matters, it seems insignificant in comparison with the magnificent statesmanship that, after a struggle of twelve years, won responsible government for Nova Scotia in 1848. From 1850 on, he received such provincial appointments as delegate to England on behalf of the Intercolonial railway (1850), Chief Commissioner of Railways (1854), Premier of Nova Scotia (1860), and such imperial appointments as delegate to the United States in connection with the Foreign Enlistment Act (1855), Fishery Commissioner to the United States (1863), and, to crown all, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia (1873). His tenure of this high office was terminated within a few days by his sudden death on June 1, 1873.

Howe's father, thoroughly American in thought and feeling, imparted in large measure to his son his knowledge of colonial history and ideals.

Howe's writings, therefore, however much they are the expression of his marked individuality, bear the stamp of the Loyalist tradition. His poems show the American regard for eighteenth-century English models. Some of them are written in heroic couplets and some of his descriptive and narrative material is reminiscent of Goldsmith in its love of family life and of home scenes. His descriptive and reflective sketches, based on his travels in Nova Scotia, on the Atlantic, and in England, are reminiscent of the eighteenth-century essay, either directly, or indirectly through the influence of similar work by Irving. The papers of *The Club* (1828-32), of which Howe was a leader, reflect the spirit of personal and political satire developed in the Loyalists during the controversial stage of the Revolution. This spirit finds expression frequently, and often with great effectiveness, in the letters and speeches which constitute Howe's greatest contribution to Canadian prose in general, and which stand unsurpassed both for quality and for quantity in the political literature of Canada.

Though Howe's work thus shows the Loyalist regard for eighteenth-century models in verse and prose, he made a very original contribution to Canadian literature. His journalistic writings during the first eleven years of his ownership and editorship of the *Novascotian*, contain vivid pictures of Nova Scotian scenes and pointed comment on men and affairs in Nova Scotia, in a style that, though not always on the same high level, marks the beginning of a new epoch in Canadian prose. In the same way traces of literary influence in his political writings pale into insignificance in the original epic grandeur of his intellect and imagination as expressed in his views on responsible government, the organization of the Empire, and the future of British North America.

His contribution to pure literature is contained in one volume, *Poems and Essays*, (1874). It is worth noting, to show the versatility of Howe's genius, that this volume contains a creditable attempt at fiction, *The Locksmith of Philadelphia*. The so-called "Essays" were all delivered originally as orations. They show Howe's intellectual alertness to the movements of the day, his wide reading of world history and literature, his skill in drawing illustrations from his reading and from his personal experience, and his adeptness in bringing his general thesis to bear directly upon his particular audience. His poems range in emotional appeal from humor to pathos, pay fitting tributes to the value of the commonplace in nature and in life, especially domestic life, and paint pleasing word pictures of Nova Scotian scenery. His love of his native province, which, because of historical circumstances, was the only local patriotism with which he could supplement his noble Imperial sentiment, is well shown in his poem *Acadia*.

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Western Rambles, (1828).

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The Nova Scotian Afloat, (1838).

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B.—Books and important pamphlets:

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Oration on Shakespeare. Halifax, 1864.

Reciprocity Treaty, Its History, General Features, and Commercial Results, Hamilton, 1865.

Confederation Considered in Relation to the Interests of the Empire. London, 1866.

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of union of the British North American Provinces, London, 1867.

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Poems and Essays. Montreal, 1874.

The Speeches and Public Letters of the Hon. Joseph Howe, the 1858 edition, augmented, revised, and edited by J. A. Chisolm, Halifax, 1909.

* * *

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

Biographical Note

(Following the appreciation of Lampman's work as given in the previous issue of *Canadian Bookman*, it has been thought advisable to add a brief biographical note.)

The forebears of Archibald Lampman were of U. E. Loyalist stock. A paternal ancestor, Peter Lampman, of Pennsylvania, settled near Niagara, Ontario; while a Colonel John H. Gesner, of his mother's family from Long Island, settled at Annapolis, Nova Scotia. Later, the Reverend Archibald Lampman, father of the poet, became rector of Trinity Church, Morpeth, Kent County, Ontario. A descendant of the Gesners had settled near here and his daughter Susannah became the wife of the Rector. At Morpeth, Archibald Lampman, the poet, was born on the 17th of November, 1861.

In October, 1867, the family moved to Gore's Landing, on the shore of Rice Lake. While here Archibald was for several years in delicate health. On the removal of the family to Cobourg, he attended the Collegiate Institute here, afterwards going to Trinity College School, Port Hope. In September, 1879, he entered Trinity College, Toronto. He graduated in 1882 and for a short time took up work as a High School teacher. This proved uncongenial and in 1883 he entered the Civil Service at Ottawa in the Post Office Department. It was after this that his poetic contributions began to appear in the columns of *The Week* and in *Century* and *Scribner's* magazines.

In 1887 he married Maud, daughter of Edward Playter, M.D., of Toronto. His vacations were spent chiefly in camping expeditions, and he continued to write even in the face of declining health. His last poem, "The frost that stings like fire upon my cheek," was written on the evenings of the 29th and 30th of January, 1899. He passed away on February 10th, 1899.

Shepherdess Night and Day the Swain

By Gostwick Roberts

WHEN shepherdess Night trips up the lane,
Oh, black her braids and blue her gown,
And down from the hill skips Day, the swain,
Oh, green his coat, and his hair nut-brown,
They meet and greet on the daisy down.
Oh, gold are the wings of the goose-boy's herd,
And feathered in flame each flapping bird,
And purple and yellow and dusty white
Are the unshorn sheep in the flocks of Night
That mingle over the hill and the lane
When Shepherdess Night meets Day, the swain.

Prelude

By A. M. Stephen

THERE are voices in the bracken
And a wonder in the breeze
With a hint of woodland pipings
Of old pagan minstrelsies.
Like a warm, caressing finger
Tendrilled in a lock of hair
Or the echo of an air
Lost and found in fields Elysian,
There's a whisper in the trees.

Where a mist of budding alders
Is a violet haze between
Broidered tapestry of cedars
And the firs nocturnal green,
Spread dim veils and opalescent,
Tangled on the tented slopes.
There a hand still gropes
Chill and white of winter paling
O'er the swiftly changing scene.

Outward, grey, the sea-floor glimmers
With a light serene and staid
Like hushed plains of sleep awaiting
For the feet of April maid
Who will stir their slumb'ring passion
With a joyance keen and sheer
And a silver note and clear,
Heard as bells of Aidenn ringing
In a haunted forest glade.

Somewhere is a glory hidden.
On my brow a passing wing
Left a crystal drop all fragrant
With some secret splendid Thing
And a music, low and sudden,
Strikes the shadow of old pain
As thro' every thrilling vein
Drives the urge of living, vibrant
With the coming of the Spring.

New Moon

By Gretchen Gibson

FRAIL crescent moon in fading light
Like brooch of gold
You briefly hold
The drapes of day and night.

Enchantress of the twilight you!
You weave a dream
Of things that seem
Fantastical but true.

Now like a gondola you glide;
That star so near
Your gondolier
Who sings at eventide!

You are a lovely golden thought,
You glow and glow
And on us throw
A power we fathom not.

You are the golden bow of night,
Whose unseen darts
Bring to our hearts,
Not pain, but rare delight.

Oh moon, new moon, our wishing moon,
Beneath your fires
Burn our desires.
Gold goddess grant them soon!

The House of Death

By E. MacDougall

O little house of Death,
How quiet, cold;
Soon this sweet guest of thine, now fair and white,
Will be but mould.

That such a flower as this
('Twas mine to hold)
Should wither—ashes be—lost in an urn,
E'en though of gold!

Let me but seal my mind,
Or sense—or brain
To such a thought. Silence thou too, *my* heart,
Where she hath lain.

Treasures

By Vernal Bronson House

I HAVE known priceless things—
A ship at sea—an hour of dawn—
And songs that beat their weary wings
In vain for flight, and so were gone.

I have known Youth, and felt
A rapture in the open sea;
At night beneath the stars I've knelt
And Beauty has been kind to me.

I have known precious dreams,
Some lines of Keats, and Rupert Brooke,
And sunlight cast on laughing streams,
The living friendship of a book.

The eager heart will cling and hold
To treasures that are ever dear,
And sometimes overlook the gold
That is too near for love, too near.

And so I never once could see
That of my wealth the gold was You,
Until I missed you suddenly
And all the others vanished too!

Starbreak

By Margaret Boultbee

STARBREAK is over and the Moon's about to rise
And my thoughts are rioting across the joyous skies,
They donned their silver slippers and they danced away
And they won't come back till the dawning of the day.

They'll gambol in the heavens till the moon's in sight
And slide down the moonbeams in the soft blue light,
They'll play on the ocean with the stars and the foam
And when the day is breaking they'll come dancing home.

They'll cluster with the fountains like gems in a crown,
They'll rise up in the darkness and come tumbling down,
For they've donned their silver slippers and danced away
And they won't come home till the dawning of the day.

Some Memories---Literary and Dramatic

By Thomas O'Hagan

IT is more than thirty years since the writer became interested in the life and fortunes of Canadian literature. As a part of our intellectual heritage the literary expression of our Canadian people, both English and French, should hold a very first place in our thoughts, and should command an appreciation not unworthy of a nation, now, in the making, to whose government, art and life, two of the foremost nations of the world have contributed of their finest, most brilliant and potential gifts.

It was my fortune, many years ago, to get in touch personally with some of our Canadian poets of the dawn who now sleep in the village churchyard. We owe much to these pioneer minstrels who, years agone, struck their harps beside the firesides, in our pioneer cabins, in the wilderness. They were of the school of Burns and Byron and Scott. Canadian Confederation ushered in a new literary era in Canada. Bibaud and Crémazie, in Quebec, give place to Lemay and Frechette and Chapman, and the homely yet patriotic notes of a Sangster, a McLachlan and an Evan McColl, are lost in the choral song—the exalted choral song of a Roberts, a Carman, a Lampman, a Wilfrid Campbell, a Duncan Campbell Scott, and an Isabella Valancy Crawford. There is now a deeper vision and a more exalted ecstasy.

Exactly thirty years ago the writer published a series of three papers, in the *Catholic World* of New York: "Canadian Poets and Poetry," "Canadian Women Writers," and "French-Canadian Poets and Poetry." These were afterwards embodied in a book bearing the title *Canadian Essays,* but were never offered as a full and exhaustive study of the whole field of Canadian literature, seeing that the three chapters occupied but one hundred pages, in a book of nearly three hundred pages. No attempt was made to set forth the underlying philosophy of Canadian poetry. It was enough for the writer that the literary activities of the poets and prose writers dealt with, were recorded. Aristotle says that all great poets have a philosophy. We Canadians have scarcely reached that stature yet. Even Stedman sets forth no philosophy in his work on American poets.

But turning to the more personal, it may be noted that nearly every young writer has a craze in his youth to receive autograph letters. I certainly suffered from this in the morning of my literary work. The first poet I was able to reach—most amiable of all American poets—was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The ever genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" first wrote me, with his own hand but as he passed the Psalmist's "three score years and ten" he was wont when writing to call in his amanuensis and simply signed his letters. The writer holds many letters received from Dr. Holmes, who, it is said, escaped being one of the great American poets, having written too many occasional and humorous poems for his fellow-countrymen to take him seriously.

I remember once receiving an autograph letter from the aged Quaker poet, John G. Whittier. Of course in it he used the Quaker "thee" and "thou." Whittier must have been at the time seventy-five years of age; yet his handwriting had about it all the freedom and sweep that would mark the handwriting of youth. Charles Dudley Warner, whose encouragement was extended to Sarah

Jeanette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes) in her early work, wrote the writer several times in the most helpful and appreciative manner. Warner in his early days had been a journalist and his style has that nimbleness and lightness of touch that mark the work of the journalist.

Living in Hartford, then the home of Dudley Warner, was that prince of American humorists, "Mark Twain" (Samuel Clemens). Greatly desiring to have Mark Twain's autograph, I dispatched to the author of *Huckleberry Finn* my first little volume of poems, *A Gate of Flowers*. His secretary, however, answered, saying that Mark Twain had gone to the mountains for the summer, and, that no doubt on his return, would personally acknowledge the reception of my volume. I may here state that I have been awaiting that acknowledgment ever since. Perhaps I may get it by radio some day. I am also troubled with the thought that Mark, having sensed the fact that my little volume of verse was on the way, sought refuge in the mountains for the summer.

I remember, as if it were but yesterday, a Sunday I passed thirty-one years ago at the home of Alexander McLachlan, in the township of Amaranth, some ten or twelve miles from Orangeville. Next year McLachlan moved to Orangeville where he died in 1896. McLachlan was a good deal of a philosopher. He had marked intuition as became a poet. His nature was full of reverence, and, in this, he very much resembled Wordsworth. This "Burns of Canada" was extensively and intensively read, in the great poets. More than that, he had assimilated them. While conversing with him—and he was a pregnant talker—he gave me the finest interpretation of Tennyson's *Blow, Bugle, Blow,* that I have ever heard. It will be remembered that *Grip,* cleverly edited by the late Mr. Bengough, welcomed to its columns the poet of Amaranth, and so, I think, did *Saturday Night.*

May I say here that such a train of literary memories beset the writer, in thinking back through the aisles of the past, that it is difficult to select the pausing points or pillars of review. The writer got early in touch with Sir James Lemoine, Pamphile Lemay, Dr. Frechette and George Stewart, in Quebec, and received from all marked courtesies and kindness. I remember a trip to Quebec city in 1899. George Stewart, author of that pleasant volume, *Evenings in a Library,* was then editing the Quebec *Chronicle.* I had luncheon with him and spent the evening with Sir James Lemoine. Sir James was a most pleasant and charming enteratiner. I remember well that we discussed Sir Gilbert Parker's *Seats of the Mighty,* which had recently been published. When I returned to Ontario I found awaiting me as a gift some fifteen or twenty of the most recently published works of Legendre, Lemay, Dr. Frechette and others. I do not know to this day who was the donor.

I think in those days—thirty or forty years ago—there was a very fine literary *camaraderie* among Canadian writers. When I published my first little insignificant volume of verse, *A Gate of Flowers,* it elicited words of good will and cheer from many quarters. Amongst those who paused in their busy labors to write me words of encouragement were: Sir John Bourinot, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant of Queen's and Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, who was President, at the time, of the Royal Society of Canada. There were two others who also wrote me at greater length—two Canadian poets of note, Charles Mair and Charles G. D. Roberts. Mair was then living in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and

Roberts was a Professor in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Mair's letter was full of appreciation. As to Dr. Roberts, he has been perhaps Maecenas to more Canadian writers than any other poet in our land. His high indeals have provoked and inspired.

A rarely gifted Canadian poet entered the Civil Service at Ottawa early in the "nineties" of the last century in the person of William Wilfrid Campbell. Two gifted poets were already there to welcome him—Duncan Campbell Scott and Archibald Lampman. The writer first got in touch with Campbell when he was pastor of a church in St. Stephens, New Brunswick. Campbell had spent his boyhood at Wiarton, on the Georgian Bay, and at Southampton on Lake Huron. Here he drank in the throbbing poetry of the Great Lakes, and keyed his lyre to the heart-beat of their waves. Campbell had the temperament of a poet; and there is little in Canadian poetry that can surpass in spontaneity, rhythm, melody and color, his volume of Lake Lyrics. They have in them much of the conception, music and sweep of a Charles Algernon Swinburne.

An Active Organization

Vancouver Branch C.A.A.

INDICATIONS of activity and progress were afforded by the annual reports presented to the Canadian Authors Association (Vancouver Branch) and the following excerpts are made as being of general interest. The president, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, reported in part as follows:

"The Radisson Society announces the publication of a fine selection of the prose and poetry of Charles Mair, our grand old man. It will be ready this month. Mr. Bertrand Sinclair's new book, *Wild West*, is on the market and, we hear, selling well. Mrs. Annie Margaret Pyke has had a new book of verse, *Silver Bells and Cockle-Shells*, published by the Merton Press, London, England; Mrs. Annie C. Dalton has added to her steadily increasing list a Christmas Chap Book, *Christmas Songs and Carols;* Mr. Tom McInnes' new book of verse, *Roundabout Rhymes*, has been issued by the Ryerson Press. Mr. A. M. Stephen has just finished an anthology of Canadian verse for Dent's, which will be used as a text book in the schools. Mrs. Alice M. Winlow has had five stories in the *Girl's Weekly*, The *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Quiver*, besides poems in the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *B. C. Monthly*, and *Vancouver Province*. Miss Mary Shannon has published several stories in the *Popular Magazine*, *Munsey's Magazine* and the *People's Home Journal*. Lewis Wharton has published another legal book, *Principles of Canadian Criminal Law*. Mr. P. W. Luce, besides his usual work as columnist, several short stories in *MacLean's*, articles in the Toronto *Star* and various other weeklies, has won the $75 prize for the "Musquash" Competition, which was announced through this Society some months ago. We congratulate Mr. Luce. Mr. Francis Dickie we have not heard from personally, but we have seen several short stories of his during the year and the last *MacLean's* contains a novelette, *Mystery of the Straits*. Mr. Beeman has had his *Via Vancouver* set to music and published by Whaley, Royce & Co. Toronto. Mr. R. L. Reid's articles in the *Province* have been read by us all. He has also published several articles in the *Tranquillian*, and his new book is now in proof. It is pleasant to know that Dr. R. G. MacBeth's *Romance of the C.P.R.*, is now in its third edition. He has also lately published a new book, *The Burning Bush in Canada*, and still another, *Western Memories and Pen Portraits* is now ready. I am delighted to record also that Mr. A. M. Pound's book, *British Columbia in Books*, is in the publishers' hands and will probably be out this autumn. *Boileau and the French Classical Critics in England*, Dr. A. F. B. Clarke's very fine book on neoclassicism, was published this spring and has met with a very flattering reception.

Our executive early in the year received the communication that the National Association of which we form a part, had decided to hold its convention of 1926 in Vancouver, in acceptance of an invitation tendered by our delegates at Winnipeg, Mrs. C. G. Henshaw, Miss Annie C. Dalton and Mr. Stephen Golder. We have been in communication with the National Executive about the matter and will be able to pass on to our next Executive various suggestions gleaned as to this important event. The dates are set for August 6, 7, and 8, and we hope that all members of this branch

will hold themselves ready for any service in this regard which it may be in their power to render. Various committees will doubtless be formed under the guidance of the new executive, and Vancouver expects every author to do his duty.

HON. SECRETARY'S REPORT.

In submitting my third annual report I beg to state that during the past season the Association has held eight receptions or entertainments, and held seven executive or business meetings. We entertained Mr. J. Vernon Mackenzie, then editor of *MacLean's Magazine*, at a dinner at the Ambassador Cafe, Major Roberts was also an honored dinner guest at the Vancouver Hotel.

A luncheon was tendered Mr. Bernard MacEvoy at Glencoe Lodge, and the Baroness Orczy and Mr. Montagu Barstow were guests of the Association at Glencoe Lodge, both occasions attracting a large attendance.

Mr. Tom McInnes was entertained at a social gathering at the residence of Mrs. Blanche Holt Murison. A social gathering was also held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Forsyth. Professor Frederic G. C. Wood gave a lecture on Sir James Barrie at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Reid. The reception arranged in honor of Bliss Carman had to be cancelled owing to the illness of the poet.

Mr. Robert Allison Hood lectured for the Association at the Vancouver Institute, and again at the Carnegie Library during Book Week. Mr. R. L. Reid and Mr. Hood gave a Book Week talk before the Women's Canadian Club, and our President, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay also addressed the Women's Canadian Club at their Annual General Meeting recently.

Letters of congratulation were sent to Miss Marjorie Reynolds, winner of the competition arranged by the Little Theatre Association; to Francis Dickie on winning a prize in the Dominion Essay Competition, and also the other British Columbia winners.

During the season the following new members have been elected: Mrs. Virginia MacDonald Cummings, of Fernie; Mrs. M. P. Chalmers, Mr. C. R. Dowman and Mr. R. L. Roys. We have lost one member in the death of Mr. Fitzmaurice.

STEPHEN GOLDER,
Hon. Secretary.

The newly elected Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Alice N. Winlow, writes: "We appreciate the help *Canadian Bookman* gives us. Each issue contains something of vital importance."

THE LATE JAMES FERRES

By Gladys Devlin Stacey

WHEN I first met the late James Ferres a few years ago in Montreal that well-worn expression, "a gentleman of the old school," came to my mind. There was a gentle courtliness in his manner, a modest deference to those about him which seemed to emphasize his own dignity, and a genial graciousness in his bearing seldom found in these days.

He was taller than the average man, with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes, which somehow seemed to belie the suggestion of seriousness in his sandy beard, threaded with gray.

James Ferres, whose death occurred on March 2nd, was the son of James Moir Ferres, who came to Canada from Scotland early in the last century. I have been told that he was descended from a daughter of the celebrated Alexander Robertson, of Struan, another of whose daughters was the mother of Lady Nairn, writer of many Scottish songs.

Possibly his scholarly and literary attainments might be ascribed in some measure to the influence of his father, who was engaged in scholastic work in the Province of Quebec for several years, and who was prominent in political affairs, as well as being at one time the owner of the Montreal *Gazette*.

James Ferres was always of a literary turn of mind, and was known as a polished scholar. His thorough knowledge of the French language made for him many friends among the educated and literary circles of the French people of Canada. He wrote charming poems, which displayed delicacy of thought and expression, and took particular delight in celebrating anniversaries and other incidents by honoring them with poems of his own composition, many of which found their way into print.

To Those Who Sleep in Flanders Fields, his reply to McCrae's famous *In Flanders Fields*, published in 1918 in the *University Magazine*, Montreal, is considered his best.

Probably his most valuable contributions to Canadian literature are his translations of the beautiful stories of French-Canadian life by B. M. Victorin, recently combined in one volume, *The Chopping Bee and Other Stories*. Mr. Ferres believed that these translations would enable English-speaking people to understand the ideals and the mental attitude of their French-speaking fellow-citizens more thoroughly, and thus bring about a closer sympathy between the two races in Canada.

THE ALL-CANADA "MONITOR"

By Mrs. W. Garland Foster

A VERY creditable production is the All-Canada number of the *Christian Science Monitor*. The fact that the coat-of-arms of Nova Scotia is exchanged for that of Prince Edward Island will not greatly disturb a people who have long ago become inured to the average citizen in the neighboring Republic locating New Brunswick as part of Nova Scotia. Whether the Nova Scotians will subscribe to the motto: "Parva sub ingenti" is another matter!

The *Christian Science Monitor* as a daily paper has already exploded many popular heresies, notably that a daily paper must be sensational to sell. Here is a paper that sells, with a daily circulation around 104,000 copies, and yet there is nothing to offend the most fastidious, for any member of the family will be better for a look through its pages. Now it has sounded the "Stop, look and listen" warning to Canadians. For the "All-Canada" edition, of the type to delight equally the exacting newspaper man, or a native son of Canada, and not bore a citizen of the United States, carries a very profound lesson for Canadians.

So many doubting Thomases have sought to cast discouragement on Canadian magazines and their circulation. They have even said that there is not enough population in Canada to support her own magazines, and more of like import. Here is an edition that is entirely the work of Canadian writers. Indeed there was no attempt to enter the competitive Canadian newspaper field, the Chicago editor merely going across the continent and stating the requirements. All the contributions have been produced by Canadian writers, and the usual high character of this publication has not been impaired. Indeed, although it may sound prejudiced, one is tempted to concede that it is even just a little improved! As far as lack of numbers is concerned, here is the Christian Science movement against which Satan and his adversaries war continually, and yet with a total of 3,000 churches in the whole of America, the circulation of the paper runs over a hundred thousand daily. With comparatively few of these churches in Canada, Canadians themselves have accounted for half a million copies of the "All-Canada" edition. The great lesson to Canadians might be expressed in two very old quotations: "Oh, ye of little faith!" "nothing is, but thinking makes it so!"

And now what are we going to do about it? Take the kindly hint and develop our own literature, keep our own writers busy at home and do something for ourselves, instead this reactionary "can't, can't?" There is no lack of material. For a year's special editions might be undertaken without once repeating ourselves and yet the half would not be told of the beauty and potential greatness of the Dominion of Canada.

* * *

Death of Dr. Watson

Canadian letters suffered a decided loss in the passing of Albert Durrant Watson, at his home in Toronto on May 3rd. Death came suddenly, due to heart disease. Dr. Watson was in his 67th year. He was a prolific writer both in poetry and in prose but will be remembered chiefly for his published volumes of poems, many of which were of a distinctly high order, gaining for him international recognition.

Dr. Watson was a frequent contributor to literary and scientific periodicals and some of his other activities and interests are indicated by the fact that he was a past president of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada and also of the Purity Educational Association. He was at one time active in Methodist missions and the Methodist Social Union. Several years ago he came into prominence with his book *The Twentieth Plane*, and although he withdrew later from the extreme position in psychic research represented in that volume, he did not relinquish his interest in this field of investigation.

He was a native of Dixie, near Toronto, was educated at the Normal School, Toronto, and Victoria University, later taking a post-graduate course in medicine at Edinburgh, where he attained the degree of F.R.C.P.

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Gulliver's Travels

Rapid City, Man., April, 1926.

Editor, "Canadian Bookman:"

One error of Mr. W. K.'s in his biographical notice of myself, contained in the April number of "Canadian Bookman," I cannot allow to go without correction, seeing that it detracts from the work of others.

I did not, in my non-age, edit the first complete edition of "Gulliver's Travels:" that honor belongs to Mr. Temple Scott. It was he who first saw clearly that the text must have been altered after it had left Swift's hands.

My own work was restricted to a re-collation of early editions and the South Kensington Ford MSS. As a result of these labours I was instrumental (though not directly engaged) in bringing about the publication of two, perhaps three, continental editions of "Gulliver's Travels," my aim being to rescue the work from dying as a literary masterpiece to become a "children's classic."

Yours sincerely,

F. P. GROVE.

It Is Reported
THAT—

—B. K. Sandwell has been appointed editor-in-chief of *The Financial Times*, of Montreal.

—Katherine Hale (Mrs. John W. Garvin) is giving a series of recitals in the Maritime Provinces.

—the Chatham Public Library broke all records for book circulation in March when the total borrowings were 9,252.

—Victor Barbeau, Montreal, has been elected president of the French Section of the Canadian Authors Association.

—Dr. Ferdinand Roy, K.C., LL.D., of Laval University, has been delivering a series of lectures at Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S.

—Britain broke all book publication records in 1925 with a total of 13,202, of which 9,977 were new books and the remainder new editions.

—a summer school in bookselling may be arranged as an extension course at the University of Toronto, following the successful operation of the same idea across the border. It is being fostered by the Association of Canadian Bookmen.

—the Dickens Fellowship (Toronto Branch) celebrated its coming of age this month. The charter from the parent Fellowship) London, England) bears the date May 5th, 1905, just eight months after the first number of *The Dickensian* saw the light of day in London.

—an Edmonton writer, Joseph J. Duggan, is contributing a series of five sketches dealing with early life on the Welsh border, to *The New Outlook*, with Helen Churchman, also of Edmonton, as illustrator. Later this work will appear in book form under the title of *The Unforgotten Valley*.

—Hopkins Moorhouse, whose mystery tale, *The Golden Scarab*, has been running in *MacLean's Magazine*, when *en route* west spent a few days in Regina and outside of business hours looked up in his friendly way all the scribes he could find. Mr. Moorhouse makes himself a prime favorite with the people of his craft, because he is incurably interested in whatever they are writing and up goes his hat high in the air when one of them makes a bull's-eye. Mr. Moorhouse has been appointed Western Manager of the Radisson Society of Canada Limited, publishers of *Master Works of Canadian Authors*. His headquarters will be in Vancouver, B.C.

—Dr. Chas. G. D. Roberts gave a recital at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, Granville St., Vancouver, on Saturday evening, April 24th, with sixty-five poetry loving guests present. The distinguished poet was introduced by Dr. E. P. Fewster, president of the Vancouver Poetry Society. Dr. Roberts gave a talk on animal life and followed this by readings from his poems. Favorites were called for which proved to be so numerous that the poet could read but a fraction of those requested. He read "Canada," "Sweet O' the Year," "Marjorie," "Epitaph," "Wayfarer of Earth," several of the sonnets, and many others. A pleasing feature of the evening was Mrs. Cicely Page's singing of "The Pitiful Turquoise," a beautiful poem by Mrs. Annie C. Dalton, arranged to music by Mrs. Alice M. Winlow.

—the Summer Library School of McGill University Library, Montreal, under the direction of the Librarian, will have the assistance of Miss E. V. Bethune, of the University of Toronto Library; Mrs. Sidney R. Carter, former associate professor of Library science at Skidmore College; Professor Turner, Dr. Wylde and J. C. Elder, of McGill, besides which there will be special lectures by Messrs. H. Burton, Louis Carrier, Rev. James E. Fee, M. J. Patton, B. K. Sandwell and Miss Arma Smillie. The dates for the course are May 17 to June 26.

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ENGLISH MASTER-POEMS

Jubilations occasioned by the appearance of books created by Saskatchewan writers are rare as angels' visits. But this season brought a volume from the press, bearing the name of Austin M. Bothwell, of Regina, who was for three or four years the president of the Authors Association, Saskatchewan Branch. It is *English Master-Poems*, and stands a very good chance of becoming a best-seller among Grade 12 students of literature.

The volume, which is from J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd., comprises the selections from Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, which are set for study by classes in the last year of the high school course. To the pages have been added sketches of the poets named, and valuable notes designed to help the student arrive at the meaning of obscure lines without asking questions.

English Master-Poems bears all the marks of having been compiled by one thoroughly in love with his task and conversant with the lives and performance of the three great London-born poets. Particularly well-versed himself in Chaucerian lore, Mr. Bothwell has invested the poet of almost 600 years ago (through his notes and biographical essay) with living qualities that should endear him to students of the Prologue, termed by the essayist "a masterpiece, whether it be regarded from the point of view of literary workmanship or from that of portraiture." —Regina.

Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

THREE CANADIAN NOVELS

Reviewed by T. D. Rimmer

THE demand for novels dealing with the great wide spaces seems never to weaken, if one can judge by the prevalence of this class of fiction in publishers' listings. Here we have three novels dealing more or less with the land of red-blooded men where sophistication is regarded as a sort of scarlet woman and education shrinks before the stern gaze of a nobler knowledge.

In one of these *novels, however, this setting is only occasional, most of the action concentrating on Canadian college life and incidentally with the struggles of students to work their way through to a degree. This section of the book is interesting but the rest of the book is marred by an emotional treatment which is reminiscent of the palmy days of ingenuous literature. The book was written "In memory of comrades who lie in Flanders Fields and in sympathy with their sorrowing relatives," and as a tribute should be acceptable, but as a work of fiction it does not stand more than shoulder-high with the ordinary output that periodically floods the market.

The †*Shanty Sled*, on the other hand, deals exclusively with life in lonely places and with the dominance a man can assume over a group of men whom he holds in subjection and whom he treats as if they were living in the age of feudalism. This novel also lays stress on the virtues of a return to nature—or at least on the virtues of those who live close to nature. Naturally this view has much right on its side, for the city has many gifts and some of them are not healthful, but the insistent repetition of this in countless novels is apt in time to become boring. The *Shanty Sled* has the usual conflict of characters and ends in a marriage which, if not invoking the villain's blessing, at least calls forth his surly acquiescence.

‡*Wild West*, by Bertrand W. Sinclair, is much better. It is a tale of ranching in the west, but most, if not all, of the old western mythology has been eliminated. Indeed, though it uses much stage property and has the conventional bad man, it is well written and ranks above the average western tale. Interspersed with episodes of cattle rustling and Robin Tyler's efforts to convict the thief, are several passages which seem to show that the author was not so entirely absorbed in the portrayal of Robin Tyler that he could forget to place a more subtle color on his canvas, or forget to evolve such passages as that where Robin in a nostalgic moment remembers . . . "A look from some high ridge out over a hundred miles of grassland all green now and sprinkled with blue wildflowers. There would be mountains in the distance too; upstanding peaks like Gothic Cathedrals rising, as the Sweet Grass and Bear Paws rose, abruptly from the levels of the great plains. The sharp smell of bruised sage . . . "

Passages such as this tend to make one forgive the stage props placed carefully in the foreground and the rustle of the backdrop as it glides smoothly into place.

* * *

THE MORAL STANDARDS OF DEMOCRACY. *By Henry Wilkes Wright.* Professor of Philosophy and Social Ethics at the University of Manitoba. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.

The ideal democracy is a grail which has beckoned to men through the years, but as yet there are few signs of attainment by the world to that Utopia where it will have a tangible existence. Professor Wright is an ardent disciple whose conception of democracy differs slightly with that of some of his predecessors. His is a democracy of community rather than equality, and the fundamental basis of such, he claims, lies in family life and its associations. He puts forth plausible reasoning for this statement and declares that family associations " . . . are the fundamental social experiences through which alone the intricate system of signs and symbols which are later to assail his senses as an adult member of society can be translated into terms of personal meaning and reality. Without this experience, the wide and varied opportunities which modern society offers . . . are forever lost to him". The latter, of course, mean opportunities of social contact through the medium of art, literature or politics.

He makes a keen analysis of modern con-

*A MAN'S WORTH. A Canadian College Romance. *By Sidney Arthur.* Toronto: The Hunter-Rose Co. Ltd. $2.00.

†THE SHANTY SLED. *By Hulbert Footner.* Toronto: George H. Doran Co. $2.00.

‡WILD WEST. *By Bertrand W. Sinclair.* Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

ditions in so far as they relate to his subject and by throwing out some illuminating suggestions as to how his ideal democracy may be attained—by family life, primarily, then education and social contact—he contributes an important viewpoint to the world of social psychology, a viewpoint which should prove also of interest to the general reader.

Professor Wright, like a number of his brethren, is rather prone to the over-elaboration of points and consequently at times his style is labored. But the book evidently has been written by a man who knows his subject thoroughly, and forms a highly important contribution to sociology.

T.D.R.

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OCEAN TO OCEAN. *By George M. Grant.* Toronto: The Radisson Society. (Vol. XIII. in Master-Works of Canadian Authors, Library Edition, (25 volumes.) $1.00.

Although number thirteen in the series, actually this is the second volume to be completed. Mention has already been made, in connection with a notice of the first volume, of the significance of this undertaking which is under the editorship of John W. Garvin, B.A.

Fifty years! What foresight those Fathers of Confederation had! As William L. Grant in his foreword says:

> The West was saved for Canada, if not indeed for the British Empire, not by any effort of Canadian national consciousness, but by the daring and prescience of a few great men. In 1867 Upper Canada, Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were confederated by the efforts of a group of statesmen, of whom John Alexander Macdonald, Georges Cartier, George Brown and Charles Tupper were the chief. In 1869 and 1870 they entered into negotiations with the Home Government and with the Hudson's Bay Company and bought from it the area of over one million square miles which it had ruled for two centuries. In 1871 British Columbia was brought into the new Dominion, and the promise given her that within ten years she should be united to Eastern Canada by a Canadian Pacific Railway. It was time to be stirring. In 1867 the United States had purchased Alaska from Russia, and the pages of *Ocean to Ocean* give abundant proof that the appetite of the Great Republic was not yet satisfied. A little longer delay, and the western boundary of Canada would in all likelihood have been today, not the Pacific Ocean, but some obscure stream between Port Arthur and Winnipeg.

The author of the book was the secretary of Sandford Fleming's Expedition through Canada from ocean to ocean in 1872.

> Travel a thousand miles up a great river; more than another thousand along great lakes and a succession of smaller lakes; a thousand miles across rolling prairies; and another thousand through woods and over three great ranges of mountains, and you have travelled from ocean to ocean through Canada. All this country is a single Colony of the British Empire; and this Colony is dreaming magnificent dreams of a future when it shall be the "Greater Britain."

From that start the reader follows with keen interest the momentous journey across Canada when the Dominion was in its infancy. It is an inspiration for the Canadian of today to read this book and to check up the vision of the thorough-going Canadians identified with the enterprise with which it deals, with what has been realized in this Dominion in the half-century and more that has since passed.

The book is a treasure-house for any man or woman whose interests are rooted in the soil of Canada and the publishers are to be congratulated upon bringing out this de luxe edition of such a notable Canadian book.

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WAS JESUS A PATRIOT? *By Kirby Page.* 311 Division Avenue, Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey. 5c pamphlet.

At the outset of his paper Mr. Page reminds us that "Jesus was a citizen of a country that was in bondage to a militaristic power . . . and that He was a member of a race that loved freedom and hated tyranny." Proceeding from this historic fact he points out twenty-three New Testament passages that throw light on the question, "Was Jesus a Patriot?" These he cites and comments upon.

Emphasizing the vital difference between the Hebrew conception of a kingdom and that of Christ's, "Jesus rejected their (Hebrew) ends and their means because both were in fundamental opposition to the way of life which He had chosen as His own. The supreme end of life is the establishment of the family of God, where every human being will love God as father and all men as brothers. Jesus' kingdom is a universal one and includes all members of the father's family." The Hebrews looked for a purely Hebraic kingdom, not an all-embracing, all-race kingdom.

"What then shall we say? Was Jesus a patriot? In the narrow nationalistic and militaristic sense obviously he was not. But what is real patriotism? Is it not to be defined as love of one's countrymen and devotion to the highest ideals of one's nation? If so, Jesus was then the pre-eminent patriot of his day." C.R.B.

THE GENESIS OF CHRISTIAN ART

Reviewed by T. G. Marquis

FOR the production of such a book as Dr. O'Hagan's *The Genesis of Christian Art*, three things were necessary—study, travel, and reverence. From the first page to the last the reader is impressed by the wealth of scholarship of the author. His study of architecture, sculpture and painting has been most minute. All styles of architecture, all schools of painting, are dealt with in a masterly manner. Dr. O'Hagan has treated *in nuce* (the book has fewer than two hundred pages) the whole field of art in a most comprehensive manner.

This task has been achieved not merely through study. The author shows an intimtimate acquaintance not only with art but with the matured judgments of world renowned art critics, such as John Ruskin. He owes much to study, but he has supplemented his study with travel. He has been abroad "with staff and scrip" and has personally examined the noble cathedrals and the greatest paintings of the world. This enables him to write as one having knowledge and not as an ordinary scribe.

The task he set himself was one of more than ordinary difficulty—to develop in the student or lover of art a consciousness of the great and important part which Religion has at all times played, from the very foundation of Christianity, in the progress and development of Architecture, Sculpture and Painting."

Before taking up his main theme, he has treated in an illuminating manner the art of the ancient world, touching lightly on the creations of Egypt, Chaldea and Babylon, and dealing more fully with those of Greece—"the seed-bed and cradle of art." This was necessary as a background, for, in two branches of art—architecture and sculpture—"Greek genius has influenced most the art of the world"; indeed, the architectural development of Europe cannot be understood without a knowledge of Greek architecture, for, as the author finely remarks, "the perfect art of Greece is the fountain-head" that gave rise to the great and varied cathedrals of Europe.

But the book deals mainly with Christian art. This mighty theme is powerfully developed. The strength of the author is gained mainly through reverence. He stands as a worshipper before the crude drawings of the catacombs and the immortal achievements of Michelangelo and Raphael. It was a far cry from the third century to the sixteenth, but during that period there was steady development in Christian art. This growth is admirably traced, from the symbolical pictures of the Christian refugees in the catacombs to the masterly achievements of Raphael, who "carried Christian art to its highest perfection."

Dr. O'Hagan is at his best when dealing with Gothic architecture. A great cathedral is an epic in stone. In dealing with this high theme, the author's language takes on an epic dignity and grandeur. Passages of his prose have a Milton majesty befitting his high theme. A Gothic cathedral is to him "the concrete expression of a Christian soul yearning for the infinite. . . . The spirit of contemplation abides in its aisles, and the beatific vision of God upon its altar."

The book abounds in fine examples of art appreciation. Of Grotto it is said: "He always seizes what is of human interest, and then, with strong emotion, depicts it. He is as dramatic as Michelangelo is epical, or as Correggio is lyrical, or Perugino elegiac"; of Fra Angelico: "In all his work there is a mystic piety, a holiness, a spiritual beauty"; of Michelangelo: "He delineated man, but not the man of history, of a particular time or place, but ideal, eternal man, with powerful limbs and immortal thought."

Dr. O'Hagan's book has a twofold value. It serves as an introduction not only to Christian art but to the art of the world in general. No book could be of greater use to the visitor to Europe; every Canadian traveller should take it with him as a *vade mecum*. It would aid him in getting an intelligent view of the great cathedrals of all lands, and as a directory to the art galleries it is without a superior. No collection of paintings has been omitted. With this book in hand the traveller would never be at a loss to locate the works of the masters.

THE GENESIS OF CHRISTIAN ART. *By Thomas O'Hagan*, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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HISTORICAL METHOD IN BIBLE STUDY. *By Albert Edwin Avey.* Scribner's.

A knowledge and appreciation of a historical background of the Old and New Testaments is helpful—if not essential—to the best understanding of the Bible and to its widest and most helpful use.

Many chapters of the Bible, now a desert to many, would turn themselves into veritable gardens if the historical background were reasonably known.

Professor Avey's recent volume is one of the "Life and Religion Series" edited by Frank K. Sanders and Henry H. Shermon. The volumes in this series are issued with the object of making available to those interested in the study of the Bible the historical approach in Bible study.

The author is a scientific historian and has arranged his materials well. After dealing with the problem and method of historical criticism he devotes four chapters to the application of this principle to the Old Testament and four chapters to the New Testament. He concludes with a chapter on the place of the Bible in religious experience. An excellent bibliography is included in the appendix.

C. RITCHIE BELL.

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THE OLDEST GOD. *By Stephen McKenna.* Toronto: Nelson. $2.00.

Here is the novelization of the controversy of Christianity vs. paganism—Christ or Pan? The book is a triumph in weird suggestion and sustained excitement in the graphic account of what followed the presentation of the rival claims in the question at issue when it came up at a Christmas house-party. The company passes a vote of "no confidence" in civilization, progress and revealed religion. All save four of the party take that side. They are for Pan, the deity of wild nature and unrestrained instincts.

Perhaps we would be surprised if we knew how many people today are ranged on that side, among them certain poets and "intellectuals" who seem to fancy that they have attained a knowledge which other mere mortals (lacking the exaggerated ego) have not been wise enough to grasp. Whereas the truth is that the egotists lack the divine spark of humanity that keeps the ego submerged in the men and women who really count in the long run.

McKenna draws liberally upon his imagination in the manner in which he weaves all this into his novel and it is with consummate art that he gives it the garment of seeming reality, attended by sustained excitement that holds the reader's tense interest from start to finish.—J.M.

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THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS. *By Homer Croy.* Toronto: Musson Book Co. $2.00.

Pike Peters and his wife were second generation Oklahomans. In their make-up is retained the rugged strength and simplicity of the frontier—real human beings. Sparks do not fly from their clever words every time they speak and, like their fathers and mothers before them, they seem to be proof against inhibitions and complexes which in itself should commend this book to the average reader. Pike was a self-made man. In the opening chapters we see him as one of the important citizens of Clearwater. He's an all-round real fellow—a booster, the local Ford distributor, owns property and makes $6,000 a year. After that oil was struck on Pike's property and his income rises to $1,000 a day! Then it was that Mrs. Pike decided that the whole family just had to see Paris.

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MASTERSON. *By Gilbert Frankau.* Toronto: Musson Book Co. $2.00.

John Masterson knew his father had been wealthy but he was dumbfounded when he found himself heir to more than five million pounds sterling! The significance of it oppressed him. He seriously considered evading the responsibility, but decided that the honorable course was to accept the terms of the will, notwithstanding that his preference was to continue the life he loved—his peacefully obscure career in Abyssinia. Truly imbued, however, with the conscientiousness of the type of Englishman back of that country's integrity, he decides to face the issue and subsequently politics and reform engage his serious attention. But the sophisticated social world also claims a great part of his time, and the England of great country houses, night clubs, yachting, racing and kindred pursuits come within the purview. Two radically different types of women assume large places in his life—one passionate, voluptuous, jealous—the other gentle and steadfast.

The book is a triumph for an author who has already achieved a high place among modern novelists. It has the essentials of a really satisfying novel.—J.M.

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MIRANDA MASTERS. *By John Cournos.* New York: Knopf.

The novels of John Cournos are usually both interesting and provocative. A year or so ago he had published his *The New Candide* which, although written in a semi-humorous vein, had many of the qualities that mark him as an author of importance. His latest novel, *Miranda Masters,* is on the whole the direct antithesis of *The New Candide,* but the same qualities of irony and clever characterization are there and will give enjoyment to those who can resist the doctrines it contains and which some critics have labelled subversive.

The opening chapter propels us into the midst of a Zeppelin raid on London and its effect upon the population. It is a little ironical that some of the characters who are rebelling against the modern mechanistic age should be brought so abruptly against one of the most deadly products of this age.

Miranda Masters is intellectually a reincarnation of the Greek hetaira, but is intimidated by the concessions involved by marriage. An authentic poet, following the cool, clear light of classicism, she conceives an extraordinary plan to allow her to retain her position intellectually. Foredoomed, it brings her much humiliation.

Another character upon whom the author lays special stress is Gombarov, a Russian resident in England who loves his adopted country with the abandonment peculiar to his temperament. He is cast for the role of friend during the difficulties that follow Miranda's decision, but after standing by staunchily, he is betrayed by those whom he has benefitted.

This is the mere skeleton of the book, but it is covered with much that, though at times extraneous to the plot, is extremely interesting. Incidentally, we are given a glimpse into the peculiar springs that moved that war product, the Conscientious Objector—most of their reasons were, as we suspected, very human.

There are, of course, questionable incidents in the book, where a little restraint would have been preferable, but Mr. Cournos is not one of those who balk at the hedge and choose to go round by the gate, in which he errs with the many.

Whether readers will agree with the sentiment as put forth by some of the characters is a moot point, but that will not detract from the enjoyment of the book, for to the realism there is added a tinge of mysticism that makes for opportunities of contrast.

And although the characters are exaggerated and at times we think we are reading of a circle of neuropaths, Mr. Cournos has taken care that our credulity should not be overstrained. The book is well-written and bears the marks of a man who has not lost his respect for the English language and who has no need of idiosynocrasies to make his presence felt in the world of fiction.

T. D. RIMMER.

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Lord Milner on Writing

By Lilian D. Milner

COMMENTING on Lord Milner's creed, as published in the London *Times*, a Canadian editor said: "It was not for nothing that the late Lord Milner served an apprenticeship in journalism. As assistant to Stead and Morley on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he cultivated a style of expression and a flair for phrasing that not only marked his work as a newspaper writer, but ever afterwards distinguished his pronouncements, whether in the form of a proconsul's despatches, speeches in and out of Parliament, or contributions to literature and the discussion of public questions."

I was a "literary protege" of the late Viscount Milner and during a long period of years he sent me many holograph letters, some of them containing comments on writing, from which I have selected the excerpts that follow:

"I think it all nonsense about people not being able to write because they haven't learned Latin, and French, and all the rest of it. Some of our best writers have never known a word of any language but their own. I don't mean to say that it is not an advantage to be able to read other languages. All good reading makes for good writing. But foreign languages are not essential."

Several years later he sent me a copy of his Presidential Address to the Classical Association, in which he made the following reference to the same subject:

"It is, for instance, strongly contended that our own language and literature, thoroughly taught, would furnish as complete a mental equipment, and indeed one more suitable for an Englishman of today, than Latin or Greek, or both of them combined. And surely we must all know at least some cases—and the annals of English literature record not a few—of men who have attained not only great mental cultivation, but a remarkable power of thought and expression, without knowing a word of any language but their own . . . One reason for this, I cannot help thinking, is that they escape the temptation to indulge in the over-elaboration of thought and the use of long and involved sentences which besets men habituated to composition in languages like Latin and Greek."

"You are quite right in thinking that the best writing is *simple*. It is the greatness of thought which makes great literature —not elaboration of language. Look at Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech—it is one of the masterpieces of English eloquence; yet it is one of the simplest and shortest."

On the subject of rejection slips, he said: "I am not in the least discouraged because you have a certain amount of work rejected. Everybody does! It is very largely a matter of luck who gets read and who does not. I am not speaking of the few very rare people whom we call geniuses. What genius means, I suppose, is something so much out of the common, good or bad, that it is *arresting*, and people have just got to attend. Even good writers may go on for years without getting a public or a market. One fine day some particular story, or article, or even phrase "catches on," and then the fortunate author becomes the "vogue" and everything he writes goes down and is applauded, though it may be no whit better than scores of the things he produced in the days of his obscurity."

"I don't at all undervalue story-writing, or wish you to give it up, but if you can have a second string to your bow in interesting—i.e. *live*—articles on social and

economic subjects it will be valuable. The work which you yourself *feel to be worth doing*—whether it is fiction or anything else—is sure to be better work. Creative work is always the most interesting—on however small a scale—and it is a great thing to be able to make a world of your own through the gift of imagination. Your use of your natural gift for fiction is not in the least incompatible with your doing good work on those social and economic subjects in which you are interested. The one can go along side by side in fact, I can quite imagine that the one will rather help the other.''

''Nothing that is not felt by the writer, whether it be fiction or more prosaic work, is likely to be of much good to the reader. Variety of expression can be improved by study and practice, but character is the indispensable basis.

''I have always regarded fiction as more or less of a gamble. One never knows when a particular story is going to make a hit. Of course for every sort of writing, fiction or more serious stuff, experience of life is of great value. It is not the root of the plant —that must be in the writer's own nature —but it is sun and air to it.''

There follows a piece of advice, which he continually reiterated: ''Only write when you feel in the mood. Don't do it against the grain. I am sure that, in the long run, you will do much better work by following your heart and inspiration than by trying to force things.''

Some time after this Lord Milner wrote me: ''I expect my little book, *Questions of the Hour*, will be out soon and I will send you a copy. It is not a satisfactory piece of work from any point of view, for I have been too busy with other things to develop my ideas as fully as I should have liked, and it is scrappy owing to the many interruptions while I was writing it. It is more like a lot of notes than a book! But there are good things in it, and as the subjects are so largely ''topical,'' I thought it better to let the thing appear at once even in a somewhat incomplete form than to let it get stale on the off chance of being able in the course of years to improve it. Anyway I know you will be interested in it if only for personal reasons. So there it is, for good or evil, and I am glad to be relieved of the burden, for I find writing—the mere physical act of writing—a great grind, yet I have never been able to dictate to my own satisfaction.''

Needless to say, I did not agree with his statement that his book was ''not a satisfactory piece of work.'' To quote again: ''It was not for nothing that the late Lord Milner served an apprenticeship in journalism.''

Inside Stuff . . . .

"Some" Anthology

As mentioned in a recent issue, *Canadian Bookman* is obliged to return shoals of poetical effusions good, bad and indifferent. We could not and would not publish all of them, but sometimes have to return some really good ones because of lack of space in which to accommodate them.

One correspondent hinted at paying for space in order to get poems printed in this journal! Our readers will probably be surprised to learn that there actually is a publication in the U.S. that accepts ''poems'' on such a basis. This, we understand, is in the form of an anthology. What would the reaction be in the mind of the correspondent who in a recent issue of *Canadian Bookman* spoke disparagingly of the general idea of the anthology if such a collection came into his hands?

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Doing Essential Work

From Mr. Justice Martin, Court of Appeal, Victoria, B.C.: ''I take this opportunity of saying that I congratulate you on the change in the size, etc., of your excellent publication, which continues to do its share in the *essential* work of encouraging Canadian nationality. I say ''essential'' because without unity in a great ideal there can be no nationality and no real progress in the development of our native land.''

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An Inspiration

Extract from a letter from a subscriber in Campbellton, N.B., Miss Ethel I. Baird: ''I am thankful for the inspiration afforded by *Canadian Bookman*. Although I have not yet been a subscriber for a year, it is already among the things I most love and appreciate. I was much interested in the article entitled ''A Peter Pan of Literature'' in the April issue.''

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A Boon!

''A boon!''—''Could not possibly get along without it.'' These are terms of appreciation used by Mrs. Alice McMillan Thurston, Calgary, with reference to *Canadian Bookman*, to which she adds approval of the journal's new form.

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"In Tune"

''I would like *Canadian Bookman* in any size, since it is so much in tune with my own life, but I like the new size best of any yet,'' writes Wallace Havelock Robb, of Belleville, Ont.

In the Realm of Art

Conducted by BESS HOUSSER

THE TORONTO GRANGE IN APRIL

By J. E. H. Macdonald

THE memorial exhibition of the late Robert F. Gagen, R.C.A.; the Canadian Society of Graphic Art; the Canadian Society of Painters in Water Color; the Toronto Camera Club, and Water Color Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, at the Art Gallery of Toronto last month, had more than a trace of Canadian element in it. The show was a basket full of good things. Toronto has probably never had such a display of water colors. Old and new give great opportunities of comparison and certainly the new does not suffer, though Turner's classic position is not endangered. He ennobled the visible world for us. He was a great dramatic dreamer about it. a Shakespeare of the appearances of things. How he founded his breadth of general impression on minute study of the particular fact may be seen in many a microscopic drawing.

The impression of the sea and Turner revived in us as we passed into the Gagen memorial collection. There was a sound of the sea here and one was glad to note the sustained power running through the thirty-three years of effort the pictures represent. It was encouraging for all to see that his last work—bought and presented to the gallery by his fellow-artists—has a strength of movement and brilliancy of color equal to anything he ever did.

The new water color society should feel that it has already become an institution. The older men have surpassed themselves and younger ones have arrived. In comparative relation to the Turner and Gagen exhibitions the show had great interest on account of a reversion to sturdy type in the style of much of the work. One has not the space to particularize individuals with justice, but the powerful pictures of Frank Carmichael for instance, outlined with crayon and filled in with bold color, recalled the early English work but on a bigger, modern, Canadian scale and notable in design. More akin to the classical toned and developed period of English work is that of F. H. Brigden, but here again the new Canadian note is strong, big motives, big design, big handling.

Will the Royal Academy please note the founding of the C.S.P.W.C. Canadian art collectors should journey to this Red Lake of art before the likely claims are all taken up.

The graphic arts exhibition was good, but unavoidably miscellaneous—etchings, design, illustration, block-prints, drawings. A new feature for Toronto is the awarding of money-prizes and medals. But this is not satisfactory at present as the limits of the classification force into competition with each other, works which cannot possibly be judged together. One is glad, however, to see the gold medal for the best showing of work by an exhibitor awarded to the veteran illustrator, Arthur Heming, for a group of the illustrations of his own book, *The Drama of the Forests.*

But one cannot go on with deserving praise to the color-prints of W. J. Phillips, or the etchings of Dorothy Stevens, etc, and the Camera Club has to be left "in camera."

A gentleman of Dundas street having his Saturday off said to me with art gallery sociability, "Wonderful detail, dose Turners and he was a good artist dot Gayken." I wish I could have had his opinion on the rest.

This year the work has been better organized than ever before. Five of us, the other four, all of them art students, have worked regularly, taking round the children in groups of about twelve or fifteen at a time, and dealing with two hundred or more children each Saturday. We have found it by far the best plan not to show them too much any one morning and then they come back again, eager for more. While some go to the modern pictures, others see the old masters and others still look at the drawings and prints, or are taken round the sculpture court; a scheme which has the added advantage of spreading the children through the building so that they do not interfere with the ordinary visitors.

There has been another innovation this winter, special classes for the boys and girls who come regularly. When you have the same children each week for a month or more you begin to know them, and they you, and very often you find your friendship cemented over a common delight in some primitive Italian saint, a Bayre lion or a Daumier caricature. The art students talk to the children freely about composition, colour, the beauty of line and form, passing on to them much of their own enthusiasm. For instance, one of them was explaining something about the need for balance and harmony in a picture and led up to her point by way of a see-saw. The children could see that, as you want balance

on a see-saw so that you may go up and down, so you want balance in a picture, so that one part does not fall away from another part, but your eye travels up and down through the picture from one object to another. She showed them, too, how we like agreement between the shapes, values and colours so that everything in a picture seems to belong there and there is a feeling of oneness.

Many masterpieces are produced at home during the week and brought for inspection on Saturday morning. They vary all the way from dreadful little Kewpies on a scrap of dirty paper to careful sketches which show real promise; one pioneer has even made a line cut.

The whole scheme is still very much in its infancy, and may, and it is to be hoped will, broaden out in a variety of ways. But the very fact that the children are looking at the pictures intelligently week after week and enjoying what they see, must in itself bear good fruit. To learn to know and to like the work of Rubens, Veronese, Tintoretto, Goya and Gainsborough—to give only a few of the greatest names—must set a new and high standard for the children. The influence of art is hidden but far-reaching. As one of our enthusiasts, aged 12, said, impressed with the immensity of the subject: "Gee! but the deeper you go, the more there is to it."

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OTTAWA SCHOOL CHILDREN AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

By F. Maud Brown

TURN a group of children loose in a picture gallery and the chances are they will go close enough to the pictures to touch them and then walk quickly round the room, never pausing once. Their natural instinct is to swallow the pictures whole, very much as though they were cormorants bolting herrings at the zoo.

I used to watch the Ottawa school children do that at the National Gallery on Saturday mornings, until I could bear it no longer and started a campaign for the more moderate consumption and better digestion of pictures. That is not just how we put it to the children; we—that is to say, myself and any volunteers who could be induced to come and help—simply began to talk to the children, to ask them questions about whichever picture they happened to be near. If it was Crome's Porlington Oak, had they noticed the reflection of the shepherd's red breeches in the water? Or, if it was Spencer Watson's "Mary and Guido" did they think the greyhound looked as though he could run? Just about one question to any boy or girl would be enough to bring the rest of the children in the room flocking around to hear what was going on, and, before you knew it the baedeker-tourist rush was stayed. The work had begun.

One question followed another, and you did not have to ask them all; the children contributed their fair share. And, as the weeks went by those who had been there before took great pride in pointing out to the new comers what they had already learned, adding enormously to the spice and variety of the entertainment, for, as every teacher knows, any scrap of information contributed by one of the class is received with a respect and interest not often accorded to the sophisticated wisdom of grown-ups.

Children are bored by gratuitous explanations, that is why we have always tried to help them to see what is in the pictures for themselves, simply by asking questions. For instance, in front of Arnesby Brown's big landscape, "In Suffolk," it is sometimes amusing to imagine a walk through the picture, crossing fields, going through woods and coming out on distant hills. So the children get their first glimpse of that amazing miracle which enables the artist, from a few square feet of canvas, to build up a solid countryside.

In looking at any landscape it is a safe opening to enquire about the weather. Children know that the same bit of country looks very different on different kind of days and even at different hours of the same day, and they can see that it is not fair to judge a picture until you know what kind of an effect the artist is trying to produce. One day, without telling the children the name of Arthur Lismer's "September Gale," I asked them what kind of weather it was in the picture, and the answer came in a chorus, "It's windy, It's stormy." The next question was "Where do you see the wind?" and again everybody called, "It's blowing the waves, it's blowing the leaves," and one boy added, "It's blowing the clouds across the sky." They went on talking, they noticed the bent pine trees on a distant island, the splash of the waves as they broke on a rock, they had caught the spirit of the thing.

It is interesting that, almost without exception, the children like the modern Canadian pictures. Most of them would agree with the small boy who sat in front of the Tom Thomsons' for a long time and finally said, "These are the easy pictures, these are so easy to understand."

In the old masters' gallery, after the children have looked at the portraits sometimes they decide which man they would like best for an uncle. Some choose Gainsborough's negro because he has such a kind face, some Hogarth's fat man, because he looks so easy-going, and, if the romantic fancy Charles I, the more discerning in-

variably disagree with them; but, the important thing is they are finding out how much character can lie behind the pictured features.

Those are the simpler methods of approach. During the four winters that the work has been carried on it has been growing steadily and has passed through various stages and experiments. We very quickly found out that mass instruction in art is a mistake. It is just as uncomfortable and unsatisfactory for children to go round the galleries in herds as it is for older people; and who has not pitied the unfortunate victims of a "personally conducted tour" at the Louvre or the Uffizzi! Pictures are intimate things to linger over quietly, and this is the way children should be taught to enjoy them.

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PRIZE COMPETITIONS

The poetry Group of the Canadian Authors Association, (Montreal branch), offers six prizes for short, original, unpublished poems, as follows:

No. 1, for members only.—First prize $25, offered by Lady Drummond; 2nd prize, $15, offered by Mrs. John McMartin, for a poem on any subject.

No. 2, open to any poet, over 16.—A prize of $15, offered by Mrs. R. E. McDougall, for the best English lyric poem.

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Conditions

No poem should exceed forty lines in length, shorter poems are preferred. Write on one side of the paper only. Send only one poem in each class. A prize-winner in one class is *hors concours* in the other classes. Write number of competition on first page. Sign with a pen-name. Enclose in sealed envelope a separate sheet or card bearing real name and address, also pen-name, and competition number. On the envelope write pen-name and competition number only.

A poem published in a College Journal or in a newspaper, without remuneration, may be submitted as unpublished.

Address all manuscripts to Mrs. R. E. MacDougall, 315 Peel Street, Montreal, Que., between the dates September 15th and September 30th, 1926, (not earlier.)

The prize poems become the property of the Poetry Group and may be published in the Year Book. The names of the judges will be announced in the autumn.

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AMONG THE EXILES

Why are so many of these Canadian chroniclers living below the 49th parallel? Here we have Hulbert Footner keeping the presses busy with his tales of the Canadian northland, doing his writing in the comparatively torrid zone of Maryland. He is said to have got his start in New York, as a boy, at $5.25 a week! Subsequently, somewhere about the turn of the century, he went far a-field in the Canadian northland, with occasional periods of surcease from harrowing hardships, as, for instance, his months on the staff of the Calgary *Herald*. In that "lean year" 1907, he was back in Gotham grinding out tales of the Canadian wilds for the most meagre of returns until genuine recognition eventually came.

* * *

Then we have the spectacle of the Canadian "poet laureate" living in New Canaan, Conn. Isn't Canada even more of a literary promised land than the State of wooden nutmegs?

* * *

Arthur Stringer? Well,, perhaps there are a few other Canadian authors who might be tempted by the fabulous fortune, *per annum*, which is blamed for his latest trek across the border.

* * *

We hear a lot of talk of Robert Service being a Canadian poet, but if report be true, he would consider it a hardship if he ever had to come back to Canada. Canada seems to think more of him than he thinks of Canada! After all, he spent only a few years of his late boyhood in Canada. Might almost as reasonably claim these car-window descriptive writers passing through the Dominion on one of the transcontinentals, as "Canadian authors." Canada was pretty kind to Service though, and would seem to deserve a warmer place in his heart than is evidenced by his reported attitude.

* * *

More practical recognition is reported as accounting for the return to New York of Onata Watanna, after several years ranching experience in Alberta, followed by a sojourn in Calgary.

N. PARKER.

(To be continued)

* * *

SASKATCHEWAN AUTHORS

W. A. MacLeod was re-elected president of the Canadian Authors Association, Saskatchewan Branch, at the annual meeting held in April. Rev. H. D. Ranns, Craik, was elected vice-president; Miss Irene Moore, secretary-treasurer; E. C. Stewart, archivist; and the following are members of the executive committee: Mrs. E. C. Storer, Moose Jaw; Mrs. W. T. Creighton, A. M. Bothwell and G. A. Palmer, Regina; Miss Vina A. Lackner, Biggar; J. C. Martin, Weyburn; and Rev. R. Graham, Sovereign.

The evening's programme included the reading of a one-act play, *Hail*, written by Mr. Palmer, in the reading of which he was assisted by Miss Elsie Bourne, of the Regina Community Players. The president gave a review of the series of lectures on poetry recently delivered at the University of Saskatchewan by Bliss Carman.

To E. A. Partridge, Sintaluta, the club sent congratulations upon the publication of his book, *A War on Poverty*, and the reception accorded it. The other members complimented Mr. Bothwell on the appearance since its last business meeting of his volume, *Master Poems*, a text-book for senior students. *The Nature of Literature*, a recently published booklet, by Colin D. Campbell, was discussed also, and the author was felicitated upon his contribution to a subject that has engrossed the attention of many writers.

* * *

PEKIN TO LLASA. *By George Pereira.* London: Constable. 18s.

This is the narrative of journeyings in the Chinese Empire made by the late Brigadier-General George Pereria, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., compiled in book form by Sir Francis Younghusband from notes and diaries supplied by Major-General Sir Cecil Pereira, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

As stated in the preface: "General Pereira, nearly up to the last day of his life, kept a diary of his travels, and literally up to the last day of his life made observations for his map. He was exceptionally methodical in his observations, and no illness or discomfort was ever allowed to stand in the way of making his record. With so much detail available it has been possible to describe with great accuracy the route followed on his journeys."

* * *

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Here's an entirely new tribute to *Canadian Bookman!* A subscriber, after a call at 125 Simcoe St., waxed so enthusiastic about "that quaint little office" that she advocated a reproduction of a picture of it either on the cover of *Canadian Bookman* or inside the journal. "It has character," she added. Let's hope that an artist may stray in our direction some time, becoming similarly inspired.

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The Writer's Corner

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LITTLE TALKS ON POETRY

6—Tone-Color in Poetry

All the musical effects in poetry are reducible to the one common basis—sound. These sound-effects may be divided into two groups. In music there is melody, i.e., the regular succession of accented notes, with slow, quick, or moderate movement; in poetry there is rhythm with more or less differentiated motion. In music different qualities of tone are produced by different voices or different instruments: in poetry the recurrence of like sounds produces a variety of minor sound-effects. The rhythm of a stanza corresponds to the tune of a musical composition, and while the minor sound-effects are not by any means identical with the *timbre* of music, there is an analogy between the two which is recognized by the use of the term "tone-color" in poetry.

A brief survey of phonetics will be useful here. Let it be remembered that words are made up of certain sound-elements. In a purely phonic alphabet of the English language there would be forty or more individual letters, one for each elementary sound. With only twenty-six letters to represent these forty sounds certain arbitrary combinations have been found necessary. The letters used to represent these sounds are divided into two groups, vowels and consonants. For our purpose it is important to note that the vowel sounds are produced almost entirely by the action of the vocal chords and thus admit of a greater variation of effects than is possible with the consonants. The vowels are open sounds; the consonant sounds are formed with the aid of the tongue, the lips, teeth, etc. They differ among themselves in ease of utterance. They are frequently classed as follows:

Liquids: l, m, n, r.
Aspirates: h, y, g (soft).
Sibilants: s or c (soft).
Labials: p, b, ph, f or v.
Palatals: k (or c, hard), g (hard), ch (guttural).
Linguals: t, d.

The liquid sounds give the smoothest effects, the sibilants quicken the movement, guttural sounds produce harsh effects. Notice in:

A land where all things always seemed the same,
And round about the keel with faces pale
The mild-eyed, melancholy Lotos Eaters came.
—Tennyson: "The Lotos Eaters."

the prevalance of the sounds l, m, n, r, and the consequent smooth and monotonous effect

The commonest variety of tone-color is rhyme. This is the repetition of like sounds at the end of different lines of a poem. It may be purely a vowel-likeness as in single rhyme ending with a vowel sound.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
—Tennyson: "The Lady of Shalott."

or it may be both consonantal and vowel resemblance:

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What field or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
—Shelley: "To a Skylark."

A rhyme must always contain a consonantal contrast as above, f and m in fountains and mountains.

There is always a close relation between the rhyme and thought of a poem. When the poet attempts to convey to us his own emotions, he plays upon the inner chords of our natures and tunes us to the mood of his own thoughts. (Thus lyric poetry is almost always rhymed. But the poet may aim chiefly at telling a story. He may do this by direct narrative, or he may create his characters and let them enact the plot. The emotional effect is produced not so much by what is said as by what is suggested. Hence in epic and dramatic poetry rhyme is generally absent.

Alliteration is the repetition of like consonantal sounds in words occurring at different points in a line of poetry. These sounds may be either initial or internal. Initial alliteration is the head-rhyme of early Anglo-Saxon poetry. The usual type had two alliterations in the first half of the line and one in the second. Some lines from Beowulf, the early Saxon epic, by careful translation show this:

1. **Grendel going, God's anger bare.**
2. **The floater foamy-necked to a fowl most like.**
3. **Noisome night and northern wind.**

Initial alliteration is present in almost all English verse. The alliterated syllables are usually accented. The vowel sounds following the consonants almost always different, so that the contrasted vowel-effect heightens the consonantal similarity. Examine these lines:

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.
—Swinburne.
The bare black cliff clanged round him.
—Tennyson.

Internal alliteration is not quite so not-

iceable as head-rhyme, but it is freely used. It bears a closer relation to rhyme. Examples are:

Stinging, ringing, spindrift, nor the fulmar flying free.—Kipling.

Here the syllable *ing* is repeated.

Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.
—Wordsworth.

The alliterations are: *mur, mur,* and *ara, ara.*

A careful study of examples and reference to the table of consonantal sounds will show that if the alliterated sounds come from the same group the effect will be smooth and melodious, but if they are taken from sharply contrasted groups the impression of harshness will result.

Assonance is the repetition of like vowel sounds throughout the lines of a stanza. In some cases it is closely woven with alliteration, in others it resembles rhyme. It is a quality which has received but little attention from writers on versification, but a careful study of poetry will show that this variety of tone-color is much used, although its effects are so unobtrusive as to escape casual observation.

Deep on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapor goes,
May my soul follow soon.
—Tennyson: "St. Agnes Eve."

The deep, soft, organ-like tones of this passage will be found to result from the play upon the various sounds of the letter *o*, because assonance does not imply merely the repetition of identical sounds, but the use of cognate sounds, i.e., those which are nearly alike. The sounds of *o* may be represented as *aw, oh, oo.* These are found in: *on, convent, roof, snows, to, moon, to, vapor, goes, soul, follow soon.*

Examine also:

Hear me, for I will speak and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed.
—Tennyson: "Oenone."

The musical tones are *o* and *e.*

Again, the exquisite vowel-music in:

O Sweet! To-day thou art all my own;
No dank winds blast
Love's outward cast:
O Sweet! To-day thou art all my own.
—J. D. Logan: "Mezzotints of Love."

The play here being on the vowel sounds *o* and *a.*

In assonance we have the closest approach to pitch in music that is possible within the scale of tones of the common conversational voice.

Onomatopoeia, or the correspondence of the sound of a word to its meaning, is not primarily a poetic device: it is the application of one of the fundamental laws of language. Since our ideas are conveyed by concrete sounds which are represented by written symbols, it is but natural that the word should be an attempt to reproduce the sound which is represented. Thus we get: *clang, buzz, bang, etc.*

In poetry this onomatopoetic device is

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carried much farther, and extends often to the whole movement of a line, a stanza, or a complete poem.

> Proputty, proputty, proputty; that's what I hear 'em say.
> —Tennyson: "The Northern Farmer."

This imitates the canter of the horse.

Browning's "Ride from Ghent to Aix" is a gallop throughout; so too, "John Gilpin," by Cowper.

Repetition of whole lines is another device in tone-coloring. Sometimes this occurs regularly at the end of the stanza and is then called a refrain (or burden.) The general effect is to impress strongly the particular mood of the poem, for example, read *Oriana*, *The Sands o' Dee*, *The Bells*, *The Raven*, *The Bugle Song*, if these are available.

The student of poetry who fails to cultivate an appreciation of the niceties of tone-color will miss much of the melody and harmony of verse; the writer of verse who understands not the simple principles which underlie all these delicate musical effects will grope long and blindly for the proper chords.

* * *

Grains of Sand

A great novelist must have great qualities of mind. His mind must be sympathetic, quickly responsive, courageous, honest, humorous, tender, just, merciful. He must be able to conceive the ideal without losing sight of the fact that it is a human world we live in. Above all, his mind must be permeated and controlled by common sense. His mind, in a word, must have all the quality of being noble. Unless his mind is all this, he will never, at the ultimate bar, be reckoned supreme. That which counts, on every page, and all the time, is the very texture of his mind—the glass through which he sees things.—Arnold Bennett.

* * *

"While the popular idea that every creature of the novelist's imagination has a definite original somewhere among his acquaintances is, of course, egregiously false, it has yst this much of truth, that they are, to a large extent, suggestions from life. Not one person, but half a dozen, often sit as models for the same picture, while the details are filled out by the writer's imagination. There are few people in real life sufficiently interesting or uncommonplace to suit the novelist's purpose, but he must idealize or intensify them before they are fit subjects for art.—E. F. Andrews.

* * *

"When the writer does wish to arouse emotion, how can he do it? Not by talking about emotion, not even by feeling it himself; he must show us the objects that excite the emotion. It is concrete individual things that have power upon our feelings. We do not feel because we do not see. We read in the newspaper at our morning coffee that five thousand people perished in an earthquake in Japan yesterday. "How frightful!" we said; but we never turned the corners of our mouth in any real feeling. We did not see the calamity. As we say often, we did not realize it. We have felt more pity for some fictitious person in a novel than for all these five thousand wretches swallowed up alive. It is evidently this power to see and show things in the concrete, as if they were real, that holds the key to our emotions. This power we call *Imagination*. It is the most essential faculty in the equipment of the poet, dramatist, novelist; it is necessary to every man of letters.—C. T. Winchester.

* * *

The Manuscript Market

It is now definitely announced by Messrs. Curtis Brown, Ltd., 116 West 39th Street, New York City, that Canadian authors are eligible to compete in the first-novel prize competition conducted by them for Dodd, Mead & Co., First National Pictures, Inc., and The Pictorial Review Company. The prize is $16,500; contest closes September 1st, 1926. For application forms, etc., write to Curtis Brown as above.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, in conjunction with the *Forum Magazine*, offer a prize of $7,500 for the best American autobiographical novel. Closing date March 1st, 1927. Open to all authors. Contest is under the direction of Curtis Brown Ltd.

The Business Features Syndicate, P.O. Box 1910, Chicago, Ill., is interested in all kinds of material dealing with successful methods as applied by individuals or institutions.

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Selling Sense, 921 Spruce St., Easton, Pa., is in the market for feature articles, serial stories, etc. Intending contributors should send for a sample copy of the magazine.

Adventure, Spring and Macdougal Sts., New York City, will offer an annual prize of $100 for the best poem published by them during the year. It prefers ballads of U.S. or Canada.

Boys' Own Magazine, 116 W. 39th St., New York, wants good short stories, 2,500 to 3,000 words, combining vivid action with a humorous interest where possible.

The Collector

THE Dominion Archives Department has just issued a volume which will be welcomed by all interested in Canadian history and the men who have made it. It bears the title: "Catalogue of Pictures, including paintings, drawings and prints, in the Public Archives of Canada. With an Introduction and notes by James F. Kenny, M.A., F.R.S., chief of Editing and Research Division. Part 1." The volume lists a total of 771 pictures of men who have been directly or indirectly associated with Canada, beginning with Leif Ericson, who, according to Norse traditions, was the first to discover Vinland, or Greenland, and coming down to Pope Innocent XII. It contains fifteen illustrations, the frontispiece being a notably beautiful reproduction in colors of the portrait of Louis XV. of France, from a painting in oils by J. B. Van Low.

* * *

The manuscript of Thomas Hardy's novel "A Pair of Blue Eyes," sold for £1,500 at Hodgson's auction rooms in London on April 16. This is declared to be the highest figure ever received at auction in England for the manuscript of an English author sold during his lifetime.

* * *

One of only two known copies of the first book on shorthand—Timothy Bright's "Characterie: An Arte of shorte, swifte, and secrete writing by character—brought £500 at the sale of the famous Britwell Court Library at Sotheby's in London recently. Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, the famous collector-dealer, was the purchaser. The book was printed in London in 1588.

* * *

Kipling collectors are agog over the announcement of the discovery in India of copies of The Civil and Military Gazette of the period from 1885 to 1890. Many of these papers contain contributions by the then youthful Rudyard which have never been republished. Lively bidding is expected when they are offered at auction in London, as they will be shortly.

* * *

The Anderson Galleries, New York, announce the sale by auction on May 17 and 18 of the magnificent historical collection relating to the American Revolution, formed by Dr. George C. F. Williams, of Hartford, Conn. This collection, covering the genesis and growth of the United States in the earlier vital stages, is described as one of the most important ever offered at public auction. It comprises books, broadsides, pamphlets, autographs, documents, manuscripts, from the French and Indian War (the forerunner of the Revolution) to the War of 1812 (the aftermath), and embraces the intervening crucial periods and outstanding events of the whole historic era.

* * *

What is known as the Melk copy of the Gutenberg Bible, which, published in 1455, was the first book printed from movable type, has been presented to Yale University library by Mrs. Edward S. Hearkness, of New York City, in memory of Mrs. Stephen Hearkness. This Bible was recently sold at auction in New York City to Dr. A. S. Rosenbach for $110,000, the highest price any book has ever brought in the open market. It is understood that Mrs. Hearkness paid $120,000, which is a new record. The addition of this volume puts Yale Library's collection of Bibles in the very first rank among such collections.

* * *

Two quarto albums comprising 140 pencil sketches and drawings of scenery, people and incidents in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario, and colored drawings of various Canadian towns were sold at Puttick and Simpson's in London on April 9. The sketches and drawings were executed mostly by members of Judge Haliburton's family and Lady Falkland when residing at Government House, Halifax. It is understood that they were bought for a Canadian collector.

* * *

Announcement was made recently of the sale of the large and valuable library of the late John Fiske, the historian, to the University of California's Southern branch at Los Angeles. The library comprises between 8,000 and 9,000 volumes, and includes many important books throwing light on the growth of geographical knowledge and upon the lives of the great navigators gathered by Mr. Fiske when he was writing his work on "The Discovery of America." Notable among these are Ulloa's translation of the "Historie del S. D. Fernando Colomba," Venice, 1571, the rare first edition; Canovai's "Viaggi di Amerigo Vespucci; and Hennepin's "Nouvelle decouverted 'un tres grand Pays Situe dans L'Amerique," Utrecht, 1697.

THE COLLECTOR.

ORIGIN OF JAZZ

In *The Truth About Jazz*, Paul Whiteman traces the origin of jazz music to East Africa in the 17th century, being brought to America with the slaves. The book tells of its growth from a small colored band playing on the streets of New Orleans in 1915 to the present time, when in the U.S. alone there are 300,000 members of jazz dance orchestras. Whiteman contends that in jazz America has the beginning of its own national movement in music.

* * *

Children, the Magazine for Parents, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, is in the market for special articles, on health, psychology, education, etc., written by experts or as interviews with some one in authority. 1000 to 5000 words. Also feature articles, short stories, serials, verse, fillers, illustrations, photographs. Pays one cent a word on acceptance. This looks like a good opening for writers on child work and in the juvenile field generally.

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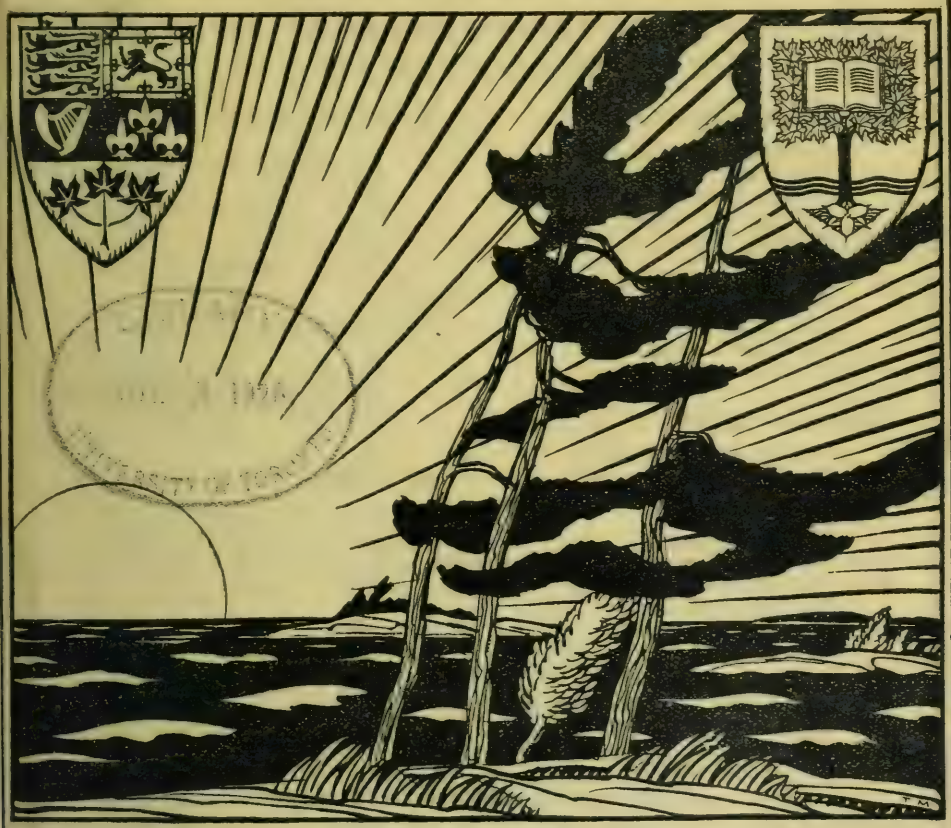

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A Monthly Devoted to Literature and the Creative Arts

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Who's Who in Canadian Literature

NORMAN DUNCAN

By E. J. Hathaway

WHEN Norman Duncan died on the golf links at Fredonia, New York, in 1916, Canada lost one of its most gifted literary craftsmen. He was then but forty-five but already he had attained high rank in the literary world.

He was born in the inland village of Norwich, Ontario, on July 2nd, 1871. Brantford, Ont., was the family home, and as a small child he was taken back there. The family lived in Fergus for a short time and when Norman was about thirteen removed to Mitchell, Ontario, where he attended the public and high schools. During his high school days he was a member of a small literary and debating club, to which he owed much. This club he originated himself and his father finished off the attic of his own home for the use of the members. About this time he had his first taste of journalism as Mitchell correspondent to the Stratford *Beacon*. A year later he decided to earn his own living and on the strength of his experience as correspondent, he secured a position on the Windsor *Daily Record*. Homesickness, however, drove him home after three months and he decided never again to enter newspaper life.

He went to Toronto University in 1891, following closely his brother, the late Dr. Robert Kennedy Duncan, who was two years his senior. He entered residence in his second year and selected a scientific course, largely, probably, because of his brother's success in taking first class honors in physics and chemistry. This course, however, proved altogether distasteful, and in 1895 he left the University without graduating. But these years were not altogether wasted. At the first class elections of the year '95 he was elected to the Board of Directors of *Varsity*, the university newspaper, defeating Arthur Stringer for the position; and associated with him were Lieut. Col. John A. Cooper as editor, and Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King as president of the year.

A directorship, however, did not call for literary service, but it so happened that an insurrection took place at that time in the University centering around that year, following an arbitrary and unpopular action of the President of the University, and the class went on strike. Duncan joined the insurgents and refrained from attending certain lectures during the entire year. He also wrote a series of letters to the Toronto *Globe* in defence of the students' position, under the name of "A Gentleman of the First Year."

Finally he threw up his course and, following his brother who was instructor of physics and chemistry in Auburn, New York, he secured a position on the staff of the *Auburn Bulletin,* where he remained two years. On his brother's appointment to the Dr. Julius Sack's Collegiate Institute in New York city, he became a reporter on the New York *Evening Post.* During this time he lived in New York with his mother. In 1900 he gave up newspaper work, devoting himself to literary work.

During his first year as a reporter in New York he discovered the Syrian quarter and for a year or more spent every spare moment there. He found a little Oriental Cafe kept by an old Syrian, with whom he developed an unusual intimacy, and over a green baize table he spent many an evening with his friend in the study of Syrian poetry and music.

For a long time he could make little of the weird sounds of the Syrian music, but when he saw how deeply the emotions of the people were stirred he felt that there must be something beneath, to which he had not penetrated. His friend helped him with the translation and in the interpretation of the music, and as it was played he abandoned himself to the strange airs until he, too, was able to catch the melody and the feeling.

He now, for the first time, seriously attempted to write stories. He now had something to write about. He was getting below the surface and seeing life in its elemental form. These Syrian people had been transplanted from their sunny native land and deposited in one of the squalid sections of a great Western city, but they were still Syrian in heart and in sympathy and in their customs and traditions.

His first Syrian story was returned by several editors to whom he had submitted it. He determined to make it as perfect as possible in craftsmanship. He re-wrote it again and again, spending many months on it, and so carefully did he master his art, that never again had he a story rejected by a magazine editor. Finally, he submitted it to *McClure's Magazine.* Miss Ida Tarbell, then editor of *McClure's,* saw at once its value, but, realizing that it was not a McClure story, suggested that he send it to the *Atlantic,* where it was accepted immediately. His first book, *The Soul of the Street,* a collection of short stories which had appeared in magazines, was published in 1900.

The violent contrast between the Oriental little Syria and the bleak and rugged shores of Newfoundland affected him profoundly. But he had long wanted to write stories of the sea-faring folk. He felt within him —he, an inland man who had never seen the sea until manhood—that he could do it. He had visited the fishing settlements along the Atlantic coast, but there were too many visitors there and too much sophistication, and it seemed impossible to get below the surface and reach the hearts of the people. Finally it occurred to him that Newfoundland offered the opportunities he was seeking, and after talking the matter over with the editor of *McClure's,* he sailed for St. John's in the early summer of 1899.

Here in this remote island colony he found exactly what he wanted. He was moved by the eternal conflict between human beings, guided and controlled by the unconquerable soul, and the ruthless forces of nature. He saw life here as a great epic theme, one worthy of the highest gifts of literary creation. As in the Syrian quarter, he entered sympathetically into the lives of the people, and making Exploits, a little community on

the northeast coast, his headquarters, he lived with them, sailed with them, and in every way tried to understand the nucleus of *The Way of the Sea*, them thoroughly. The result of his first summer was four short stories, which was issued in 1903.

There seems to have been a remarkable sympathy between the various members of the Duncan family. In 1902 Robert was appointed Professor of Chemistry at Washington and Jefferson University at Washington, Pa. Norman and his mother and younger brother, Dr. Ernest H. Duncan, all went there from New York in order that they might still be together. Later Robert was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the University of Kansas. Norman also went as Professor of English Literature. Their mother died in 1904 and although Norman spent much of his time with Robert, who had a home of his own, his home for the most part was, until his death, with his brother Ernest.

Duncan's first and most important novel, *Dr. Luke of the Labrador*, the story of a physician's life, was published in 1904, after four summers in Newfoundland and Labrador, and it was followed by a long succession of novels, books of short stories, volumes of travel and books for boys, most of them with a sea-coast setting in Newfoundland or Labrador, which continued until 1918. Two were issued after his death.

In 1905 he made a trip to Florida to see if a change of location might give him a wider range of vision, but this turned out to be quite barren. Two years later he was sent by *Harper's Magazine* to Palestine, Arabia and Egypt, in company with Lawren S. Harris, a gifted young Toronto artist. This resulted in *Going Down to Jerusalem*, which appeared first in the magazine and later in book form. In 1912 and 1913 he went for the same magazine to Australia, New Guinea and Dutch East Indies and the Malay States; but in spite of the novelty and variety of the scenes and their undoubted appeal to one of his artistic temperament, he found nothing that touched him so keenly as the virile strength and ruggedness of his friends in Newfoundland and Labrador.

But although Duncan produced in all some twenty volumes during his short writing career, and touched life at many angles, it is probable that it is as a writer of boys' books that he will be best remembered in the days to come. Indeed, every book of his is a boy's book, for almost every one contains a splendid boy character. He himself was passionately interested in boys and he seems to have understood them as few authors have done.

Through three volumes he carries the lovable Billy Topsail, as he develops those finer qualities of his boy-life through stirring adventures into a life of service and sacrifice. There are also Davy Roth in *Dr. Luke* and Little Dannie in *The Cruise of the Shining Light*, and many others.

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell of the Labrador Mission, whose guest Norman Duncan was on many occasions, and whose life has been devoted to the brave people of that cold and rugged country, thus pays tribute to the splendid qualities of his friend: "In the external circumstances of his life and in his literary art and preference he was singularly like his elder brother in romance, Robert Louis Stevenson. Both were slight in physique, both manly and vigorous in character and mission in life. Both were wanderers over the face of the globe. Both loved the sea passionately and were at their best in telling the adventures of those who spend their lives on the great waters. Both finally died at the height of power, literally with pen in hand, for both left recent and unfinished work. And the epitaph of either might well be the noble words

ered between stately walls of cedar, of Stevenson from his brave essay on the greatness of the stout heart bound with triple brass: 'Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing clouds of glory, this happy-starred full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land!' ''

Norman Duncan died at the very height of his literary career on October 18, 1916, and was buried at Brantford, Ontario.

BIOGRAPHY OF FIRST EDITIONS.

The Soul of the Street. New York: McClure, Phillips. 1900.

The Way of the Sea. New York: McClure, Phillips. 1903.

Doctor Luke of the Labrador. New York (etc.): Revell. 1904.

Dr. Grenfell's Parish. New York (etc.): Revell. 1905.

The Mother. New York (etc.): Revell. 1905.

The Adventures of Billy Topsail. New York (etc.): Revell. 1906.

The Cruise of the Shining Light. New York and London: Harper. 1907.

Every Man for Himself. New York and London: Harper. 1908.

Going Down from Jerusalem. New York and London: Harper. 1909.

The Suitable Child. New York (etc.): Revell. 1909.

Billy Topsail and Company. New York (etc.): 1910.

Higgins: A Man's Christian. New York and London: Harper. 1910.

The Measure of a Man. New York (etc.): Revell. 1911.

The Best of a Bad Job. New York (etc.): Revell. 1912.

Finding His Soul. New York and London: Harper. 1913.

The Bird-Store Man. New York (etc.): Revell. 1914.

Australian Byways. New York and London: Harper. 1915.

Billy Topsail and Company. New York Revell. 1916.

Battles Royal Down North. New York (etc.): Revell. 1918.

Harbor Tales Down North. New York (etc.): Revell. 1918.

Julia W. Henshaw, F. R. G. S.

By May Perceval Judge.

IN recognition of her two well-known books of reference, *Mountain Wild Flowers of Canada* and *Wild Flowers of British Columbia,* Julia W. Henshaw was the first woman in Canada to be elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. She has won fame in England, France, Canada, and the United States by her delightful, illustrated lectures on the Canadian Rockies, the "Romance and Reality of Vancouver Island," and the "Flora of British Columbia."

When war broke out in 1914 she raised large sums of money, both at home and abroad, for the Canadian and French Red Cross, by her eloquent addresses on the suffering then prevalent in Europe. Space here is too limited to tell of courageous work accomplished in the terribly devastated wastes of Northern France at the time of the German advance, when Mrs. Henshaw was made organizer of the civilian relief of the British Committee of the French Red Cross. She was twice decorated by the French Government and the French army, and was mentioned in despatches by the commander-in-chief.

Visitors invited to her home "The Hut," Caulfield, B.C., have memories of a very charming and gracious hostess. There is a lure and an enchantment about "The Hut," with its unusual collection of curios from home and abroad, and also in the unique beauty of Mrs. Henshaw's garden.

Guests, whose names are world-famous, have lingered there, for her many friends come and go from all parts of the universe.

Through sudden twists of the curving trails, lovely, unexpected vistas are glimpsed of the vivid glow of rose-clad arches. Glorious, massed contrasts in color of plant and shrub, flourish in sunlight and shade, shelt-

fir, and dogwood. Far away, seaward, stretch dim outlines of Vancouver Island. Nearer at hand a green silhouette of Stanley Park, and the long arm of Point Grey. At night, mirrored lights of the city glitter and quiver across the broad waters of Burrard Inlet. And at times, to complete one of the garden's pictures, a friendly moon, in her dome of blue, spreads a pathway of gold toward the darkened shore.

A garden of dreams by the sea, hewn from primeval forest and rocky plateaux, where perfume of blossom mingles with incense of the woods. Down in the natural, sunken garden rare alpine plants are thriving in little, rock-bound pockets of earth, mothered in the lap of mossy, grey-green boulders.

"All little friends to her," are these flowers, for is not the Caulfield garden an outward and joyous expression of the artist within? Through friendships come her happiness. To those who know Mrs. Henshaw best, the most characteristic charm of her interesting personality is the unfailing thoughtfulness, her kindly consideration for her friends.

Departure

By Jessie Playfair Lees

WHEN you are gone
The hours will seem more grey.
Weary the task
And drab, with you away.
Days will unfold and deepen and grow chill—
No more your steps will brush
The grasses on the hill.

When you are gone
The lonely year will wane.
Spring-time will stir,
Will live and fade again.
There will be grief—a freighted sigh, a tear—
There will be music
Which you cannot hear.

When you are gone
Another star will set.
The rose will bloom,
Will wither and forget.
Alien the hands, the laughter and the play—
All will be new and strange,
For you will be away.

Some Memories---Literary and Dramatic

By Thomas O'Hagan.

IN this, my sixth and last paper of the series under the above heading, I purpose touching more closely upon the life of Canadian literature and its contributing forces, social, intellectual and spiritual. He knows little of the genesis of art and literature who does not recognize and realize how great a part intellectual and spiritual forces play in the shaping of an art or literary epoch. These forces, it is true, do not create genius, for genius is above all this; but they, as it were, fan the flames upon the altar, and give fashioning power to the divine dreams of the soul.

First, then, we must have the national flame of patriotism, strong, ardent, constant. This is not speculative. The history of all art and literature attests it. This exalted patriotism, in every age, has been the beginning of all great art and literature. Did the Minnesingers know of it? Did the Troubadours know of it? Did Chaucer, when he gave articulation to the pilgrims of Canterbury, in the best narrative poem that the world has known, feel this divine infection of spiritual and ardent patriotism entering his soul? Without a question the great mind of Shakespeare gathered up the plenitude of its power, in the "spacious days" of Elizabeth. Rude, crude, vulgar, and brutal as was the age of Elizabeth, it was heir to a great spiritual potentiality—a last will and testament of departed centuries, that, from the days of Richard Coeur de Lion to the hurried and throbbing hours when the men of Devon went out to meet the Spanish Armada, never lost their hues of ancient and heroic glory, nor the record of prowess on every field. Add to this the spiritual inheritance of Morality and Miracle Plays, reaching out for an objective presentation of life, and you will understand the advent of Shakespeare, about the middle of the sixteenth century.

Let us as Canadians not deceive ourselves. We have as yet no national life in Canada. We are ten million people, without a national flag, without a national song, without a Supreme Court of final appeal—yea, without a Canadian citizenship.

Now, pray mistake me not. I am not advocating the cutting of the cable which binds us to the Mother Country. Far from it. But submerging the dearest and holiest interests of our native land to throw up a screen of Imperialism is scarcely the way to build a Canadian Nation. Idealism does not spring forth from the earth, even though we do possess it and the fulness thereof. We Canadians will become paupers in intellect and soul, if we continue to measure life and its successes by the territorial outposts of conquest, by the bridging of the ocean, by the dominance of the aeroplane, and the friendly co-operation of the radio. All these will not add a cubit to our spiritual stature.

Moving through our Canadian life must be the great spiritual forces that have their root in the idealism of the soul. We must catch this divine infection or we are lost. Without this we shall have no Canadian art, no Canadian literature. In vain shall we celebrate Vimy Ridge and Ypres, in recurring years, if we do not turn our eyes inward, and realize indeed, the true significance of Canadian national life.

Whose will be the potent voice to summon us onward? Who will strike the penetrating and uplifting note? Our singers are but of the dawn. Let us have the full tide of noonday splen-

dor as the sun of national glory wheels its way to the south. Could any land be more replete with the promise of art and literature than our great Northland, pulsing with life and adventure, and the dower and majesty of nature and the rapture of the disenthralled soul? What have we heretofore accomplished? Have we not been as children on the sand building our literary and art toy houses? Not a literary or art mansion has taken form. The best of our poets are but mediocre though, in truth, they measure up to the singers of other lands. We must ourselves create the background—prepare the soil for a great Canadian art and literature.

Commendable as has been the best work of our Canadian poets, when measured by the poetic norm of our day, it all falls short of genius, and reveals, at best, only a certain culture and talent. Where in Canadian fiction, too, will you find Canadian life in all its spiritual significance portrayed? Three hundred years hence could you build up Canadian life and the social, intellectual and spiritual background of the first quarter of the twentieth century from the novels of our day? It is not life—no, not even a good transcript. Alas! that we vainly think we can take thought and by mere literary camouflage, puffery and praise, build up a Canadian art and literature. And we take ourselves so seriously that we think, at times, that we are of the goodly company of Shakespeare and Thackeray and Milton. This is because we have no ideals and no sense of values. If we were producing a great Canadian art and literature we would be entirely unconscious of it; for genius never works consciously. But we set the table with all the plates and spoons and knives.

Let no one here imagine that I am uttering a pessimistic or cynical note. I am only throwing out a warning. We Canadians are off the best blood of Europe. The English archers who, with their long bows, won Crecy, and the French heroes of Verdun and the Marne, are our forebears. I do not here glorify war. It is savagery. But the genius of the battlefield spiritualized gives us in times of peace, and what the Italians call *raccoglimento,* the mighty dreamers whose creations, whether under the form of architecture and sculpture, painting or poetry, bring joy and delight to the heart of mankind.

Not yet has come our Canadian Longfellow, our Canadian Browning, or our Canadian Tennyson. When he does come he shall come dowered with the fullest gift of song, and shall catch up in that song something of the sublimity of our mountains, the sweep and dash of our mighty rivers, the light and glow of our northern star; something of the measure and music of our blossoming prairies, the tenderness of our mothers' prayers, the sweetness and purity of our maidens' hearts!

Canadian Bookman will appreciate the co-operation of its readers in the way of information regarding any Dominion Day events that have any significance in association with the subject of Canadian literature.

The Whitman Year 1925-1926

ON the evening of May 31st, the Walt Whitman Fellowship of Toronto met at Sherbourne House Club to celebrate the 107th anniversary of the birth of Walt Whitman. The officers were re-elected: H. S. Saunders, president; Mrs. H. R. Tallman, secretary. Through the courtesy of the Walt Whitman Hotel, Camden, N.J., copies of a colored illustration of the mural decoration in the hotel were distributed. The splendid programme included addresses by H. S. Saunders, W. A. Deacon, and A. E. S. Smythe.

Following are excerpts from the president's address:

"In connection with the 107th anniversary of the birth of Walt Whitman, it seems fitting to review the past year, to see what new books have been published, or what other events have occurred bearing on the increasing appreciation of the poet.

First in importance, in the year closing today, I would place the Whitman exhibition held in the New York Public Library during November and December last. The total attendance was 56,880, which is proof enough of public interest in Whitman. It was given under the joint sponsorship of the Authors' Club of New York and the library authorities, the former using it as a means of propaganda for a proposed statue of Whitman to be erected in New York or Brooklyn.

Following this exhibition, another is being held in Paris, with the same object in view, viz: to boom the proposed statue in New York. It is being held in Sylvia Beach's bookshop, and among the exhibitors are Léon Bazalgette, Pierre de Lanux, Jean Catel, Valery Larbaud, Sylvia Beach and Jo Davidson. A catalogue has been printed and the magazine *L'Ane d'Or*, has devoted a whole number to Whitman. The French have a very friendly feeling towards Whitman, partly no doubt, for his sympathetic poem on their nation, written in 1860.

Another event of considerable importance during the year, because it was a recognition of Whitman by his home town, was the opening of a fine eight-storey fire-proof hotel in Camden, New Jersey, which was named, as the result of a popular vote, the "Walt Whitman." It was opened in September. One of the features of the hotel is a mural painting by Robert E. Johnson, four by six feet, hung over a fireplace in the main lobby. Johnson is a Canadian and received the award for this painting in a competition with fifty-five other artists who submitted sketches. The *Camden Courier* published a special Walt Whitman Hotel number on September 15th, containing many illustrations and some important articles, notably one by Dr. MacAlister, who was Whitman's physician during his last years.

I will now pass on to mention the books printed during the year. We have a new illustrated biography, written somewhat in fictional style, by Cameron Rogers, called *The Magnificent Idler. Two Prefaces* is another volume; these have been taken from Whitman's first and last books; the 1855 *Leaves of Grass* and *November Boughs.* It is a pocket-sized edition and contains a good introduction by Christopher Morley. Morley is a great admirer of the 1855 preface and says: "It is one of the most precious documents in American ink."

Notorious Literary Attacks is a new book by Albert Mordell in which are reprinted attacks on Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, Dickens, Whitman and others, the one on Whitman being from the *London Saturday Review* of March 18th, 1876.

This completes the list of new books, but others are announced for publication, including: *The Half-Breed and Other Stories,* by Whitman, collected from newspapers and magazines and now reprinted for the first time, edited by Thomas O. Mabbott. This is to be an illustrated book.

Walt Whitman, by John Bailey, in the Macmillan "Men of Letters" series.

A Life of Walt Whitman, by Prof. Emory Holloway, which promises to be one of the best books on Whitman's life and work. This will be issued in the fall.

Nemesis, by Michael Monohan, which will have a chapter on Whitman.

Forty Immortals, by Benjamin de Casseres, also with a chapter on Whitman.

Selections from Whitman's poems and prose, edited by Prof. Holloway, for school use.

Besides these, I believe the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have two forthcoming books on Whitman.

In conclusion I will mention the passing away during the early part of this year, of two eminent Whitman lovers: Mr. J. W. Wallace of Bolton, England, and Dr. Albert D. Watson, of Toronto. Mr. Wallace's best known works are his *Visits to Walt Whitman* and *Walt Whitman and the World Crisis.* He had a very deep understanding of *Leaves of Grass.* Dr. Watson most of you know, and those who were present at our meeting last year will remember that he read the longer of his two poems on Whitman, the one published in his *Love and the Universe.* We will all miss his genial and warm companionship—a man loved and respected by all who had the privilege of knowing him."

The Group of Seven Exhibition

By F. B. Housser

THE exhibition of the Group of Seven and their "invited contributors" which hung in the Toronto Grange in May was so far removed from the conventional art show that it inspires an unconventional review. In other words it had a creative stimulus for any who regard painting as a creative art and not merely as a form of glorified photography.

The Group of Seven are still using the Canadian idiom but they have carried Canadian art a long way on the road since their first exhibition six years ago, when the critics thought the artists were trying to imitate the old French impressionists and post-impressionists, failing to see what a writer a year or two ago in the *International Interpreter* of New York saw when he wrote: "The strange thing is that these remote unsophisticated painters (the Group of Seven) seem to have caught, naturally, the childlike vision that the sophisticated post-impressionists sought."

The Group of Seven of course were not trying to imitate anybody. What they were beginning to discover was that Canadian landscape has a feeling which is "a thing in itself" and that merely to imitate the outer aspect of nature in painting a picture gives nothing of the painter's own re-action toward his subject. It is rhythm and form and color which create the responses one has to particular kinds of landscape. When these fundamental aspects of nature are properly analyzed, simplified and composed into a design having loftiness of conception in the artist himself and the proper regard for the relationships in the picture's component parts, we begin to get a living expression of something the artist saw and felt. We are given the essence or overtone of a landscape rather than its outer shell. The likeness of the shell with its associational environment of time and place are still present but there is now suggested the life behind and within the forms and the painter's conception and apprehension of it. A bit of landscape has become a theme on which to build a composition just as a musical composer uses a few simple notes to create a symphony.

In this show of the Group of Seven there are canvases in which the forms and rhythms in nature have been used as material for compositions with more adventure than these painters have ever used them before.

A couple of years ago Lismer exhibited a canvas called "Happy Isles" (the sketch for it is in the present show) in which he went some distance beyond mere representation of nature. It approached near to being a composition of pure color, rhythm, form and design inspired by northern Ontario landscape materials. This year Lawren Harris shows a canvas called "Mountain Forms," which seems to go a step further in the same direction. It is loftily conceived and has daring composition, but its association with place is so remote that the critics, who in the main look for painting to be a glorified photography, failed to appreciate its fine qualities. This canvas strikes one as being very near the place where the arts of painting, music and sculpture become one. Its forms are the forms of all three.

But it would not be fair to give the impression that all of the pictures in the show break into the realm of relative abstraction. They do not. There are plenty of canvases by all the painters which ought to satisfy all varieties of thoughtful taste. This year the designs on the whole are a little bolder, the rhythm more defined, color more plastic and statement more simple and direct. Values and relationships are thoughtfully weighted. Strokes have meaning and significance. One feels that the group takes art seriously and gives it a lofty place in life. It is probably because of the mental and creative effort expended on their pictures that the show was called "stiff"—that is to say, without conventional charm, but even to this last we would object. There is a mixture of that too.

This article is not being written as a criticism and available space does not permit the discussion of various interesting aspects of each man's work which would be worth doing. Varley is back again to painting landscape and it is good to see him at it once more. Carmichael has been up to Lake Superior for the first time and is gaining dignity and power by simplifying his statement and modelling his forms in a profounder way. Some water-color sketches of his are one of the features of the exhibition. It is interesting to see the different reactions of Lismer and Jackson to the same Quebec landscape. Lismer gallops and Jackson walks with a swaying motion. One feels the earth in their canvases of huddled hamlets of French Canada. The latest member of the group, Alfred J. Casson, has not tackled the big northern stuff yet, but one feels that he has been digging in his rural Ontario landscapes.

As to the invited contributors, when most of the critics talked about them, it was done rather superciliously. Evidently the desire was to "play safe" in giving praise or blame. All of these contributors are young artists who evidently are taking art more seriously than their critics. Their work as a whole is bold, venturesome and with a modern snap. They have started in to make their contribution to Canadian art with the

ground ploughed and harrowed by the Group of Seven. They are not imitators, as the critics would have us believe, but their intuition has apparently caused them to hold a similar philosophy of expression to the Group of Seven. Their fearless unconcern of the conventional essentials of hum-drum painting prompts the feeling that they will carry Canadian art still further on the road.

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A Subscriber Writes of the Group Show.

Anyone who saw the Quinn collection, or has kept abreast of the more recent outcroppings of modernism in New York and elsewhere, cannot fail to marvel at the annual hue and cry against the Group of Seven. Compared with the average metropolitan salon the recent Group of Seven exhibition is as conservative as the Royal Academy. The nude is conspicuous by its absence; likewise innuendo, distortion, decadence. In place of these we have the high clean places of the earth; virility, austerity, aspiration. All of which makes one wonder whether the usual hubbub over the Group show is not simply another expression of the modern tendency to tolerate every member of society except the Puritan. Decadence if you will, says the world: austerity, never! It makes us uncomfortable.

Apart from this phase of the question it is a matter for mild amazement to hear some local reviewers still declaiming as though the absence of photographic representation in painting were the exclusive and private invention of the Group of Seven. Indeed in view of the almost universal trend of art during the past twenty-five years, one cannot help wondering whether such misunderstanding should be attributed to excessive conservatism or sheer ignorance.

Representation is no more indispensable in painting than in music. All truly great art has tended to depart from it. In music the argument has been admitted, and the concert-goer is no longer educated to expect the sounds of the barnyard in the Pastoral Symphony. Even "The Storm" is gradually disappearing from the organ recital, and our orchestra programme notes are confining themselves more and more to matters of design and thematic construction. Yet in spite of this, literal representation is still generally demanded of pictorial art.

Surely the high function of both music and painting is to convey an emotion rather than an outward appearance: to transmit a feeling rather than a photograph. A representative painting of a mountain is simply a copy of what is reflected on the eye's retina. A true painting of a mountain is a more or less imperfect record of what transpires in the soul of the person behind the retina. The first can be experienced by any Pullman passenger who cares to look up from his magazine. the second is reserved exclusively for him that has purified himself to understand. "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful", says Emerson, "we must carry it with us or we find it not." Here, as elsewhere, "it is the spectator and not the picture that is on trial."

For this reason it is a little distressing to stand in front of a typical Harris canvas and listen to the perplexity of those who expect photography. To refer to Lawren Harris as a symbolist, however, is simply to beg the question. No one but Mr. Harris knows what Mr. Harris means, but it is safe to assert that he is never a preacher. Such painting may be mysticism but it is never propaganda. Mr. Harris simply paints what he feels, and his symbolism is fortuitous rather than intentional. Perhaps it might be said of him as it has been said of Swedenborg and others, that "they used the earth symbolically, and when they saw terrestrial objects, did not think at all about them, but only about those which they signified."

Consequently if one elects to feel in Lawren Harris' much-maligned "Mountain Forms" some profound analogy to those momentary glimpses of that many-colored land which, in all ages, out of the stillness of meditation, has lifted its celestial peaks against the sombre background of the earth-life, it is not because Mr. Harris has set out to preach us this particular sermon, but simply because, to those who see that way, every natural object has its inevitable spiritual correspondence. One may get a Bach Fugue out of this same picture with equal satisfaction. Conversely one may get a similar vision out of a Bach Fugue. Such spiritual correspondences are universally true of all art which is based upon the profound significance of Form, and art becomes prophecy and vision to the exact extent to which that Form is searched out and comprehended.

W.G.M.

Katherine Hale in the Maritimes

Katherine Hale, (Mrs. John Garvin) has been making a tour of the Maritimes and Eastern Canada in search of material relating to historic homes which she will use in the writing of a new book. While there she received an enthusiastic welcome as a reader and lecturer. At Annapolis Royal, N.S., under the auspices of the Fort Anne Chapter I.O.D.E., she read to a large audience in St. Luke's Parish Hall, every seat being filled. At Halifax, N.S., the Halifax Ladies' Musical Club were delighted with her readings from her book, *Morning in the West*. At Moncton, N.B., under the auspices of the Local Council of Women, Mrs. Garvin lectured on "Modern Poetry" and interpreted her own poems and the work of other writers. She also filled engagements at St. Stephen and St. John, N.B.

The Royal Society Award

To Charles G. D. Roberts

THE gold medal known as the Lorne Pierce Medal of the Royal Society of Canada has been awarded to Charles G. D. Roberts for conspicuous contributions to Canadian literature. This is the highest literary distinction that a Canadian may hope to win from his countrymen.

Owing to the widespread interest which the presentation of the medal has aroused in literary circles, it would be as well to explain here the reason for the donation of the medal to the Royal Society and the conditions of the award:

For some years Dr. Pierce had been thinking that the Royal Society of Canada might well follow the example of the French Academy. Being a body of eminent scholars with an international standing, its imprimatur upon the work of an author should carry weight, and without presuming to immortalize anyone, its official recognition and approval would achieve three things:

(1) It would provide the highest literary distinction which a Canadian might hope to win from his countrymen;

(2) The result of the award would be salutary in that, by holding up the best we had achieved as a nation, a premium would be placed upon excellence.

(3) Such recognition would, in all probability, recommend the author to the more generous attention of those at home and abroad.

The Royal Society of Canada is allowed the most complete liberty in the bestowal of the medal, but as the donor conceived that the award should be for services rendered to Canadian literature, the committee is under no obligation to confer the honor so generously placed at its disposal on the basis of a single book of the current year. Fiction, drama, poetry, criticism and creative constructive books in history and political philosophy are to be eligible for recognition and from year to year the claims of these several branches are to be considered. Also, while it is not suggested that English and French authors should be considered in strict alternation, care is to be exercised to avoid undue partiality for one or the other language.

The obverse of the medal represents the sister cultures of Canada united in solicitude for the best of all possible art. The reverse bears an inscription in Latin: "In recognition of his outstanding contribution to Canadian Literature, the Royal Society of Canada confers upon (author and year) its highest honours."

Results of I. O. D. E. Competition

In the short story competition conducted by the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, the prize of $200, given by Mrs. R. W. Wood, has been awarded to V. B. Rhodenizer, of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, for the story called *The Years Between*. This story will appear in the June number of *Echoes*, the official organ of I.O.D.E. The following stories have been given honorable mention: *A Modern Pharoah*, by L. H. F. Robertson, Toronto; *La Colombe d'Eden*, by Madame Boissonault, Montreal; *Mary Ellen*, by H. P. Carew, Toronto.

In the one-act play competition the Blanche Macintosh Prize of $100, presented by Preble Macintosh Esq., of Montreal, has been awarded to Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Vancouver, for the play called *Treasure*.

In the Christmas Card competition the prize of $100 given by Mrs. S. T. Creet, of Beamsville, for the best design, has been awarded to B. A. Fry, South George, British Columbia. The following designs have been given honorable mention; Isabel Lear, Halifax; Helen C. Carruthers, Toronto; Dorothy Goodwin, Peterborough; Mary L. Kennedy, Winnipeg; Marjorie Allan, Montreal. It is hardly possible to have the winning card placed on the market this year, but it is confidently expected that this phase of the competition will be carried out next year. It is possible that the competition may close by December 1, 1926. Intending competitors can obtain information as to date and conditions from the head office, I.O.D.E., 238 Bloor Street East, Toronto, within a few weeks.

In the Sarah Maxwell competition, open to boys and girls under 13, in the public schools of the capital city of each province, for an essay on "My Favorite British Hero," the first prize has been awarded to Leslie Mullett, Edmonton; the second prize has been divided between Patsy Grimmond, Victoria, and Marjorie Everett, Fredericton; the third prize has been divided between Hattie Rowbottan, Regina, and Barbara Dean, Quebec.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, who has been a regular contributor to the *Canadian Bookman* during the past six months, has left for a sojourn of several months in Europe. He will attend the Franciscan Celebration at Assisi in Italy in October, and before returning may address the Authors' Club of London, England, of which Dr. O'Hagan is a member.

It Is Reported

THAT—

—Robert Watson's *Me and Peter*, announced for autumn publication will be the thirtieth of this Canadian author's books to be published.

—Constance Davies-Woodrow's book of poems under the title of *The Captive Gypsy* is to be published this month in the Ryerson Series of Poetry Chap Books.

—officers were elected as follows at the annual meeting of the Vancouver branch, Canadian Authors Association: Chairman, Mr. Percy Gomery; Vice-Chairman, Mr. R. L. Reid, K.C.; 2nd Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Evah McKowan; Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Alice M. Winlow; Hon. Treasurer, Herbert Beeman.

—*All We Like Sheep*, by Nellie L. McClung, and *Blencarrow*, by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, are new novels announced for August publication, and a newcomer among western Canadian women novelists is Constance Travers Sweatman, of Winnipeg, whose first novel, *Young Folk—Old Folk*, is to come in the van of the autumn fiction.

—Miss Magdalen King-Hall, a nineteen-year-old Irish girl, has admitted authorship of *The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion*, confessing that it was a hoax written for the fun of the thing. She gave it to a literary agent who found her a publisher within two months when she had expected she would have to wait years. Miss King-Hall intends to do further writing, but says she is quite aware that it may prove far more difficult to score a success with her next book.

—Miss Lily E. F. Barry, a member of the Canadian Authors Association, Montreal branch, was the winner of the first prize in the Woodhouse Science premium award for the best poem in support of the assertion that "poetry is the experience of the attainment of knowledge which science pursues," in a competition conducted in co-operation with the Poetry Society of London, England. The winning poem was one of fifty-eight lines entitled "Poetry and Science."

* * *

ELUSIVE

By Loretta Roche

I COULD not set you in a measured frame
As one surrounds a sketch with narrow gold;
Aquamarine and silver do not hold
In a neat pattern fitted with a name.

The colors in an abalone shell
Are not more evanescent than the play
Of light upon your moods. I look away
And only then I seem to see you well.

Canada's First Summer School of Canadian Literature

THE poet now may "put his heart to school" in real earnest, thanks to the efforts of the Canadian Chautauqua Institution.

From July 5th to the 11th the first Summer School of Canadian Literature will be opened at Muskoka Assembly, the literary summer capital of Canada. Classes will be held out-of-doors, in the "Little Theatre in the Woods," at 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., and will be conducted by three outstanding literary men: Charles G. D. Roberts, Wilson Macdonald and John W. Garvin. Dr. Roberts' subject will be "The Method and Technique of Prose and Poetry." Mr. Macdonald will deal with "The Development of Canadian Poetry"—Early Canadian Poetry; The Group of the Early 60's; Canadian Women Poets; The Twentieth Century Group. Mr. Garvin's subject will be "Canadian Prose"—Travel and Adventures of Canadian Explorers; Fiction—Richardson, Haliburton, De Mille; Fiction—Kirby, Parker, Lighthall, Duncan; Two Canadian Diaries—Paul Kane, George Monro Grant.

During the remaining hours of this pleasure-plus-profit holiday, the "students" may make themselves at home in the delightful Epworth Inn, overlooking Lake Rosseau, or they may scatter themselves about in boats, or on the tennis courts and bowling green, or in the woods.

* * *

BOOK CENSORSHIP

Censorship of books came up for important discussion at the convention of booksellers in Toronto on June 3rd when Inspector McKinney of the Toronto Police Department was present, advocating the appointment of responsible citizens to act as a local board of censors—sort of a literary vigilance committee—whose verdicts would be accepted by the Police Department upon which to base any actions against booksellers for selling books alleged to be detrimental to public morals. A committee was appointed to act with representatives of the publishers with this end in view, so as to supersede the present plan of procedure whereby the banning of any book by the authorities at Ottawa is dependent upon a conviction being registered against a bookseller for selling a book proved to be harmful.

The grievance of the booksellers is that even in the case of an action resulting in acquittal, a certain stigma attaches to the good name of the bookseller. Relief from this intolerable situation is sought. As this is a condition common to all municipalities, the question is one of national interest and the outcome of this move in Toronto will be awaited with keen interest throughout the Dominion.

Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

Sinclair Lewis Misinterprets Northern Saskatchewan

A Review by Austin Bothwell

WHAT does Sinclair Lewis mean? Mantrap? Is it woman or the wilderness, that is a trap for men? In his new novel, *Mantrap*, a woman does snare two men rather tragically, but only because she is the only presentable female in the Canadian northland, which Mr. Lewis has made the scene of his story. Perhaps Mr. Lewis is not being symbolic. If not, what is he getting at? One would suppose a burlesque. But certain scenes are in the thorough-going realistic vein of *Arrowsmith* —the all-night poker party for example. Here by the way, not so much the game as the drinking and love-making, is circumstantially described. Is *Mantrap*, then, meant for a novel that shall tear away the Curwood veils of romance and present in stark reality life as it is in the solitudes of Northern Canada? A Canadian would be the first to rejoice, if that should be successfully done. It seems as if Mr. Lewis' intention had been to do just that.

In 1924 he made arrangements to visit the Canadian North. Through Dr. Duncan Campbell Scott, Deputy Minister in charge of Indian affairs, he arranged that he and his brother should accompany Indian Treaty Party No. 10 on its trip from Le Pas on the Saskatchewan—a trip by canoe by rivers and lakes, some of them unnamed on maps, to distant posts to pay the Indians the annual bounty. Mr. Lewis had made elaborate preparations; he is said to have had a kit bag of a fearful and wonderful make, a patent bath-tub, a medicine chest replete with spirituous restoratives. (For further details see *Canadian Bookman*, August, 1924.)

One was skeptical at the time. He would experience, one knew, tedium—the same natural features day after day enlivened only by mosquitoes, and would be expected to produce a "big" story on his return. He would have to draw upon his imagination to supply it. He has done just that. A week or so was enough. At the first stopping place from which it was possible to get back, Mr. Lewis got. He saw enough of the physical features of the country to justify him in imagining the rest of it. Pass that! But he either didn't see any of our Canadian Indians or he has wilfully misread them, because they have become so docile, so tame after decades of decent British treatment, that they could no more go upon the rampage and burn and destroy, as do Mr. Lewis' fictitious Indians, than Mr. Lewis could face the aridity that obtained then in that hinterland of Saskatchewan whose fringes he touched. Our Provincial Police whose duties then embraced enforcing prohibition, now defunct, were and are just as efficient as their more famous brothers in arms, the Royal Mounted.

Again Mr. Lewis has allowed his imagination to soar when he brings an aeroplane upon the scene when hero and heroine are at their last bacon-rind.

I know my Winnipeg, a rather colorful city. Colonel Ackers and his residence are unknown to me—to any Winnipeger.

"The Colonel was something in wheat, something in railroads, something in banks and he had built a residence roughly the size of Windsor Castle and considerably more modern. It had three drawing rooms, a library with several books and a pipe organ said by the Chamber of Commerce guidebook to be the largest private organ north of St. Louis."

One must deplore such artificial coloring and such episodes as two mentioned (many more might be cited) for Mr. Lewis's cunning in the reading of human nature hasn't forsaken him in the portrayal of the traders, the half-breeds, the trappers, the police, who constitute the population of our northland which is not the habitat of Curwood's gang, i.e., a beautiful maiden of unknown parentage clad in doe-skin, a painted woman with a heart of gold, a bold, bad breed of shady past, a clean young prospector (for what?), a mysterious recluse. The life of the north Mr. Lewis has divined with uncanny skill; especially his Joe Easter, independent fur trader, is convincing.

Mr. Lewis shows up Curwood *et al* as the exploiters they are. He gets his two New Yorkers to Mantrap in much the same probable manner as he didn't quite get there himself. One of them, Ralph Prescott, appeals to Joe Easter. He takes him under his wing. Joe has a wife, Alverna her name, whom he got in Minneapolis out of a manicure parlor, but her enthusiasm for the wilds where men are men has somewhat evaporated. It is so lonely up there. She has for feminine companionship only Ma Mc-

Gavlty, who is an unpleasant, gossiping old curmudgeon of a woman. So Alverna has taken to flirtation with anyone who will flirt. Ralph falls a victim. She has a value for him out of all proportion in that environment and because she is unhappy—and when he tries to escape she runs away too, and he is forced to take her along. Their experiences include a forest fire (inevitably) and their desertion by their Indian guide. Joe catches them and they rather expect him to shoot. He, however, puts it up to Ralph; he must choose between his friendship for him and Alverna. It can't be said exactly that Ralph does choose, but in Winnipeg the two men put Alverna on the train for Minneapolis This is one of the high spots of the story. Almost it makes the rest of it worth-while. Joe and Ralph are all that Alverna calls them. Both in love with her, they are in their shy embarrassment slowly resolving the matter of farewell kisses when they hear her say :"You poor kids! You talking children, that don't know anything about anything that matters! Don't you see? I can't play either of your games. I'm *me!* I'm going to be me. Oh, if you love me a little, let me be me! Good-bye."

Ralph is determined that Joe shall accompany him to New York. But Joe is resolved that Ralph had better be Ralph, that he had better be himself. Thus, at Colonel Ackers' he behaves as boorishly as he knows. Ralph however, is not put off. And then Joe fools him, gets him on the train, bribes the porter to keep him there—stays behind to return to the surroundings he knows—the life that is his into which two aliens have brought so much trouble and dismay.

Is then the preciousness, the inalienable worth of individuality Mr. Lewis's theme? I ask to know. *Mantrap* is a puzzling book.

One thing is certain—he has created in Joe Easter a real northerner. A man most admirable in his simple forthrightness, wise with the wisdom of the frontiersman—genuine. Therefore much may be forgiven him. But *Mantrap* simply cannot be reckoned in the same category as *Babbitt*, as *Arrowsmith*. It is the work of Sinclair Lewis, the playboy of Manhattan. I verily believe that the time has come for the author to write his autobiography.

If he will only include in it a certain bit of a speech I heard him give—his description of George Bernard Shaw's beard, and should the rest of the book be commensurate, it will be a masterpiece. "It was an ethereal beard, not so much a beard, as the essence of beard, an add-water-and-serve beard. It was a fluffiness—an inferential, a connotative beard. Behind it G.B. S. sat and said clever things and watched to see if his hearers got the point."

MANTRAP. *By Sinclair Lewis.* Toronto: George J. McLeod Ltd. $2.00.

ADVENTURES IN THE DAY OF LOVE. *By Hendrick Cass.* Forest Hill Gardens, L.I: Caspar Hasselriis. $1.50.

The "day of love" implied by the title of this book is a figure of speech which appeals to an understanding of "day" as meaning ages, all days, and love as its idea or principle.

"If I were ill," says the author early in the book, "I would say to the inner man: 'Mandate the Day of Love to make me well.'" The author's term for the inner man is "God-Man."

"I was now aware of the constant presence of God-Man, and I commenced to perceive that while I function in the objective world and see the outside of things, he functions in a different world (The Day of Love?) and sees things from the inside. This seemed a tremendous thought. I could begin to perceive the advantage of being myself, a harmonious whole being, both inside and outside, and it now seemed necessary that I revise my estimate of what man is."

God-Man comes to the rescue in many difficulties on life's pathway and also in little things as indicated by this interesting quotation: "God-Man haunts bookstores, I sometimes think he visits them ahead of me, and then pulls me there during the lunch hour to fetch the book that he has selected. At any rate the back of the book I need seems to stand out from all others when I approach the stall.

"On Broad Street, near the house of Morgan, is a bookstore conducted by two canny ladies, and I stop before a volume of *The Writer's Art*. A passage on literary style by Thoreau, quoted by Robert Louis Stevenson, catches my eye. This is the very quotation I have been looking for and God-Man applauds.

"'May you buy that book?' says the lady, 'you certainly may. I'm awfully glad to sell it; it was ordered by a visitor and never called for.' Then to her partner: 'You know this book, *The Writer's Art*, here's a gentleman who wants to buy it.' And then to me: 'Do you really want it?'

"Now, I need not say that it was a rare joy to secure this book; I felt as if a benediction had fallen upon store, book and buyer.

"Bookstores are delightful places. Imagine anything like this happening elsewhere!"

Miss Mary Shannon, who received honorable mention in the O'Brien Collection of Short Stories appearing in American magazines in 1925, is a member of the Vancouver branch, Canadian Authors Association.

ROUGH JUSTICE. *By C. E. Montague.* Toronto: Musson. $2.00.

It may perhaps be an unwarranted assumption for a reviewer to use the rather hackneyed but yet significant appellation "The book of the year," as pertaining to this novel, especially when the commentator has not read all the books nor even all the novels of the year. Nevertheless he is constrained to let it stand—so good is this novel. Led to the reading of it by having got so much satisfaction out of the same author's *Fiery Particles,* it is something to say that the novel has proved even more satisfying than that other admirable book.

Rough Justice has, of course, the advantage in being a novel rather than a collection of short stories, but has advantages above the obvious one of continuity, because in it Montague has produced a genuinely rounded-out work of art and something in the nature of a panacea for what ails the world; an inspiration for those who do not wish to have their faith in life and beauty destroyed.

What an interesting thing it is to be put into intimate association with such lovable people as Auberon, Molly and others of this story; grow with them in their childhood, through their school days and on into and through the blighting experiences of war time, and the confusion of its aftermath. A book like this enables one to better understand one's own self. Montague has this faculty—so has Galsworthy in his essays. They often interpret the inexpressible in one's own heart and soul and to "experience" a book like *Rough Justice* is a sort of settling influence that helps to put things right in your own particular world—your outlook on life. J.M.

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A HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REGIME IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. *By D. C. Harvey. M.A.,* Professor of History, University of Manitoba. Toronto: Ryerson Press. $3.00.

Professor Harvey, a native of Prince Edward Island, has made permanent expression of his love for his native province in this first comprehensive study of its kind. He gathered his material from the records of the Congressional and other great libraries of this continent, and preserved the best of them in this contribution to the history of Canada.

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CHIMES. *By Robert Herrick.* Toronto: Macmillan. $2.00.

This is a university novel and may be characterized as an indictment of the "industrialized" university, i.e., virtually dedicated to the fruits of industrialism, a criticism quite apt in the case of many such seats of learning in the United States. The fact that Herrick was at one time a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago has given rise to an assumption that his book is more or less aimed at that institution. Interest attaches to the reforms suggested and the story itself is most engagingly presented.

* * *

THE SACRED GIRAFFE. *By Julio Arceval.* London: Martin Hopkinson & Co. 10s 6d.

This volume, the first to appear in the series of the posthumous works of the Spanish author, Julio Arceval, edited by S. de Madariaga, is a highly imaginative novel, full of humor and rich in satire. The time is five thousand years hence! The scene is the land of the "Ebonites."

It appears that by the year 6922 the very existence of the continent of Europe and of the white race has become something in the nature of a myth. There is no land north of the African continent and not only has the black race reached the highest point of the world's civilization, but women are in complete authority. Men are reduced to an inferiority even beneath the alleged secondary position of the women of five centuries before that time.

Education culture and the arts, have changed with the passing of the centuries. Music has become highly individualistic. For instance, the musicians in an orchestra individually interpret their impressions of an event or occasion.

A famous musician is the object of ridicule on the part of intellectuals, because of her boasted discovery as the result of delving into archives of past ages, that the orchestras of five thousand years ago played in unison with no scope for individual improvisation, which is of course absurd!

Later when, as conductor of an orchestra, she puts this into practice at a great public function, the first great chord of harmony strikes terror into the multitude assembled and pandemonium ensues! The musical revolution had to be abandoned. Similarly entertaining and amusing are the other pictures and impressions of the highly advanced 70th century.

* * *

A HINDU NOVELIST

Dhan Gopal Mukerji, author, playwright, poet, and one of the most popular lecturers in America today, was born near Calcutta, India, in 1890. His parents, exclusive Brahmins, brought him up in the old way, seeing that he became well versed in the lore of the jungle, plain and bazaar. His writings show remarkable insight into the manner of living and the peculiar philosophy of the many Indian races. Dhan Gopal Mukerji was educated at the Universities of Tokio, Japan, and Leland Stanford in U.S.A. His latest contribution to literature is in the form of an excellent and thrilling novel—*The Secret Listeners of the East.*

The Articulate Arctic

A Review by K. K. B.

LOVE and Hatred, Hunger and Fear—these surely are the Four Horsemen who drive Humanity across the Ages—with the Spirit of Adventure halloo-ing them on.

Wherever you scratch the earth and build a fire, men and women gather round it and display the old familiar passions. But their mode of expression differs somewhat with their environment.

In Toronto—under certain circumstances!—you press a girl's lips. In Baffin's Land, you press her nose! But the meaning and the results are much the same.

'Way up North there is a group of "Canadians" of whom we know little, but whom recent events have brought more particularly to our notice. The North Pole is nearer to us than it used to be. And *Tales of the Eskimo* has a timely interest in view of recent events.

This collection of short stories has grown out of ten years of sojourn and experience among the strenuous, cheerful and indomitable little brown people of the Arctic. The author, Captain Henry Toke Munn, is explorer, soldier, *raconteur*, big game hunter and traveller, with experiences that include pioneering on the prairies, fighting in South Africa, prospecting in the Yukon, Cobalt, and Gowganda, shooting Cariboo and musk-ox in the Canadian hinterlands, and traversing the Yukon, the Mackenzie, and Great Slave Lake—at the Eastern end of which stands his "lob-stick" to this day. No wonder that he has the right to put F.R.G.S. after his name.

From ten years of experience among the Eskimo, he has compiled a book of tales that give an insight into their ways of thought; an account of their customs and conventions, that add extra value to the dramatic interest of the stories themselves.

But the dramatic interest is there!

There is a little story called "The Nest Robbers" that is like the Arctic climate—dark, sinister, relentless, with a flash of humor, and a burst of sunshine like Arctic summer itself. And a vengeance as inescapable, as freezing, and as destroying as the slow grinding ice among which it grew.

"The Law of the North" and "The Great Herd" have the verisimilitude of history; while "A Man-child of the Arctic" is as characteristic of the race as a piece of sculpture. Many of the Tales are founded on fact. A few are frankly fanciful. Discover the difference for yourself! If you don't believe in the *Torn-ga* after you have "slept upon" Spirit Island, you certainly will while you read that gruesome account of terror and travail.

The book is written in the direct style of the Traveller and Adventurer who always keeps a log; but who sometimes talks on paper to himself when cut off from all intellectual intercourse. There is a dry humor in the stories too. But their outstanding feature is the honest affection with which they are written. Captain Munn has spent a great part of the last fourteen years among these people. He has hunted and travelled and bartered with them, stood by them through the tragedies of death and birth, lived among them, laughed with them—above all, understood them! And he stands today as an ardent advocate of their protection and preservation. He knows the North strip of the blue mists of distance, and, knowing it, believes in it, its people and its possibilities.

Besides the entertainment of the stories themselves, they have a quickened interest because of the recent prominence of the Pole in national affairs. If the Eskimos are going to get busy draping themselves in the flags of all nations and doing a soft shoe dance among the decorations, these stories have a timely interest of character and circumstance that no other book can supply. There may be other human documents and intimate narrations in which the Eskimo are the *dramatis personae.*" But *Ungava* is the only other one that I can recall!

If you want to know your new neighbors you will find this book invaluable—and immensely entertaining as well.

* * *

CLARA BARRON. *By Harvey O'Higgins.* Toronto: Musson Book Co. $2.00.

Harvey O'Higgins' new novel is, as might be expected from this author, an attempt to say something. When anyone really attempts to say something there are always those who are glad to listen appreciatively. The only trouble is that when this attempt comes in a novel it is likely to interfere with the story action. If what is said is indubitably worth the reading, very well, but otherwise the majority would prefer the action. In *Clara Barron* those who enjoy a psychological study in story form, "the remarkable odyssey of a woman's soul," as it is designated on the cover sheet, will find what they want. They will also find a fairly entertaining story, which starts off with plenty of dramatic action, but strikes a slower level later on in the dissecting room where the workings of Clara's mind are taken apart for investigation. Here, too, there is drama, but it is psychological drama.

TALES OF THE ESKIMO. *By Capt. Henry Toke Munn.* London and Edinburgh: W. R. Chambers Ltd.

"She was too plump for the amount of frilling and flouncing that she wore on her gingham dress; her white cotton stockings made her legs look too fat; she had no summer shoes and her winter button boots were hot and clumsy. Her hair, smoothed back from her high forehead, accentuated the too-round oval of her face. She looked supremely uninteresting, healthy, stupid, and slow."

That is the unprepossessing negative, from which much may develop, of Clara Ferrenden as we meet her shortly before she sloughs the name to which she has been born and seeks her fortune under that of Clara Barron. Bred to the aristocracy, her love for her father is heartlessly trampled upon by him and the family fortunes brought low. In quick succession follows blow after blow, Clara seeks to earn the family living; her placid and ineffectual mother, for whom she never did care a great deal, dies; her love for the grocery store son of her employer is betrayed by her sister. In a sort of apathy she boards the through train for New York. There she meets Oswald Wayl, spineless Jimmy with his socialistic theories, whom she mothers, with rather scratchy results, like a stray kitten, just as she later mothers Louise Ferrenden, the daughter of her disgraced and misunderstood father by a second wife, only to find that fate cheats her once more. Through a series of experiences in which the reader is kept in constant touch with the mental why and wherefore of everything, Clara eventually emerges into the world as a mysterious woman of note, plays her little part upon the stage of public life, and disappears from it again as mysteriously as she made her entrance. The trouble with her unsatisfactory life is summed up from the point of view of clinging Jimmy, who ironically is the one representative of the genus homo not despised by Clara, although about the most deserving it, as:

"She's not happy because she won't let herself do any of the things that would make her happy. She's always been like this. I've known her for years and years, and she's always been the same. She won't be happy herself and she won't let anyone else be. If they look happy she starts in at once to reform them."

The story is a Canadian story. Most critics pronounce it good. There is sincerity and integrity of treatment in it, and it bids fair to stick in the memory after many a lesser but more stirring tale is forgotten or confused with a hundred others.

LEON W. DEAN.

* * *

Mrs. Kathryn Pocklington, of Stettler, Alta., is a Canadian writer whose articles and short stories are frequently seen in Canadian and English periodicals.

The Legends of Poictesme.

A Review by T. D. Rimmer

NATURALLY Cabell cannot have the wider appeal that is possessed by less esoteric writers. In fact, it is doubtful if even now his books would have such a ready sale had not *Jurgen* received so much attention from a moral welfare committee.

His books are manifestly unsuited for family reading—they belong more to the study—and at times even his admirers receive a jolt. Nevertheless, he is a force in contemporary fiction and that the section of the people who read him are justified can hardly be doubted.

Of the world he has created and of which he has written, *Jurgen, The High Place,* and the book under review, *The Silver Stallion,* are the three most representative. For the lucid prose, for the bitter satire that lurks beneath the polished phrase, and for the romance itself, these books have no equal in contemporary fiction and those who have a leaning towards allegory and allusion as opposed to Babbitism will carry away much from this tale of Poictesme.

The treatment of the book is what we have learned to expect from Cabell. His style, which strikes one as artificial when the author elects to write of modern life, is here in this novel eminently appropriate. We have the tale of the twelve knights of the Silver Stallion, the banner of Dom Manuel, and in the writing analogy is piled upon analogy in an indictment of many human foibles.

From the disbanding of the fellowship of the Silver Stallion, which takes place when Jurgen is a lad, there grows up a monstrous legend of its founder, Dom Manuel. The human finds apotheosis merely through the euphemistic alchemy of his wife's affection and a statue is erected in the town to a saint that even Dom Manuel would scarcely have recognized as himself when he walked upon earth.

The members of the fellowship go out in divers ways to meet death and a chapter or so is devoted to the adventures of each in their quest, until nearly the conclusion, where Cabell unmasks and we feel that the book has become subjective in its indictment of established standards, although the comments are uttered simply by three old women who in their salad days have known Dom Manuel's love and are comparing the legendary hero with the man they knew.

The book is subtitled as a comedy of adjustment. It would be more properly classified as a comedy of disenchantment. The author has still lingering upon his palate

the taste of dead sea fruit and that it has become more unpalatable is obvious in his book. He has often said that his work merely represents a way of escape from modernity and it seems that this escape has not proved altogether satisfactory. But that is the ultimate end of ironists. One illusion is usually as good as another and those who refrain from iconoclasm are generally the more comfortable, though they risk being labelled as Philistines.

However, despite the author's attitude, the book should not be missed by his admirers. They will find his jibes as telling as ever though he has lost a little of that Olympian pose that has been an irritant in some of his former books.

The Silver Stallion cannot be said to be an appreciable advance on either *Jurgen* or *The High Place*, but it does not fall below the attainment set by them and his admirers will enjoy the suave phrasing and verbal swordplay that have become associated with Cabell's name.

THE SILVER STALLION. *By James Branch Cabell.* New York: Robert M. McBride & Company.

* * *

A PROTEST

The Poetry of Our Own Times, By Marguerite Wilkinson, is the latest contribution to the series "Reading With a Purpose", issued by the American Library Association. This little book is charmingly written and covers quite a lot of ground for its size, but I have one quarrel with the author. She has chapters on the Poets of England, the Irish Poets and Our Own Poets, (meaning those of the United States), but there is no chapter on Canadian Poets. Fellow poetry-lovers of Canada, it would not be a bad idea to send this author the nucleus of a library of representative Canadian poetry.

CONSTANCE DAVIES-WOODROW.

* * *

WINNIPEG LITTLE THEATRE

Following up the recent article on Winnipeg's Little Theatre it is interesting to record that in the recently closed fifth season, there were given sixteen productions for three nights each.

There were six hundred subscribers at four dollars each, entitling each subscriber to attend four public productions and six members' evenings. Producers and players are alike unpaid. Numerous one-act plays by Canadian writers were produced and the theatre has won appreciative recognition by adherence to its ideal of developing Canadian players and playwrights by giving them a stage to work on and by stimulating them by producing only the best non-Canadian drama.

Inside Stuff . . . .

W. G. Clugston, a Kansan, on *Canadian Bookman's* subscription list, clings to his preference for the old size, ending a recent communication with "best wishes for the continued prosperity of your excellent little publication, and hopes that you will some day revert to the old size."

Dr. Lionel Stevenson, of the University of California, remarks: "When so many magazines are losing their dignity by adopting the larger page-area, it is highly satisfying to find one reverting to the appropriate dimensions." And he adds: "The contents maintain the admirable level which has been established. The poems are uniformly good, *The Tryst*, by Gostwick Roberts, being particularly delightful."

Mrs. Annie C. Dalton, of Vancouver, says: "I like the new form better with each succeeding number, but I was at first dreadfully sorry to part with the old one."

Mrs. Dalton pays a further compliment to this journal for the manner in which it keeps westerners in touch with the east, "and the standard is so uniformly high."

"Your magazine should be encouraged by all Canadians who have the progress of this country's literature at heart," writes Alice M. Winlow, the new hon. secretary of the Vancouver branch, Canadian Authors Association.

* *

The praise for *Canadian Bookman's* first Chap Book of Poetry seems to be gathering force and it can now be said that almost every poem in it has been singled out by one or more as the favorite of the collection. In the aggregate, therefore, this may be construed as the best sort of commendation for the collection as a whole. The latest favoritism was bestowed upon Christina Willey's *Song of Youth* and the same correspondent paid a tribute to *Dawn*, the poem by a fourteen-year-old poet of Simcoe, Ont., which appeared in *Canadian Bookman* for March. This poem had also the tribute of reproduction in the discerning *Public Opinion*, of London, England.

* *

It would be necessary to go into a detailed description of the mysteries of make-up in a printing office to adequately explain how part of Miss F. Maud Brown's article came to be tacked on to that of J. E. H. Macdonald in the May issue. Such things do happen as, for instance, a similar mix-up in the articles of Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts and Mrs. Grace Macleod Rogers, in the "My Religion" series being run in the *Toronto Star Weekly*.

Miss Brown's article is reprinted in its proper form in this number.

MONTREAL BRANCH C.A.A. ANNUAL MEETING

The Montreal Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association held its Annual Meeting at the Ritz-Carlton on the evening of May 27th, and the reports of the work showed a year of great progress and success. The following extracts are necessarily very much shortened, but they will serve to give an idea of the various activities.

Hon. Justice Surveyer presided, and in his address he reminded the members of the Association that the Government of Quebec Province gives prizes for literary work and this tangible encouragement to writers should be appreciated. Mr. B. K. Sandwell, president for the coming year, referred to the Ladner Bill dealing with copyright. He said that in all probability this would be passed at the next session of Parliament.

Mrs. Fenwick Williams, the retiring secretary, reported that the activities of the association as a unit, included a reception for the Baroness d'Orczy, an address by Dr. L. J. Burpee, five-minute talks on Canadian books during Book Week, and a dinner attended by both the French and English sections. "I intend to speak briefly," Mrs. Williams said, "of the work of the Groups, the most important work of the Association. It is by our work, our literary output, that we, as an association, will live or fall, and these groups are all composed of active literary workers, many of whom are living entirely by their pens, some of whom are really attaining a very high place in the world of letters. In conclusion, let me say that, although the public meetings held have been few, we have had, so far as actual literary output is concerned, the most creditable year of our existence."

Mr. Leslie Gordon Barnard, Chairman of the Short Story Group, in a review of the markets in which, during the year, stories by group members were sold, said that this comprised a total of thirty-five markets. Sales of considerably over fifty stories were made by them during the past year.

The Poetry Group, represented by Miss Lily E. Barry, had a most excellent year's work to their credit. The outstanding event was the publication of the "Poetry Year Book," edited and arranged through the kindness of Mr. Warwick Chipman. One member, Mr. Robert Choquette, had received a prize of five hundred dollars—the David Prize, for his latest book of poems. The Prize Competitions which were so successful last year are again open and announcements of this have been made through the press.

Miss Lily E. F. Barry had the honor of receiving a prize from the London Society of Poetry, an award much appreciated by the entire association.

Miss Mabel Brittain presented the report of the Drama Group, announcing that a book of twenty one-act plays, written for the Prize Competition, would be published this summer. A thousand copies will be printed suitable for production by Little Theatre Groups.

The following officers were elected: President, B. K. Sandwell; Vice-President, Howard A. Kennedy; Secretary, Miss Elizabeth Church; Treasurer, Leo D. Cox; Executive Committee, Miss Lily Barry, Mrs. Louise Morey Bowman, Miss Mary Brooks, Leslie Gordon Barnard, Warwick Chipman, Murray Gibbon, Norman Rankin, Hon. Justice Surveyer, Miss Mary Saxe and Mrs. Fenwick Williams.

* * *

Editor, "Canadian Bookman:"

In the criticism of "The Mystery of John Jasper" your critic, A.E.S.S., gives the following: "Mr. Leaver in fact introduces her (opium woman) as Drood's mother. Her age would appear to be an objection to this, but he does not consider it."

I would like to bring your reviewer's attention to the following extract from "The Dickensian" for October, 1925: "The Princess Puffer's claim to know Jasper 'better than all the Reverend Parsons put together know him,' their common taste for opium, and Edwin's startled recognition of a resemblance between the two on the night of his disappearance, have suggested to several writers that Jasper may be the woman's long lost son. The hints are as broad as we need expect from Dickens and, in the light of the indirect corroboration the hypothesis receives from the rest of the story, I have little doubt that it is correct."—Felix Aylmer.

Seeing that Edwin was six years junior to Jasper, I feel justified with respect to age.

H. R. LEAVER.

* * *

THE DEVIL

The curious circumstance that a complete and interesting novel of Tolstoy's, which was known to exist, should have escaped translation into English until now, is a reminder of the extent to which the interruption of political and economic relations with Russia has had an influence even on the literary connection which is now perhaps the most vital link between Russia and the western world.

By some chance, when Tolstoy's posthumous works were published in England and America in 1912, this novel, which is one of the best of them, was missed, and has remained unknown here though published some time ago in Russia.

A Tolstoy Society has now been formed in England to organize the celebration of the great writer's Centenary, which falls in 1928. The Viscountess Grey of Fallodon is its President, and Lady Oxford, Professor Gilbert Murray, Prince D. Mirsky, Maurice Baring, J. C. Squire and others are among its vice-presidents. One of the chief aims of the Society is to promote a complete Centenary edition of Tolstoy's works under the editorship of Aylmer Maude, the translator Tolstoy himself preferred to all others. On commencing preparation for this new edition, the editor noticed that *The Devil* was still untranslated and, without waiting for the complete edition, it has now been issued both in England and in America.

The Devil is written in Tolstoy's later manner, aiming at brevity and simplicity while dealing with a theme the author had greatly at heart, namely the evil of allowing oneself to be mastered by sexual desire. On that matter, both in *The Kreutzer Sonata* and in *The Devil*, Tolstoy set himself strenuously to counter the general drift of much modern literature, which has tended rather to present sex themes in an attractive light, and to present yielding, rather than resistance, sympathetically. Tolstoy is quite plain-spoken but his morality is not in any way assumed or conventional; his whole heart is in it, and he states his case forcibly.

Ottawa School Children at the National Gallery

By F. Maud Brown

TURN a group of children loose in a picture gallery and the chances are they will go close enough to the pictures to touch them and then walk quickly round the room, never pausing once. Their natural instinct is to swallow the pictures whole, very much as though they were cormorants bolting herrings at the zoo.

I used to watch the Ottawa school children do that at the National Gallery on Saturday mornings, until I could bear it no longer and started a campaign for the more moderate consumption and better digestion of pictures. That is not just how we put it to the children; we—that is to say, myself and any volunteers who could be induced to come and help—simply began to talk to the children, to ask them questions about whichever picture they happened to be near. If it was Crome's Porlington Oak, had they noticed the reflection of the shepherd's red breeches in the water? Or, if it was Spencer Watson's "Mary and Guido" did they think the greyhound looked as though he could run? Just about one question to any boy or girl would be enough to bring the rest of the children in the room flocking around to hear what was going on, and, before you knew it the baedeker-tourist rush was stayed. The work had begun.

One question followed another, and you did not have to ask them all; the children contributed their full share. And, as the weeks went by those who had been there before took great pride in pointing out to the new comers what they had already learned, adding enormously to the spice and variety of the entertainment, for, as every teacher knows, any scrap of information contributed by one of the class is received with a respect and interest not often accorded to the sophisticated wisdom of grown-ups.

Children are bored by gratuitous explanations, that is why we have always tried to help them to see what is in the pictures for themselves, simply by asking questions. For instance, in front of Arnesby Brown's big landscape, "In Suffolk," it is sometimes amusing to imagine a walk through the picture, crossing fields, going through woods and coming out on distant hills. So the children get their first glimpse of that amazing miracle which enables the artist, from a few square feet of canvas, to build up a solid countryside.

In looking at any landscape it is a safe opening to enquire about the weather. Children know that the same bit of country looks very different on different kinds of days and even at different hours of the same day, and they can see that it is not fair to judge a picture until you know what kind of an effort the artist is trying to produce. One day, without telling the children the name of Arthur Lismer's "September Gale," I asked them what kind of weather it was in the picture, and the answer came in a chorus, "It's windy, It's stormy." The next question was "Where do you see the wind?" and again everybody called, "It's blowing the waves, it's blowing the leaves," and one boy added, "It's blowing the clouds across the sky." They went on talking, they noticed the bent pine trees on a distant island, the splash of the waves as they broke on a rock, they had caught the spirit of the thing.

It is interesting that, almost without exception, the children like the modern Canadian pictures. Most of them would agree with the small boy who sat in front of the Tom Thomsons' for a long time and finally said, "These are the easy pictures, these are so easy to understand."

In the old masters' gallery, after the children have looked at the portraits sometimes they decide which man they would like best for an uncle. Some choose Gainsborough's negro because he has such a kind face, some Hogarth's fat man, because he looks so easy-going, and, if the romantic fancy Charles I, the more discerning invariably disagree with them; but, the important thing is they are finding out how much character can lie behind the pictured features.

Those are the simpler methods of approach. During the four winters that the work has been carried on it has been growing steadily and has passed through various stages and experiments. We very quickly found out that mass instruction in art is a mistake. It is just as uncomfortable and unsatisfactory for children to go round the galleries in herds as it is for older people; and who has not pitied the unfortunate victims of a "personally conducted tour" at the Louvre or the Uffizzi! Pictures are intimate things to linger over quietly, and this is the way children should be taught to enjoy them.

This year the work has been better organized than ever before. Five of us, the other four all of them art students, have worked regularly, taking round the children in groups of about twelve or fifteen at a time, and dealing with two hundred or more children each Saturday. We have found it by far the best plan not to show them too much any one morning and then they come back again, eager for more. While some go to the modern pictures, others see the old masters and others still look at the drawings and prints, or are taken round the sculpture court; a scheme which has the

added advantage of spreading the children through the building so that they do not interfere with the ordinary visitors.

There has been another innovation this winter, special classes for the boys and girls who come regularly. When you have the same children each week for a month or more you begin to know them, and they you, and very often you find your friendship cemented over a common delight in some primitive Italian saint, a Bayre lion or a Daumier caricature. The art students talk to the children freely about composition, colour, the beauty of line and form, passing on to them much of their own enthusiasm. For instance, one of them was explaining something about the need for balance and harmony in a picture and led up to her point by way of a see-saw. The children could see that, as you want balance on a see-saw so that you may go up and down, so you want balance in a picture, so that one part does not fall away from another part, but your eye travels up and down through the picture from one object to another. She showed them, too, how we like agreement between the shapes, values and colours so that everything in a picture seems to belong there and there is a feeling of oneness.

Many masterpieces are produced at home during the week and brought for inspection on Saturday morning. They vary all the way from dreadful little Kewpies on a scrap of dirty paper to careful sketches which show real promise; one pioneer has even made a line cut.

The whole scheme is still very much in its infancy, and may, and it is to be hoped will, broaden out in a variety of ways, But the very fact that the children are looking at the pictures intelligently week after week and enjoying what they see, must in itself bear good fruit. To learn to know and to like the work of Rubens, Veronese, Tintoretto, Goya and Gainsborough—to give only a few of the greatest names—must set a new and high standard for the children. The influence of art is hidden but far-reaching. As one of our enthusiasts, aged 12, said, impressed with the immensity of the subject: "Gee! but the deeper you go, the more there is to it."

* * *

AN EPITAPH FOR A SWEETHEART

By Paul Harvey

KIND summer sun shine brightly here,
Warm southern breeze blow lightly here,
Green sod above, lie light, lie light,
Good night, Dear Heart,
Good night, good night.

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Vancouver Poets

At the regular meeting of the Vancouver Poetry Society held at the home of Mrs. Annie C. Dalton, members entertained Charles G. D. Roberts as a guest and renewed acquaintance with the man and his work. Although the usual programme was adhered to and Mr. W. G. Stephen's paper on "The Poetic Drama" delivered and duly discussed, interest centred thereafter about the distinguished visitor. By request, he read some of our old favorites: "Child of the Infinite," "In the Wide Awe and Wisdom of the Night," "The Great and the Little Weavers," O Earth Sufficing all our Needs," "Crossing the Brook," "The Rose of My Desire." Congratulations were tendered upon his having deservedly won the Lorne Pierce Medal. Mr. A. E. S. Smythe, Toronto, who arrived late in the evening from a lecture hall, talked interestingly for some time about the earlier days when the group of "61" was just beginning to make its influence felt upon Canadian letters.

It is noteworthy that Vancouver headed the Dominion, during Dr. Roberts' tour, in the matter of size and number of recitals and in financial appreciation of his services to Canadian literature.

* * *

DELIGHT. *By Mazo de la Roche.* Toronto: Macmillan. $2.00.

"Delight" is the name of the heroine, an English girl. The scenes of this new novel are laid, for the most part, in an Inn on the shore of Lake Ontario; it is not, like *Possession,* a novel of Canadian farm life. *Possession,* it will be remembered, seemed to have a little too much realism to suit the taste of the average Anglo-Saxon, (no doubt, one of Miss de la Roche's French forefathers had a ghostly finger in the pie) but this new novel is rather different.

* * *

EX TENEBRIS

By Martha Martin

OUT of the dark forbidding soil
The pure white lilies grow;
Out of the black and murky clouds
Descends the stainless snow.

Out of the crawling, earth-bound worm,
A butterfly is born;
Out of the sombre, shrouded Night,
Behold, a golden Morn!

Out of the pain and stress of life
The peace of God pours down;
Out of the Nails—the Spear—the Cross,
Redemption, and a Crown!

The Happy Islands

Marlow A. Shaw, at present head of the Department of English at Iowa University, is a constant contributor to many literary and technical magazines. He was born in Bronte, Ontario, on the farm. He attended Hamilton Collegiate Institute, University of Toronto, and Harvard Graduate College, later becoming Principal of Waubaushene Public School. In 1904 Mr. Shaw went to the United States where he has since that time been teaching English literature, first at the University of Missouri, and since 1908 at the University of Iowa. He has spent summer after summer canoeing among the islands of the Georgian Bay, and his many interesting experiences have formed the basis of a great many of his magazine articles. He has recently completed a book entitled *The Happy Islands,* which is a volume of these entertaining sketches written and grouped to give the reader a proper realization of the glamor and beauty of the district. It will be heartily welcomed and thoroughly enjoyed by all classes of readers.

* * *

The Canadian Helen Keller

The all-too-short life story of Theodocia Pearce—Canada's Helen Keller—is a beautiful illustration of courage and patience under affliction. Theodocia Pearce was born at Brantford, Ontario, and at an early age was stricken with lameness and blindness through an attack of meningitis. The life story of Helen Keller became her inspiration, and she cheerfully and determinedly set about to overcome the tremendous handicap of perpetual darkness. Happily, her sight was partially restored to her, and she was able to attend the High School, and she also took a course in short-story writing. Her first success along this line was published by the *Canadian Magazine,* and the ten dollars which she received for it seemed like a thousand to her, so encouraged was she. Once more the Fates pursued her, however, this time with the burden of total deafness. But her courage was indomitable, and was aided during six years which followed by a constant correspondence with the ideal, Helen Keller. At the end of six years, Theodocia Pearce went to New York, and had the indescribable pleasure of meeting Helen Keller personally and enjoying an even closer companionship than that allowed by mere correspondence. She made good in New York, in literary work, but her already brilliant career was cut short by death. She left us two books—her last works—a novel, *The Everlasting Beauty,* and a book of poems, *Lights from Little Lanterns*—fitting memorials to her patient and beautiful character.

THE QUEST OF YOUTH. *By T. B. Stewart Thomson, M.C., B.D.* James Clarke & Co. Limited.

Rev. Stewart Thomson, Minister of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh, is well kknown in Scotland as "a young man's man." But the twenty sermons and addresses contained in this volume are by no means confined to young men; they all breathe something of the spirit of the new age fresh in vitality; their message is firmly based on the old faith in Christ, the same yesterday and today and forever.

"Wanted! A Man." The eighteenth sermon in the volume is characteristic of the entire series. It is more; it is a challenge to the manhood and the womanhood of our age. It is the world's cry of perplexity and need of men such as those who fought and fell in the Great War, crowding the stage of those tremendous times. They were so very human, with all their faults and shortcomings, and yet so lovable, so patient and brave and unassuming. "I have come out of this war—as who has not?—with a tremendous admiration for the everyday, ordinary man. He may be made of the clay that perishes, but it is stamped with the royal superscription of God. We can understand better today than ever before why our Lord chose Peter—unstable, quick-tempered, impetuous, just a young man with a great love in his heart—as the rock on which to build His Church."

The volume is timely and helps, in the words of Viscount Morley, "to lead us into inner moods of settled peace, to touch the depth and calm the tumult of the soul, to give us quietness, strength, steadfastness and purpose, whether to do or to endure."

C. RITCHIE BELL.

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The Writer's Corner

Conducted by DONALD G. FRENCH

7.—The Psychology of Poetry

THE mind is the man. So, in the last analysis of almost every subject, we face the question, "What are the mental processes involved and how do they operate?"

Already, in these articles, we have observed the two chief attitudes of mind, the intellectual and the emotional. The intellect is concerned with generalities, abstractions, scientific facts—with the problem of two and two make four, with the dissection of a flower into sepals, petals, stamens and pistils. The emotions are affected primarily through the senses by concrete objects and conditions—by the beauty of color and form in the flower and the spiritual truth symbolized thereby. The emotional attitude is essentially poetic.

To influence the emotions with the written or spoken word, the poet must in some way reproduce concrete conditions, scenes and objects. Doing this involves on his part the exercise of the faculty of Imagination, and the same faculty must be employed by the reader or hearer in order to realize the objects presented.

Compare these two illustrations:

(1 A plain statement of facts: "The King of Persia at the battle of Salamis opposed the Greeks with a large navy and a mighty force of men. He was completely routed after a single day's fighting."

(2) The imaginative and poetic presentation:

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships in thousands lay below,
And men in nations; all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?
—Byron: "The Isles of Greece."

The first is general and abstract, the second specific and concrete.

It is in this power to see clearly and to picture vividly in the concrete that the poet differs from the ordinary man—he has a more fully developed imaginative faculty and a more fluent manner of expression. But most ordinary mortals have sufficient of the imaginative power to realize what the poet presents; if not, they cannot appreciate poetry. They may have seen dimly; they may have felt vaguely—but when the poet presents a picture they can say "I too, have seen this;" when he voices an emotion they can say: "I, too, have felt this." As Emerson says, "We need an interpreter. . . . We cannot report the conversation we have had with Nature . . . Too feebly fall the impressions of Nature on us to make us artists."

The imagination acts, to a great extent, subconsciously. All the sights, sounds, impressions and experiences pass to the inner recesses of the mind to reappear in some mysterious manner, as, (1) Memories, exact reproductions coming without any exercise of will; (2) Recollections, also exact reproductions, but called up as a result of mental effort; (3) Images, recreated objects or conditions, not identical in all details with what has been observed through the senses, but formed by the selecting and recombining of the material acquired from past sense experiences.

It is in his power of imagining that the poet excels. And in this imagining, or process of imagination, he does not reproduce all the details of past sense-impressions. Nor does he select many details. He rather chooses the most striking features as they appear to him from a certain view-point.

Examine carefully this poem:

The frost that stings like fire upon my cheek,
The loneliness of this forsaken ground,
The long white drift upon whose powdered peak
I sit in the great silence as one bound;
The rippled sheet of snow where the wind blew
Across the open fields for miles ahead;
The far-off city towered and roofed in blue
A tender line upon the western red;
The stars that singly, then in flocks appear,
Like jets of silver from the violet dome,
So wonderful, so many, and so near,
And then the golden moon to light me home—
The crunching snowshoes and the stinging air,
The silence, frost and beauty everywhere.
—Lampman: "Winter Uplands."

This poem gives a clear-cut picture which includes the snow-drifts, the wide fields, the city, the sunset, the stars, the moon, snowshoeing—all in a few lines. It would seem impossible to get anything more into the picture, and yet there is no sense of overcrowding, because in reproducing the scene the poet has selected only such points as are strikingly prominent.

This process of selection may be called the Recreative Imagination. But the imagination goes a step further—it renders the emotional values of images through the aid of suggestion. To some degree this is done in the sonnet already quoted; the wide, snow-covered fields, in their monotonous, lifeless white covering create a feeling of

loneliness. The climatic conditions harmonize with the mental mood.

Shakespeare's plays afford numerous examples of the harmony of the descriptive setting with the psychological mood. As Duncan approaches Macbeth's castle, delighted with the prospect of doing honor to his brave general, everything pleases him. He says:

"The castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

And the faithful Banquo feels, too, the benign influence and replies:

"The guest of summer
The temple-haunting martlet does approve
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here . . .
I have observed
The air is delicate."

But evil and darkness go hand in hand. Before the murder of Banquo, Macbeth says:

"Come seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
. . . Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood."

Black is blackest on a white background, and so we find emotional effects frequently heightened by the use of Contrast. This is the explanation of the psychological value of:

(a) Contrasted ideas:

"Dawned with hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love."
"Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown."

"Who *God-like*, grasps the triple forks,
And, *King-like*, wears the crown."

(b) Color-contrast:

"Leading a jet-black goat, white-horned, white-hooved."
"Dark faces pale against that rosy flame."

(c) Contrasted moods: Compare the different sections of the Lady of Shalott.

(d) Contrasted movement: Compare the relation of movement to thought in:

"The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs, the deep
Moans round with many voices,"

with a few lines farther on in *Ulysses*:

"Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows."

In the process of reproduction the Imagination acts in two ways. The first may be considered a visible mental process of the comparison of objects, ideas and their co-related emotions. This Associative Imagination is fully exemplified in most of the extracts already quoted. In the second mode—the Interpretative Imagination—the poet bridges over the intermediate mental steps and gives at once the spiritual value of the sensational experience:

Sweet flower! For by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that hold fast,
Sweet, silent creature,
That breathest with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness and a share
Of thy meek nature.
—Wordsworth: "To a Daisy."

Here the poet renders at once the spiritual character of the flower. There is no conscious application of the process of association or comparison.

The law governing the reconstructive and selective process of Imagination is that pictures and conditions must be produced which are consistent with knowledge and experience. When such pictures are not created, but improbable, irrational and arbitrary combinations are formed, we have the exercise of the faculty of Fancy. That arbiter of the intellect, reason, should always be in the background keeping watch over the play of Imagination if proper results are to be attained.

* * *

The Manuscript Market.

The Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass., offers a prize of $10,000 for the most interesting novel of any kind submitted to it before February 15th, 1927.

Little Brown & Company, 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., offer a prize of $2,000 in addition to ordinary terms of royalty for a book suitable for boys and girls of ten years old or more. Competition closes March 1st, 1927.

Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, offer $2,000 in addition to royalty for the best novel by an American citizen who has not published a novel in book form prior to January 1st, 1919. Contest closes February 1st, 1927.

The Measure, 335 East 17th Street, New York City, offers a prize of $10 for the best poem published in each monthly number.

American Childhood Magazine, 120 East Sixteenth Street, New York City, wants children's stories 800 to 1000 words, embodying "high spots" in education. Also articles on kindergarten and primary expansion; practical articles for mothers, etc.

Family Herald and Weekly Star, 165 St. James Street, Montreal, Que., wants topical matter of unusual character, adventure, travel, invention, etc. Stirring adventure or other short stories of a British or Canadian trend. Length about 1500 words.

The Harp, Larned, Kansas, offers a prize of $25 for the best sonnet or poem of 14 lines which will be published in the magazine between January and August, 1926.

The Penn Publishing Co., 925 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa., is in need of plays that can be produced by amateurs, easy to stage and act, and with simple costumes.

American Humor, Suite 548, 608 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., wants one-act plays and short stories, drawings, whimsical poems, epigrams, original jokes and illustrations, cartoons, and general material of satirical, iconoclastic, or humorous tone.

The Collector

A SERIES of papers and documents of great Canadian interest were sold at Sotheby's in London on April 26. The most important lot was a letter book of Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, Commander-in-chief of the St. Lawrence expedition, in 1759. The letters are principally addressed to William Pitt, and deal with the campaign against the French in Canada, describing the capture of Quebec and the death of Wolfe. Other papers included a letter of 12 pages, quarto, from Sir George Murray, Lieutenant-General and Governor of Canada, dated Kingston, Canada, March 27, 1815, to Lord Melville, concerning the need for emigrants in Canada; thirteen letters from Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane from Halifax, Bermuda, etc., concerning affairs in Canada and the United States; and a letter from Rear-Admiral Sir William Barry, dated November 14, 1823, concerning the Northwest passage.

* * *

The latest catalogue (No. 226) from Pickering and Chatto, London, entitled "A Collection of old and rare books of English Literature, Part I," lists among other important items under "Americana": "The Humble address of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal to his Majesty, in relation to the petition of Charles Desborow, Late Captain of his Majesty's ship Mary Galby, employed in the Expedition to Newfoundland . . . and his Majesty's most gracious answer thereto" (concerning Desborow's dismissal from the service caused by dissensions between the "sailors" and the "landsmen" over attacking a French squadron off St. John,) London, 1699 (priced £42), and "A Letter from a West India Merchant to a Gentleman in Tunbridge concerning that part of the French Proposals which relates to North America, and particularly Newfoundland," London, 1712 (priced £10 10s.)

* * *

E. Joseph, London, in a catalogue of valuable and interesting books (New Series, No. 83) offers among other items under the head of "Americana" Hennepin's "A New Discovery of a Vast Country in America (with) The Taking of Quebec by the English" London, Bonwicke, 1699 (priced £33 10s); Vancouver's "Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean and Round the World, 3 vols., with the folio atlas of plates, in all 4 vols., original boards, London 1798, (priced £37 10s); and Cook's "Three Voyages" 9 vols. including atlas of maps and plates, London, 1773-85 (priced £15).

* * *

A sale of Americana, books and autographs, held at the American Art Galleries in New York City on March 9, saw the dispersal of a number of items of Canadian interest, as follows: "The American Magagine and Chronicle, Vol. II., Boston, 1745 (containing the full-page "Plan of the Town and Harbour of Louisburg," which accompanies the fullest contemporary history of Louisburg campaign, including many passages never before reprinted, $37.50; Ditto, Vol. III., Boston, 1746, containing a journal of the Siege of Louisburg and much interesting matter relating to the Louisburg Expedition), $21; Charlevoix' "Histoire et Description Generale de la Nouvelle France," 6 vols., Paris, 1744, $25; Ditto, translated into English and edited with notes by Dr. T. G. Shea, 6 vols., London, 1902, (750 copies), $22.50; Hind's "Explorations in the Interior of Labrador Peninsula," 2 vols., London, 1863, $20; Prince Maxmilien de Wied-Nieuwied's "Travels into the Interior of North America," with the 2 vols. of colored plates, in all 3 vols., London, 1843-44, $80; manuscript of three letters written in the year 1781, by the Rev. John Jones from the Harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, "giving an account of the rise and progress of the work of God in that place to Saml. Greathead, Asst. Engineer, at the aforesaid place, and at Quebec," comprising 233 pages, Quebec, 1782-84, $33; Wyeth's "Oregon," Cambridge, 1833 (privately printed and exceedingly rare), $385,

* * *

Papers of the Dobbs family, Carrick-Fergus, recently presented to the Ulster Record Office, have been found to include three journals dealing with the exploration of the Northwest Passage, and officials of the Hudson Bay Co. are now engaged in making a transcription of them. The earliest and most valuable of the three journals is that of Henry Kelsey, covering the period from 1683 to 1722. Kelsey, whose life was spent in exploration, was the first Englishman to penetrate from the Hudson Bay coast to the Western Canada prairie country. It was not known before that a copy of his journal was in existence.

* * *

A copy of the rare first Bible printed in America has beeen recently acquired by the

Museum of the American Indian in New York City. The Bible, which is in the Natick Indian language, and is the work of Rev. John Eliot, was published in Cambridge, Mass., in 1663. Its frontispiece bears the autograph signature of Josiah Cotton, himself a preacher among the Indians for nearly forty years, who died in 1756. His father, the Rev. John Cotton, of Boston, aided Eliot in the preparation of the second edition of the Bible, which was printed in 1685.

* * *

An exhibit on "Printing: Yesterday and Today," tracing the development of the printer's art fro mthe earliest Chinese printing from wood blocks in the year 985 under the Emperor Yung Hei down to the most modern examples of English and American press and color work, opened to the public in the library of McGill University, Montreal, on Monday, May 17. The exhibit included among other interesting items a leaf from the first printed book in Europe, a Latin Bible printed by John Gutenberg at Mainz, between 1450 and 1455, and an original page of one of the earliest printed English books, "The Lyfe of Saynt Thomas of Canterbury," printed at Westminster in 1498 by Wynkyn de Worde, while local interest was added by a case devoted to the earliest Montreal and Quebec printing from the presses of Fleury Mesplet, Thomas Cary and John Neilson.

* * *

The Americana Collector for May contains an interesting article, "Benjamin Franklin, and What Printing Did for Him," by Lewis Bullen, from which the following paragraph relating to the part played by Franklin in introducing printing into Montreal is taken:

"In 1776, when Franklin was seventy years of age, full of years and of honors, and looking forward to a period of leisure, he helped to write the Declaration of Independence, which he afterwards signed, and with the other signers 'pledged his life and sacred honor,' to the service of the new nation. There were at the time no funds in the treasury of the Continental Congress. Franklin was the first to loan his money to the cause. He handed in all the cash he had on hand—£1,000. Then the Congress sent him to Montreal to win over the French-Canadians to our side. Two years earlier, Franklin had written in French (which lauguage, as well as German, he had acquired) an address to the people of the Province of Quebec, and had it printed by Fleury Mesplet, a French printer who had arrived in Philadelphia with a printing plant in 1774. Probably Mesplet's first employment in Philadelphia was this 'Lettre adressée aux Habitants de la Province de Quebec, ci-devant le Canada, de la part du Congrès Général de l'Amérique Septentrionale, tenu a Philadelphia.' This was reprinted in French by Mesplet in 1775. True to his conviction that no cause could succeed without the aid of types, Franklin induced Mesplet to accompany him to Canada and to take along his printing outfit. The mission failed, but Mesplet remained in Montreal, where he was the first to print.

* * *

Four volumes, which formed part of Napoleon's library at St. Helena, have been recently acquired by Gabriel Wells, the well-known New York book dealer, and are now in that city. Napoleon had 399 books at St. Helena, but only seven of them, it is said, are known to exist. Five of the seven are the "Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz," and four of them have been acquired by Mr. Wells. These volumes belonged originally to the library of Marie Antoinette, and her crest appears on the bindings, and each of them is stamped with Napoleon's ex libris.

* * *

The vogue of what is known as "modern first editions" has led to the demanding, and payment, of some extraordinary prices for the books of certain modern authors, but the limit in this matter has surely been reached in the latest list (No. 157) from George A. Van Nosdall, New York, in which $2,500 is asked for what is described as "Probably the finest Wilde association item in existence." This is Wilde's "Salome, A Tragedy in One Act, translated from the French," London, 1894, and it bears two autograph inscriptions by the author to his intimate friend of those days and the translator of the volume, namely, Lord Alfred Douglas.

* * *

An important book for printers and collectors has been recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, under the title: "The Typographical Treasures of Europe, and a Study of Contemporary Book Production in Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Poland and Belgium, with an addendum by J. W. Muller, giving the Principal Dates and Personages in Printing History," by Edward Everett Bartlett. The book, which is folio in size and limited to 585 numbered copies, is an example of the finest and most luxurious standards of modern book making. Its author, E. E. Bartlett, is widely known among printers as President of the Bartlett-Orr Press, of New York, and active for nearly fifty years as artist, designer, and typographic writer.

* * *

Stanislaus "(Stan.") V. Henkels, the Philadelphia book auctioner, who attained international reputation as an authority on rare books, prints, autographs and particularly for his knowledge of relics associated with George Washington, died on April 23, aged 73 years.

The original manuscript of Thomas Paine's "Memrial from Prison," addressed to James Monroe, American Ambassador to France, in which Paine claimed to be an American citizen and asked Monroe's intervention with the French Republic for his release, brought $3,100 at a sale of rare Americana held by Charles F. Heartman, at Metuchen, N.J., on April 10. The manuscript was in an elaborate binding with engrossed title page and typewritten historical sketch.

* * *

A copy of the rare original issue of William Blake's "Songs of Innocence," London, 1789, brought $1,200 at the American Art Galleries, in New York City, on April 16, at the first session of the sale of the library of Victor Thrane, of Chicago, and the library of a well-known New York collector. The volume is a small one of a few pages. The plates are printed in green and are delicately colored.

* * *

It might seem to many that Bret Harte had become something of a back number among writers, yet a copy of the first edition of his "Mliss," one of the rarest of his books, brought no less than $1,100 at the sale of Charles Meeker Kozlay's Harte collection at the American Art Galleries in New York City not long ago. "The first issue of "The Pliocene Skull," Washington, 1871, with an A.L.S. of the author inserted, brought $550.

* * *

Nearly $2,000 was paid for a copy of the first edition of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" at a sale at Hodgsons in London, May 7, while a first edition of Keats' "Endymion" brought only $790, and a set of first editions of the entire Waverley Novels went for $1,000. The copy of Lewis Carroll's masterpiece was inscribed by the author to Alice Fannie Thomas, evidently a child of his acquaintance.

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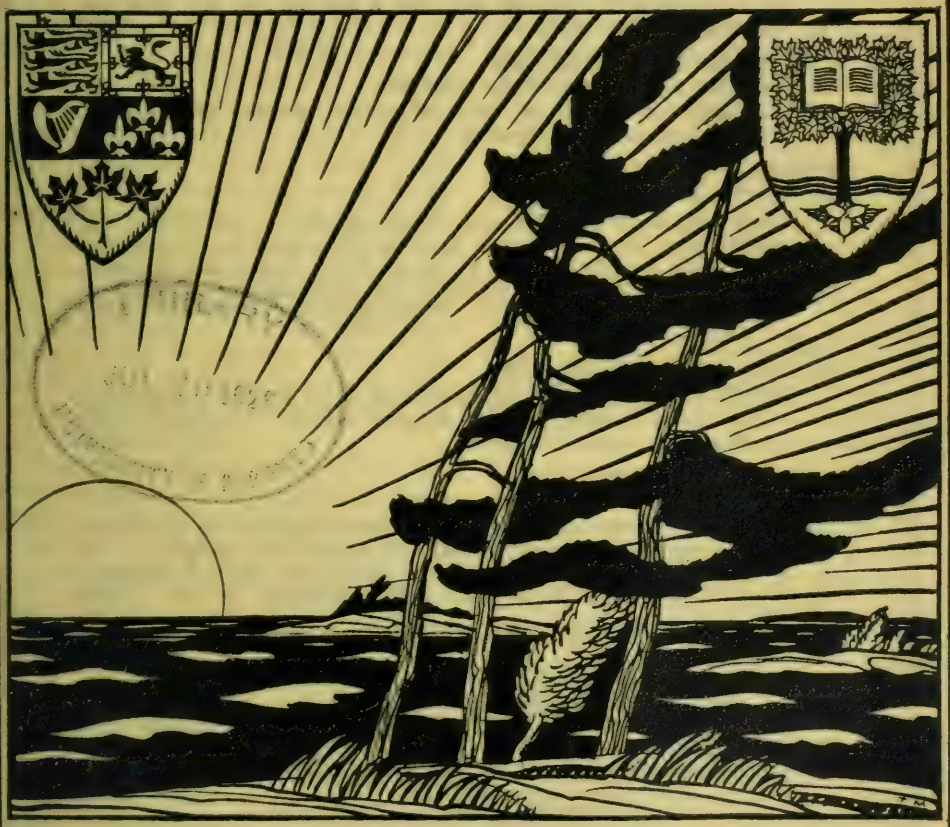

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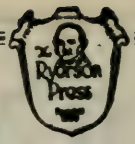

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Who's Who in Canadian Literature

JAMES DE MILLE

By Lawrence J. Burpee

JAMES DE MILLE was born ninety-two years ago in the picturesque seaport town of Saint John, on the Bay of Fundy. He came of Loyalist stock on both sides; sturdy, clean-living and clear-thinking stock. From his father he got a deep sense of religion and from his mother a kindly tolerance for the religious views of others. He had his father's capacity for work and his mother's interest in the finer things of life, as well as her saving sense of humour. From both he inherited that uprightness of character that marked all that he did and all that he thought.

Beginning his education at the St. John grammar school, he went from there to Horton Academy, matriculated at Acadia College, entered Brown University in 1852 and graduated Master of Arts two years later. Before entering Brown he and his brother Budd had enjoyed the unusual experience of a trip abroad, an experience that at the impressionable age of seventeen did much to mould his character and influence his life. They sailed from Quebec on one of their father's ships, having reached the Ancient Capital by a roundabout route that included among other things a trip on the pioneer Canadian railway from St. Johns to La Prairie, opposite Montreal. After a walking tour in England and Scotland, they travelled through France to Italy, and returned by way of the Alps. Some of the best of De Mille's books were based upon incidents and experiences and knowledge gained on this journey abroad.

After graduating from Brown, he spent some time in St. John, and was then offered and accepted the chair of Classics in Acadia College. In 1864 he accepted the position of professor of History and Rhetoric at Dalhousie College, which he held up to the time of his death. He had been offered, but declined, the office of Superintendent of Education of Nova Scotia; and at the time of his death, in 1880, President Eliot was considering an invitation to De Mille to take the chair of Rhetoric at Harvard. Without doubt this would have been a welcome move, as it would have given him the opportunity of developing his original theories of education in a much wider field and under more favorable conditions than he could hope for in Halifax.

Most of his work as a novelist and poet was done at Halifax, in odd moments of leisure snatched from his duties as a professor. He wrote before the days of the typewriter, and when one contemplates the mere bulk of the books that were written by

hand, at night, after a hard day's work, one does not know which to admire most, his energy or his versatility.

Of De Mille's many books of fiction, the earliest were two classical tales, *The Martyr of the Catacombs* and *Helena's Household*, the former a story of the catacombs in Rome and the persecution of the Christians, the latter a tale of Rome in the days of Nero. Both are the result of a minute study of the period during his visit to Rome in 1850-1851, and it has been suggested that they probably suggested several later stories such as Wallace's *Ben Hur* and Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis.*

Another product of the European tour is *The Dodge Club.* In fact it is the story of that journey with various additions, told in the whimsical vein that De Mille could so readily assume. It has sometimes been suggested that De Mille got his idea from Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad.* As a matter of fact *The Dodge Club* was published a few months before *Innocents Abroad.* The quality of the humor is more restrained than in *Innocents Abroad.* De Mille was not capable of ridiculing things that to others might be sacred.

After the *Dodge Club* appeared a number of sensational novels, written to meet the popular taste of the early seventies, a taste that demanded impossible adventures and highly improbable heroes, heroines and villains.

They vary somewhat in character, the *American Baron* and *A Castle in Spain* being in the nature of light comedy; *The Cryptogram* and *Cord and Creese,* stories of wild and exciting adventure; and *The Lady of the Ice, A Comedy of Terrors, An Open Secret,* and *The Living Link* being melodramic novels more or less in the manner of Wilkie Collins. About the same time De Mille was writing a number of books for boys, the B.O. W.C. Series and the Young Dodge Club Series, the former based largely upon his own experiences as a schoolboy at Horton, and the latter upon the European trip. There remained to the end much of the boy in DeMille's character. Although shy and reserved to men outside of a few intimate friends, he never had any difficulty in making friends with boys, and never lost his appreciation of their point of view. As a consequence these books written many years ago for an earlier generation are still popular because they appeal to the universal boy nature.

They are full of action and incident, sailing expeditions about the Basin of Minas and the Bay of Fundy, fishing excursions up the Bay shore, camping up the Bay shore in the New Brunswick woods, hunting for Captain Kidd's treasure in Cape Breton or on Grand Manan, free fights with the natives of Gaspereaux, searching for amethysts about the foot of Blomidon, and similar adventures in the Bay of Chaleur and the Gulf of St. Lawrence; with equally fascinating tales of stirring exploits in Rome, Venice and other parts of Italy.

About 1878 De Mille wrote a novel that was entirely different from anything he had hitherto attempted. It was called *The Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder.* Like many of his other books it was sold to Harpers, but was not published until 1888, some years after his death, and then appeared anonymously. It was quite obviously incomplete and De Mille had apparently planned to follow it with a sequel. It is a fascinating romance, and also an exceedingly clever and penetrating satire on the modern worship of wealth. There can be little doubt that had De Mille lived he would have produced several other novels in this vein that would have added very materially to his reputation.

In addition to his books of fiction,

De Mille spent several years in the preparation of a very fine *Rhetoric*. He was a remarkable linguist, having command of half a dozen modern languages as well as Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and a working knowledge of Arabic and Sanskrit, and enriched this textbook with the results of his extraordinarily wide reading. It was a keen disappointment to him that the book fell almost still-born, another work on the same subject having been put on the market while his was going through the press.

After De Mille's death, Professor MacMechan found among his papers unpublished a long narrative poem, *Behind the Veil*. While the poem contains many passages of rare beauty, its very length puts it out of harmony with modern taste. He showed his versatility, in verse as well as in prose, by such amusing little jingles as "Eggs! Eggs! Eggs!" and other fragments scattered through *The Dodge Club* and other books. One than never appeared in book form is "Sweet Maiden of Quoddy," which as it is not very well known, may be worth quoting:

Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy,
Shall we seek for communion of souls
Where the deep Mississippi meanders,
Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls?
Ah, no! in New Brunswick we'll find it—
A sweetly sequestrated nook—
Where the swift gliding Skoodoowabskooksis
Unites with the Skoodoowabskook.

Meduxnakik's waters are bluer;
Nepisiquit's pools are more black;
More green is the bright Oromocto,
And browner the Petitcodiac;
But colors made radiant in autumn,
I see when I'm casting my hook
In the waves of the Skoodoowabskooksis,
Or perhaps in the Skoodoowabskook.

Let others sing loudly of Saco,
Of Passadumkeag or Miscouche,
Of Kennebeccasis or Quaco,
Of Miramichi or Buctouche;
Or boast of the Tobique or Mispec,
The Musquash or dark Memramcook;
There's none like the Skoodoowabskooksis,
Excepting the Skoodoowabskook.

Think not, though the Ma-ga-gua-da-vic,
Or Bocabec, pleases the eye;
Though Chi-put-nec-ti-cook is lovely,
That to either of these we'll fly.
No! when in love's union we're plighted
We'll build our log-house by a brook
Which flows to the Skoodoowabskooksis,
Where it joins with the Skoodoowabskook.

Then never of Waweig or Chamcook
I'll think, having you in my arms;
We'll reck not of Digdeguash beauties,
We'll care not for Popelogan's charms;
But as emblems of union forever,
Upon two lovely rivers we'll look;
While you'll be the Skoodoowabskooksis,
I'll be the Skoodoowabskook.

In summing up one's impressions of James De Mille the things that stand out most insistently are his versatility and the unquestionable fact that his genius never reached its complete fruition. Gifted with extraordinary energy, a marvellous memory, a quick imagination, and an almost too ready pen, he turned out book after book, prose and verse, grave and gay, from text-book to doggerel. Much of it he undoubtedly would have refused to recognize as anything more than potboilers; but one feels that he was working his way gradually toward bigger things. It must be remembered that he died at the age of forty-seven, a comparatively young man, endowed far above the average both as a teacher and a man-of-letters. Had he lived a few years longer, James De Mille might quite possibly have ranked among the great names of the English-speaking world, at any rate on this side of the water.

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What Chance Has Canadian Drama?

By T. M. Morrow.

ONLY a few weeks back, in a great Canadian city, I heard a lecturer of considerable reputation assert that there exists no Canadian drama, at least none that amounts to "a hill of beans." The audience laughed its acquiescence and listened delightedly to a discussion of the shortcomings of the drama of the rest of the world. Which was quite what it should have done, for there is nothing so pleasant as hearing of the deficiencies of others, while the lecturer was undoubtedly correct in stating that what Canadian drama exists is of minor importance.

But there are some of us who hope that, one of these days, there will arise something worth while along that line. What I wish to consider is the manner in which this prospective condition may be brought about. Not very long ago I read that Fred Jacob, of Toronto, when presenting the prize to the winner of a contest for one-act plays, stated that "it is quite important that we should have contests of this kind, because it is only in this way that we can get a drama in Canada."

And then I read that Sinclair Lewis, when refusing a literary reward generally regarded as extremely desirable, classed all such prizes as "dangerous."

It seems to me that there is something to be said for both these views. The winning of prizes for one-act plays offers one possible means, in a field where opportunities are extremely limited, for an ambitious playwright to establish at least a small degree of reputation. Nowadays, the winning of such a prize usually means that the successful play will have the benefit of production by some group of amateur actors; while there is an outside chance that the play may get into print.

Both of these things are advantageous. A play, as I understand it, is not a play until it has had somewhere the test of stage production. In writing it, of course, the author must have kept before him the fact that the thing is intended to be acted, but until he has seen it produced he cannot be certain as to its acting qualities. As to publication, naturally a play can have little circulation when it exists merely in manuscript form. Printed, it becomes available for the

consideration of all those interested in its possible production.

As to possible danger from the holding of such contests, this, it seems to me, lies mostly in the direction of the assumption that, having instituted the affair and awarded the prize, the donors have given a great forward boost to the desired national drama. The winner of such a contest need not expect to be deluged with requests for the opportunity of producing his work. The net result will consist, in all probability, of his being fifty or a hundred dollars richer temporarily and the reception of the congratulations of such of his friends as do not consider him guilty of little less than lunacy for devoting his time to such trivialities. Later on, if he is fortunate, he may have the opportunity of checking up the weak points of his work through viewing an amateur performance of it. After that, the play becomes as completely a thing of the past as a story in one of last year's magazines.

Usually, in such contests, there are several plays awarded honorable mention. The writers of these have the solace that their work must be little, if any, inferior to that judged the best; for no two or three persons are likely to agree as to the merits of an assortment of literary offerings. For these also-rans there is no prize and the chance of securing production is small.

We shall never come to anything worth while in the way of producing a Canadian drama merely by holding contests and awarding prizes and honorable mentions. Drama is life and action represented upon the stage by actors. The place for drama is the stage, where the players, reproducing the characters that once existed solely in the mind of the author, enact the story which he purposed to tell, for the benefit of the audience which views the play. That the author, for purposes of convenience, sets forth his work and directions in manuscript or the printed page, matters little, so far as the audience is concerned. It is the players who must tell the story.

What is needed, if we are to have a Canadian drama, is a closer co-operation between our players and our playwrights. But how? Well, I have noticed that one of the surest means for a man to advance his own interests is for him to persuade others that, by working to his advantage, they abet their own.

That will probably require, upon the part of our playwrights, something very akin to what is known as "salesmanship." The term is a little inappropriate, for in it lies a certain suggestion of commercialism, while the groups of players, to whom we must look for our opportunity are, for the most part, composed of amateurs. It is a hopeful sign that such organizations seem to be increasing in numbers rapidly and that the amount of talent which they are developing is considerable.

It might seem that, with so many of these groups functioning, the chance of the ambitious Canadian playwright having his work produced would be excellent. But it must be remembered that the mass of material available for dramatic presentation is very great and that it is being augmented constantly. Naturally, both producer and players prefer to undertake the performance of work which has the advantage of previous successful presentation. There is, apparently, little reason for any group of players turning its attention away from readily available work of proven merit in order to assist possible Canadian genius.

Except this. It must redound greatly to the credit of any organization that it has taken hold of the work of a Canadian playwright and, by giving it presentation, made of it a piece of drama. It is in this spirit that our players, producers and playwrights must get together, if we are to have a Canadian drama.

Lyrics of Earth

A Review by Albert E. S. Smythe

THE one thing deplored by every Canadian who envisions his country at a national entity and who hopes to see its unrivalled territory the home of an advanced race of people, is the absolute lack of public spirit or consciousness of national unity. One does not desire to develop the flag-waving patriot whose heart throbs more heatedly at the thought of his party success and the prospect of loaves and fishes. But one does wish that a race might arise which would incarnate the genius, the devotion, the art, the skill, the wisdom, the piety, and finally the power which would be worthy of our continental home. And in one thing surely we may all agree with the Group of Seven, that this can never be achieved except as the race grown out of the earth upon which it lives. Until Mother Earth becomes as dear to us as it has ever been to the greatest and noblest of the past in their respective haunts we shall be but wind-blown nomads, and Canada but a name. Until great Nature draws us to her bosom and we rest at home there we shall have no nation worthy our opportunity.

A nation evolves, like everything else, *pace* the fundamentalists, and there are centuries ahead of us yet, but we must make a beginning. Though we have the disadvantage of being strangers and sojourners instead of aborigines, and therefore have grafted much foreign matter into our national life, and have little to build upon in the soil-sprung thought of people who live closest to the land, yet it has been already recognized among us that Nature is the only true teacher of genuine patriotism, and one poet at least has turned to this true source when his soul longed for life. May we hope that the children of his generation and their children's children, will turn with him and learn as he has learned.

Duncan Campbell Scott has bestowed a real boon upon his country in preparing the new edition of Archibald Lampman's poetry for general reading. We need not quarrel with the selection either for its length or quality, though the best of Shelley and Wordsworth have been brought into shorter space by Collins and Arnold, and in days to come fewer pages may serve to demonstrate Lampman's finest achievement. The material is here for the reader, and the student, too, with the assistance of a keenly appreciative and cultured mind to point the way of beauty and truth. Nothing could encourage the hope of a great national soul in Canada more than to see this volume running into numerous editions, and to find its treasures copied in our school books and readers. The spirit of the land is very evident in these pages and no one can truly call himself Canadian who has not made himself familiar with the language and the images of these poems. They beget Canadianism of the nobler order by their very mood. Read this "Winter Evening" sonnet, page 166.

Down in the west
The brimming plains beneath the sunset rest,
One burning sea of gold. Soon, soon shall fly
The glorious vision, and the hours shall feel
A m'ghtier master; soon from height to height.
With silence and the sharp unpitying stars,
Stern creeping frosts, and winds that touch like steel,
Out of the depth beyond the eastern bars,
Glittering and still shall come the awful n'ght.

How masterfully he leads us up to the majestic contemplation of the spangled firmament. One is tempted to quote much, but let us be satisfied

with his appeal to mighty Demeter, so sadly forgotten even by the husbandman, who owes his life to her kindness.

O earth, O dewy mother, breathe on us
Something of all thy beauty and thy might,
Us that are part of day, but most of night,
Not strong like thee, but ever burdened thus
With glooms and cares, things pale and dolorous
Whose gladdest moments are not wholly bright;
Something of all thy freshness and thy light,
O Earth, O mighty mother, breathe on us.
O mother, who wast long before our day,
And after us full many an age shalt be,
Careworn and blind, we wander from thy way:
Born of thy strength, yet weak and halt are we;
Grant us, O mother, therefore, us who pray,
Some little of thy light and majesty.

Lampman undoubtedly felt the need of that "light and majesty" for Canada and for those with whom he associated. And it is only from mother earth that it can be assimilated.

Too much stress is laid upon technique in poetry where the general reader is concerned. Poetry for the general reader does not depend upon technique alone, nor chiefly. It is the impression conveyed that counts. It may sometimes be technique. It is more often the vision, the simple word echoed out of past pleasure or pain, the heart-chord touched through kindred experience accurately pictured, the expression given to an inarticulate emotion, the glory thrown upon familiar things. Flawless writing adds to the impression made at all times, but it is the vision of the poet that counts with the reader in the long run. Mr. Scott has helped the reader to find these things in Lampman, and the book is handsomely produced.

LYRICS OF EARTH. SONNETS AND BALLADS. with introduction by *Duncan Campbell Scott*. Toronto: Musson Book Co. $2.50.

A Cree Love Song

By John Gray

FAIR thou art, and like the willow,
Bending o'er the stream,
Sleeping, it would seem,
On its quiet water pillow,
Ruffled by no tumbling billow,
In a dream.

Graceful is thy step, resembling
My canoe upon
Pine-girt Nipigon,
When the ash leaves are a-trembling
And the storm-clouds are assembling
O'er the sun.

Now, the envious day retreating,
Springing from thine eyes
Unknown stars arise,
Guiding to the place of meeting,
Guiding to the joy of greeting,
Under starlit skies.

The Influence of Literature

By Katherine L. Macpherson

THE production of books, magazines and newspapers, is undoubtedly one of the great industries of the day, and the restless mind of the publisher is not, apparently, as much concerned with the quality of the matter submitted for publication, as the continual supply of paper upon which it shall be printed.

Of this vast output of so-called literature, a great part is naturally ephemeral, read and forgotten in a breath, but even of those writers who have something of truth or beauty to impart, certain sceptical minds would allow them little on which to congratulate themselves. Some maintain that books have no lasting influence for good upon the public, and that no age is made better by its authors. This view they support by what at first seems rational experience. The world is full of corruption and cruelty, self-interest is the prevailing motive of mankind, and each individual is constantly bent upon increasing his own store of happiness, regardless of the fact that by so doing he is condemning his neighbor to want.

In this state of things a book is published setting forth high ideals of honor and charity, not alone

> " . . . the vulgar charity that giveth gold,
> But that which is so holy in the heart
> And gentle on the tongue,"

and incontestable proof is given that men are happy only as they are virtuous. The book receives deserved circulation and praise and the author is conscious of more true happiness arising from the good he is doing, than from the acquisition of honor or reward. But look again upon the world and its motives. There is little if any change. Evil and selfishness prevail, and half of mankind still knows not nor cares how the other half lives. To prove this theory wrong in principle is impossible simply because the detail of fact required needs a wider survey of the world arena than humanity is capable of taking, while the silent witnesses of good can never be estimated any more than the force or direction of the percolating raindrop or the wind-driven leaf in autumn. It is given to few men even in this wonder-working age to accomplish a great deal, for the reason that Beneficence means something to be left for everyone to do.

It was not only in the age of Solomon that the sufficiency of books was great, and that all subjects of general interest were said to have been settled once for all. Future men might indeed rush in where angels feared to tread, but could they reasonably expect to improve upon the art which their predecessors were forced to leave unfinished? It will readily be believed that a vast amount of the knowledge disseminated from age to age, is not new; much of it has been known from the beginning, and much perforce has been written over and over again in order to save it from extinction. New books are brought out every day, and could we take time to look through the libraries of the world, we should be startled to find how often the same subjects have been re-written. It is easier to write new ones than to modify the old, and as mankind is not condemned to one particular attitude, so no subject is perpetually presented in the same light. After all, does not this re-writing, from different points of view and different powers of discernment, constitute the true education without which the race could not exist? That the use of the golden rule is not more prevalent is disappointing, but what would happen if it were not taught at all? The principles of truth are daily written, though the influence of truth continues small in the world, yet even if it takes "all the running we can do to stay in the same place"—and it does, sometimes—the exercise has its own reward. The ground is ploughed often, and yet multitudes never have enough to eat, yet neither the work of the teacher nor the farmer is useless. Let such tasks be neglected, and there will soon be no theory to solve; the evil that is now widespread would become universal, the bread that is already scarce would utterly fail. Sufficient it is for us to know that reformation is always going on, slowly and imperceptibly. It is like the shadows of evening. At noon they are short at sunset long, and none can perceive how or when comes the increase.

It might be difficult, did we care to try, to find out the reason which stamps some books with the honor of success, while, not infrequently, the masterpieces of the world have been subjected for a time to a withering neglect, never afterwards to be accounted for. In this pleasure-loving age books are usually read, it may be, for entertainment alone, yet it is possible that some of the technical and theoretical volumes are not perused solely for either information or scattering of doubt. One, it may be imagined, eagerly reads every book from a well-known pen as soon as it issues from the press, that he may join the chorus of praise and not linger as Falstaff has it "in the rearward of the fashion." Some read to discuss the style, the language, the plot with their friends, while a few, perhaps, are altogether certain, in the end, of only one thing, and that is that the purchase price has been thrown away. The prevalent reason for the vast amount of novel and short story reading, however, is the impossibility of finding any other amusement so inexpen-

sive and at the same time so alluring. The man or woman who has no time for sport, and whose artistic tastes, possibly, are not captured by the cinema, does not envy those whose pleasure is farther to seek and perhaps not so satisfactory as his own.

In addition to the entertainment of the hour, however, there are few among us who have not their favorite books, old and new. No one desires to obliterate such charms, or feels otherwise than as a willing slave to their sweet influence. Of these there have never been too many, nor can the best books ever be too precious, while such an idea as that Canadian men and women, from their own great field, are likely to defend the cause of the land they love so well, or will add honor to English literature, is far from inconceivable.

Whatever be the present sum of human knowledge, it is not for this age to disbelieve in progress. Any and every variety of understanding, with proper application, may hope to do its share to the great whole. Some people, perhaps, have rather too decided an idea that inspiration in literature is unnecessary. Were that the rule in the production of ideal things, we should speedily become but mediocre artists. One thing is certain, that a writer does not need to curb his powers because he has not hit upon some truth unknown before, his work may and will prove sufficiently fascinating by merely stirring up the pool of remembrance, and giving to some well-known theme a beauty of form different, and not less engaging than anything it has had before. Moreover, every writer may find intellects to whom his thoughts and expressions are congenial, and in the long run, it is not improbable that truth carefully propagated by moderate talent, may do better work than that of powers greater, presented, for some reason, in less acceptable fashion. It is, therefore, urged without reason, as a discouragement to writers, that there are already enough books in the world. An author who provides amusement inciting not to evil or even useless things, but to the good and beautiful, is not wholly useless to his generation, and may justly be regarded as one among the benefactors of life.

Tired

By Mary E. Colman

FAIN would I, if I might, forget tonight
The burden of my high estate,
Remember only dear and lovely things,—
Count over precious things for my delight—
Lay me down on beauty's fruitful breast
As child to rest.

The music of the little leaves that sing,
Of little waves that kiss the shore,
The pungent smell of bracken in the rain,
The sheen and shimmer of a pigeon's wing,
The dancers of the night whose footsteps glow
On fields of snow,—

In love of these I'll rest my weary soul,
Refresh my fainting thought, and laugh,—
Laugh for joy that the wine of life is new,
A heady draught in youth's frail bowl—
All salt with tears—Drink deep that cup divine,
O heart of mine!

It Is Reported THAT—

—Margaret Lawrence's book dealing with the life and work of Albert Durrant Watson will be ready for autumn publication.

—*Shadows and Other Poems*, by Charles Edward Pegley, a book of forty-eight pages was recently published by the author at Windsor, Ontario.

—twenty new Public Libraries were established in Ontario last year, bringing the total up to nearly five hundred. In spite of this there are said to be approximately 1,000,000 people in this province who are not within reach of public library service.

—the anniversary of the birth of the drama in North America at Port Royal, Nova Scotia, in 1606, will be commemorated by the Historical Association of Annapolis Royal on Monday, August 2nd, followed by the unveiling of a memorial tablet at Fort Anne.

—at a recent meeting of the Canadian Authors Association, Toronto Branch, S. B. Watson paid a compliment to the Women's Institutes of Canada as being the only organization in this country that included a systematic study of books in the regular programme for the year.

—H. G. Wells, in the first issue of The Europa Year Book, concludes his introduction on "The Reconstruction of World Affairs," with a statement to the effect that if our species is to survive there must be world control of the political, economic and biological life of mankind.

—Nellie L. McClung, addressing the Alberta Women's Institutes Convention spoke of Canada's need of men and women of broad vision, and declared that it depended upon the spirit and the outlook of the Canadian people whether we are to be a nation or a mob. She is a prophetess not without honor in her own country, for she is a member of the Legislature of Alberta.

—at the centenary banquet of the Royal Society in London on July 7th, the Society's Gold Medal for Literature was presented to Rudyard Kipling. In expressing his appreciation Kipling said: "The fiction that I am worthy of that honor be upon your heads." "Fiction," he continued, "began when some man invented a story about another man; it developed when another man told tales about a woman. This strenuous epoch begat the first school of destructive criticism, as well as the first critic, who spent his short but vivid life in trying to explain that a man need not be a hen to judge the merits of an omelette. He died, but the question he raised is still at issue."

—The British House of Lords has thrown out a bill designed to protect authors from actions for libel on the ground that they have endowed fictional characters with the names of living persons. The reason the bill was declined was the representation that it would create a specially privileged class. In almost any city directory may be found such names as Snodgrass and Winkle.

—the painting "Spring," by the late Mrs. Herbert Chipman Tilley (Elizabeth Tucker) has been presented to the Free Public Library of St. John, N.B. It was painted in 1890. Elizabeth Tucker's paintings were exhibited in London and Paris as well as in cities on this side of the ocean but very little in collected form has been written of her work.

* * *

C. A. A. Convention

The annual convention of the Canadian Authors Association will be held on August 5. 6 and 7 at Vancouver. There will be addresses of welcome by the Lt.-Governor of British Columbia and the Mayor of Vancouver. Following the president's message, there will be a discussion of the question: "Can Canada support the Canadian author?" On the evening of the 5th a miscellaneous programme will be provided on the grounds of the beautiful home of Mrs. L. A. Lefevre. The report of the Copyright Committee will feature the Friday morning session and at the luncheon that day the members will be the guests of the Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver. In the afternoon there will be an automobile trip to the summit of Grouse Mountain. At the annual banquet that evening, the programme will include a toast to "Charles Mair, the Adventurer who Blazed the Trail," responded to by John W. Garvin.

"Literary Criticism, its Scope and Value," on the Saturday morning programme, will be discussed by representative critics and writers. The convention will close with the annual election of officers at this session, and the afternoon will be given over to a boat trip.

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FORFEIT AND OTHER POEMS. *By Kathryn Munro.* Toronto: Ryerson. 50c.

Readers of *Canadian Bookman* will recall that the title poem of this Chap-book and also "Twilight Folk" had their original publication in this journal. This is one of the series of Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books which include *The Sweet o' the Year*, by Charles G. D. Roberts, and *Companionship and the Crowd*, by W. H. F. Tenny. *The Captive Gypsy*, by Constance Davies-Woodrow, is to follow this month.

Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . *News, Views and Reviews*

The Alpine Club of Canada

Conquest of Mount Logan

"I SHALL not attempt to describe the sight that lay before us from this pinnacle of ice. The summit was not more than large enough to accommodate our party of six comfortably . . . perhaps 150 square feet of level area for us to stand on. The sides dropped off very precipitously and shot down for thousands of feet towards the Seward Glacier. We veritably seemed to be standing on the top of the world, with King Peak and many others that had looked like insurmountable heights now lying below us and appearing in the vast sea of foam as mere specks of flotsam . . . The horizon remained fairly clear in most directions and the panorama was most enthralling. But there were clouds rolling in over the range between Mt. St. Elias and Mt. Augusta, that warned us to make haste down to the lower levels as another storm would soon be upon us."

In these lines A. H. MacCarthy describes a Canadian landscape which no eyes have ever seen except his own and those of the five men who were with him on the night of June 23, last year, when they stood for twenty minutes at the top of Mt. Logan, the highest mountain peak in Canada, and the highest but one in all North America.

Mt. Logan, in the south-west corner of the Yukon, is separated from forest vegetation by fifty miles of snow and ice. It may be centuries before human foot will again be felt on Mt. Logan's peak or before human voice will again mingle with the roaring of the gales about the head of this monarch among mountains. After an expenditure of $11,500 on the expedition, Mr. MacCarthy and his associates from the Alpine Club of Canada found themselves at the highest point in the Dominion with not an ounce of energy to spare. Painfully they made their way down from that dangerous eminence at the end of twenty minutes, not venturing to dare the threatening blizzard. To descend from the 19,850 foot height till they were 19,000 feet above sea level took the weather-beaten party five hours. There with snow-axes they dug a shelter in the least exposed side of the lordly peak, shovelling out the snow with their snow-shoes. In this cave, during penetratingly cold hours, the men who had achieved the glorious conquest of Mt. Logan, waited for the blinding snow to cease falling and for light by which to make their way more safely down.

A. H. MacCarthy, H. F. Lambart, W. W. Foster, Allan Carpe, Andrew Taylor, and N. H. Read are the men who have looked out upon the great nameless and unknown chaos of mountain ranges and ice stretching for sixty miles from Mt. Logan. With these names must be coupled those of H. S. Hall, Jr., and R. M. Morgan. Hall and Morgan were with the other six till within 1,000 feet of the summit, when badly frozen hands and feet made it imperative for Morgan to cease his efforts to climb. Lest Morgan should come to grief if he descended alone, the generous-hearted Hall volunteered to go down with him, abandoning his own splendid dream of looking over Canada from the great watch-tower of the winds.

But the whole glittering story of how the Alpine Club of Canada with the help of American and European Alpinists performed this great achievement should be read at first hand, as told by the men who made the climb of nearly 20,000 feet. The tale is just fresh from the press. *The Canadian Alpine Journal* has its 150 pages devoted to this narrative of daring and performance, the articles being written by the men who experienced the twenty minutes of unalloyed gratification. Not a Canadian of us all can afford to be unfamiliar with the story of the conquest of Mt. Logan.

CANADIAN ALPINE JOURNAL. Banff: Alpine Club of Canada, special number, 150 pages. $2.50.

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Acadia's Early Days

A TALE OF OLD ACADIA. *By Mabel Jones Margeson.* St. John: Barnes Co.

This story is founded on fact, though largely a product of the imagination. When the author was a young girl, her father, then a professor at Acadia, was fond of telling his children stories of his student days at Acadia. Many of these stories have been woven into this book and an endeavor has been made to reproduce the student life and atmosphere of Acadia's early days, with a small portion of her history.

Disraeli and Gladstone

By G. Rennie Howell

ANOTHER addition to the quantity of writing on the Victorian era is a dual biography of the two memorable figures, Benjamin Disraeli and William Ewart Gladstone. The book is a study in the Strachey manner. It has the virtues of a sound knowledge of the business at hand, made attractive by a neatly turned humour and by an adherence to essentials, even if they are not the great moments of the age so exhaustively discussed by previous writers.

It may be objected that Disraeli is made more distinct and is shown with more sympathy than Gladstone, but the reason for this is that when you have dealt with Gladstone's oratory in Parliament, in his books and to individuals, and with his moral fervor, there is little left of his character to make engaging. He was a notable politician from an established family, widely educated, received everywhere with respect and generally with admiration, but—he did not present the kind of personality that people seek again, never quite sure of what they will find. Disraeli did. He was an accomplished social being without a grain of Gladstone's heaviness, and was sufficiently loath to allow his moral principles, if he had any, to interfere with his opportunities to provoke denunciation of the pugnacious Quaker, John Bright.

In early life those circumstances which aided the one hindered the other. Gladstone, with an Eton-Oxford education, entered Parliament with hardly a ripple of opposition and without the worry of having to earn a living. Before a House tolerant to the efforts of a young man of worthy family, he delivered an inconspicuous maiden speech, sitting down to generous, if polite, applause.

Disraeli, on the other hand, after leaving school at the age of seventeen, and grinding for his livelihood in an office, received some notice as a writer of precocious political novels. But he did not make much impression on constituents who rejected four times the gaudy young Jew with the vivacity and manners of a foreigner. When, at last, he did win his way to the House of Commons, he was treated to a storm of noises seldom surpassed for volume and variety. Nevertheless he kept his head and sat down, declaring that he had generally got what he wanted and that if he were not listened to now he would be in time.

At that time England was concerned chiefly with the struggle of the poorer classes for the recognition and amelioration of their degraded condition. The Anti-Corn Law League, with Cobden and Bright as its representatives in the House of Commons, agitated for the repeal of the Corn Laws, which were upheld by a landed gentry in order to provide themselves with substantial bank accounts and, as they argued solemnly, to furnish their daughters with dowries.

Gladstone at first defended Protection, but in the steady change of his ideas, abandoned it in 1843 while serving in a ministry elected to maintain it. Disraeli, excluded from the same ministry, to his intolerable humiliation, championed the oppressive measures. But when they were repealed, to the satisfaction of the country, shrugged his shoulders, and, after abusing the Prime Minister for his action, observed that Protection was not only dead but damned—and forgot about it.

His exclusion from Peel's ministry, however, gave Disraeli the opportunity to appoint himself leader of the Tory party, attacking Peel with a brilliancy which produced the applause, but not the votes, of the House. And at the same time he discarded a good many of his radical opinions along with his bizarre costumes. By the fifties the people of England were disturbed by the fact that a Jew—and what was worse, a novelist—had actually achieved the position of leader of the House of Commons and was on friendly terms with the Queen. It is true that in 1851 Victoria "did not approve" of him; but when she received his official reports was not long in changing her mind. "Mr. Disraeli," she wrote, "writes very curious reports to me of the proceedings in the House of Commons—much in the style of his books." Gladstone never received her approval as Disraeli did, for the simple reason that he always addressed her as if she were a public meeting. "Everyone," said Disraeli, towards the end of his life, "likes flattery; and when you come to royalty you should lay it on with a trowel."

The Queen, Gladstone, and Disraeli all married at about the same time, and the three marriages turned out to be entirely successful. Disraeli chose a widow thirteen years his senior with the attraction of a four thousand pound a year income. She was well aware that he had married her for her fortune, but declared that if he had the same chance again it would be for love, and she was quite justified in saying so. After her death Disraeli devoted bales of paper to an amorous correspondence with two grandmothers, but during her lifetime she held his interest. Gladstone's marriage was a quiet, happy affair, perfectly satisfactory to both throughout their lives.

Some fifteen years after their marriages the political rivalry of the two men began

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DISRAELI & GLADSTONE. A Duo-Biographical Sketch. *By D. C. Somerville.* London: Jarrold's.

with the budgets of the early fifties and lasted for over twenty strenuous years, until Disraeli, old and gouty, betook himself to the House of Lords with the title of Lord Beaconsfield. The immersion of Gladstone in the Board of Trade, laid the foundation of a knowledge of finance never equalled during his own lifetime or since that of the younger Pitt. As soon as he became Chancellor of the Exchequer he pleased the country by repealing innumerable duties on articles which had been made too expensive for the poor to purchase. He presented his budgets to a House which speedily discovered that not only were they not bored to somnolence, as they always had been with budgets, but that their attention was firmly held.

As he advanced in years Gladstone grew more and more liberal in his views, and his indomitable energy never failed to back up his moral urge to carry them out. At home he became the champion of the people. He won their affection by alleviating their hardships with his budgets and advocating political reform and religious equality, seeking always to apply the principles of his religion to the politics of his country; and indeed it was with this intention that he had entered parliament, his father having squashed his plan of serving God in the Church. It was this political morality which caused him to sympathize with the people. It led him to oppose the hectoring foreign policy of Palmerston, unless he thought that a struggling country would be freed from tyranny by the justifiable intervention of Great Britain.

There was one race in particular which absorbed his attention and provoked his deepest sympathy; and that was the Irish. They had been misgoverned, starved, and reduced almost to the state of serfdom by a government which would not allow them to look after themselves. The entire Irish nation was taxed for the maintenance of a church for which seven-eighths of the people had no use whatever. A toiling agricultural class—the majority of the population—were condemned to unremitting drudgery, with the prospect of being evicted when they were unable to pay the rents increased by their landlord in view of the improvements which they themselves had made. Naturally there occurred frequent insurrections; and these were crushed with severity by a standing army and constabulary paid for by the Irish.

With great courage and determination, Gladstone grappled with the thorny question. His first measure was the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869, a proceeding which won him the office of Prime Minister in the next election. In the following year he introduced and passed his first Land Act, to the dismay of the extortionate landlords, at whom it was aimed; and in 1881 he dealt them another blow with his complicated second Land Act, which triumphed after a long and bitter struggle in Parliament.

With this to his credit and old age upon him he might have left the work to younger hands. But he went on. At seventy-seven he drew up and presented his first Home Rule Bill to the House of Commons, with the certain knowledge that it would be rejected; and it was. Yet, for the sake of Ireland, he stuck to his post. Seven years later, notwithstanding his growing deafness and blindness, he took the leading part in the fierce battle, lasting eighty-two days, over his second Home Rule Bill, knowing all the time that it was doomed; and it was thrown out by the House of Lords. Its author then retired to his country estate, where he spent the remainder of his life adding to his large and somewhat tedious literary output.

Disraeli never showed the zeal for reform that Gladstone did. But he was acute enough to perceive that reform was bound to come and that nothing short of military force could prevent it. Accordingly he produced his Reform Bill of 1859, but without succeeding in getting it accepted. Some years later, in 1866, he turned a trick on Gladstone by securing office on defeating the reform measure of his rival, and then passing a bill identical to the one which he had condemned, save that his was of a more radical nature.

His interest in Europe, and especially in the eastern part, had been developed by his visit to Turkey, when he was a young man with his eye on the high places. "I confess to you," he wrote at this period to his lifelong friend, Lytton, the novelist, "my Turkish prejudices are very much confirmed by my residence in Turkey. The life of this people greatly accords with my taste." Throughout his life he derived the keenest pleasure from travelling, and it was with the affairs of Europe that he consummated the most masterly achievement of his career. Although tormented by gout, asthma and bronchitis, and with his constitution rocking dangerously, he set out to oppose the policy which Bismarck and all Europe were determined to follow. And he was completely successful.

The conflict between the two statesmen ripened into a bitter hatred during the last part of their rivalry. Gladstone could not understand a man without moral principles in his politics, and Disraeli could not stand one with them. If they had been on the same side their contempt for each other might have gone unnoticed, but as the leaders of opposite parties it was evident to an extent seldom known in the record of English politics. In a celebrated sentence Dis-

raeli referred to Gladstone as "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Gladstone, who had no command of invective, and probably would not have used it if he had, contented himself with employing all his powers to thwart his opponent.

John Bright, however, had the same regard for Disraeli that Gladstone had, without the latter's reticence and he must be permitted to say what Gladstone undoubtedly thought.

"The Prime Minister (Disraeli) has spun yarns, and he has woven webs and caught a great many flies; and so far as I find the flies seem rather to like it; and in that fact we have at least an explanation of the sort of swollen eminence to which he has attained."

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1944. *By the Earl of Halsbury.* Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons.

THE AMPHIBIANS. *By S. Fowler Wright.* London: The Merton Press.

Novels whose scenes are laid in the future are apparently coming into favor. Two of the most recent within this classification are 1944, by the Earl of Halsbury, and *The Amphibians,* by S. Fowler Wright.

In *The Amphibians* fancy is allowed to ramble at its own free will. The time is 500,000 years hence and in the cosmos Mr. Wright has created the body is no longer a thing of importance. His creatures have acquired that old, desired attribute, immortality, and with them mind is supreme. Neither do they need speech, for they converse by thought and also ward off all possible enemies simply by exercising their will power.

In the opening chapters everything is reminiscent of Wells' erratic conceptions—indeed, a strong Wellsian flavor pervades the whole book—but Mr. Wright has not permitted that influence to oust his own personality.

Once in the thick of the story it becomes evident that he has lost few opportunities of comparison and that he has not forgotten to deliver many shrewd thrusts at some of our prevailing conditions.

The story is well told. There is a little vagueness at the conclusion—a vagueness which seems to indicate a possible sequel—but, generally speaking, it is well rounded and those who have a fondness for this sort of fiction will find much to interest them in the pages.

In *1944* we are projected only eighteen years hence, a modest journey in comparison to the foregoing. The author evidently has not much faith in the League of Nations (nor have any who know their fellow-man) and plunges us into a tale of war, with Russia and Germany allied against England and France.

For some reason he links up the story of Noah and the Ark with that of Sir John Blundell, who in 1925 arranges to have a windjammer always in readiness to sail from the Armageddon which he knows is bound to come.

Then eighteen years later, events follow which justify Sir John's precautions. London is laid waste, her population decimated by gas explosives dropped from a gigantic air fleet and through England stalks the spectre of cannibalism.

Upon the defeat of Kernin, the Russian dictator, world civilization goes by the board and the book ends with the determination of Sir John to return to London and found a new civilization upon the ashes of the old.

The story is told simply and events move logically and in conformity with what the world has already experienced. It should have a good number of readers both for the story and for the warning implied in its pages.

T.D.R.

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An Author of Insight

THOSE who remember I. A. R. Wylie's *Black Harvest* will find in her latest book a vast difference in treatment and theme. The former book struck one as rather ruthless in its conception, but in *The Mad Busman,* a volume of short stories, Miss Wylie's gifts of compassion and insight have free play. She writes with a warm sympathy, and with an evident knowledge of the play and interplay of the conflicting phases of human nature.

All the stories in the present volume are of high merit, and though their themes are mainly emotional, they do not jar one with any false sentimentality. If one were to choose, I think *The Mad Busman, The Wonderful Story, The Perfect Marriage* and *Little Fraulein and The Big World* are the most notable, but all the stories are well worth reading for there is a tender quality inherent in her portrayal of the characters that captures the immediate sympathy of her reader.

It is interesting to compare the styles of the two women authors of the same name: the one, Eleanor, with her cameo-like prose and the other, Ida A. R., with her gift of luminous expression. But in achievement they both rank high in a coterie of women authors that is steadily growing in number and importance.

Miss Wylie's book will, I hope, reach a wide circle, for in the realm of the short story it can take its place unafraid beside the work of Galsworthy.

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T.D.R.

THE MAD BUSMAN. *By I. A. R. Wylie.* Toronto: George H. Doran Company. $2.

The Shanghai Gesture

ONE can only marvel at the trend of literature today. Most of the books published are devoted to subjects that were *taboo* not so very long ago, and there are few lengths now to which an author cannot go. The advent of the psychological novel, of course, was the thin end of the wedge, and since then novels of the modern authors seem to be occupied with the effects and defects of eroticism.

This freedom is not at all an occasion solely for sorrowing. The trend may have its disadvantages, but it makes generally for sincerity. We need no longer cry with Thackeray against prudish obstacles obstructing the road to expression and authors now have nothing, save perhaps handicaps that lie within themselves, to prevent them from giving us something instinct with life and genius.

The danger lies in a striving merely for pornographic effects, and that it is an evident danger can be seen in some of our novels. But when frankness is incidental to the portrayal of life in certain aspects there is no necessity to deplore it with uplifted hands.

The second classification, I think, includes *The Shanghai Gesture*, a play in book form by John Colton. Reading it one can understand the success claimed for the acted play in that it is melodramatic and has a really strong climax, both strong pillars to support the box office.

It is admittedly a strong dish for weak palates; it deals with a section of life usually submerged and covered over, save for those who participate; and it is merciless in its portrayal of conditions that obtain in "dives" that cater to the flesh. Nevertheless, it sets down things as they are—the very brutality of it obviates an accusation of insincerity—and the play beats with the same pulse as that of life in its fundamental aspects.

There are situations that are intensely gripping. From the banquet in Mother Goddam's "dive," events happen that thrill one with their melodramatic quality, and in the *denouement*, where retribution overtakes that estimable lady, the atmosphere of the play is so tragically surcharged that there must have been a sensation of almost relief when the curtain fell on the acted play.

Such a play does not need vindication. It is based too firmly on fundamentals, deals too sincerely with the outlaw passions, to be ignored. Those who know and admire the work of Eugene O'Neill will appreciate this play, for it is in that school and has the same traits of faithful characterization and ruthless realism.

T. D. RIMMER.

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE. *A* Play. *By John Colton.* With an introduction by John D. Williams. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

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THE YARN OF A YANKEE PRIVATEER. *Edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne.* New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $2.00.

In an introduction to this book by Dr. Clifford Smyth the interesting fact is brought out that this old tale, publication of which was originally begun in the *United States Magazine and Democratic Review*, New York, in 1846 under the title of *Papers of an Old Dartmoor Prisoner*, edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne, was brought to Dr. Smyth's attention just last year by a man who brought to him the file containing the first seven installments of the story. By a strange coincidence, there had come into Dr. Smyth's hands nine years previously, having been found among the papers left by Nathaniel Hawthorne, nineteen closely written sheets which turned out to be missing chapters of the very same story!

Now the book appears with the story intact and Dr. Smyth's introduction. The tale itself is interesting even for Canadian readers, notwithstanding the pronounced anti-British slant of the prisoner telling the yarn—a natural attitude of mind in the circumstances!

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Some of the New Novels

The Peacock's Tail, by Romilly Godden, is a tale of Morocco, with an Anglo-Spanish heroine. There are descriptive passages of much beauty . . . *The Three Students*, by Haldane Macfall, is a novel of medieval Persia. One of the students is Omar Khayyam, the great Persian poet. . . . *The Stormy Petrel*, by Oswald Kendall, is a stirring tale of the sea. . . . *Preferred Payment*, by C. S. Forrester, and *The Red Ledger*, by Frank L. Packard, are thrilling new mystery tales. . . . In *Child of the North*, Ridgwell Cullum takes you into "the vast northern wilderness. . . . *Whelp of the Winds* is a tale of a great dog and his master, with scenes set in the Rio Grande country . . . Rex Beach's *Padlocked* is to come this month and another important forthcoming novel is John Buchan's *The Dancing Floor*. . . . *Adam's Breed*, by Redclyffe Hall, is a novel of unusual power. . . . *The Cartwright Gardens Murder* is a typical Fletcher thriller.

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At Universities

An arrangement made with a summer school student at one of the universities to act as a *Canadian Bookman* representative in taking subscriptions suggests that similar arrangements might be made with students at other universities and schools and enquiries along this line will be welcomed.

The Delightful Ease of Christopher Morley

By Austin Bothwell

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, setting out to write a "Bowling Green" article on a little book *Better Writing*, just published by his chief, Dr. Hendry Seidel Canby, fills all but a corner of his page with a vivid account of the fidgeting and fuming that a writer experiences before settling down to tackle the job in hand. He himself rearranges his unanswered letters, (among which is one of mine) and makes sure he has the straightened out paper-clip which he uses as a pipe-cleaner. (Here I find I am a kinsprit of my famous junior—as a Rhodes scholar. I would suggest that he found a P.C.P.C. club on the model of Professor William Lyon Phelps' Asolo Club. He should get a lot of letters out of it and have no trouble at all in filling in his columns in the dog days. He will be able to put Dean Swift, as he calls his Rolls Royce, through his paces at his ease. It is an admirable idea christening cars even of the humbler orders. Ours I call Griselda. She is so patient with erratic draving.)

But I find I am imitating Mr. Morley at his own expense (Miltonic use of the word) for it was my intent to write of his latest volume of essays—*The Romany Stain.*

The real merit of Morley is not in his style—in its variety—but in his catholicity of interest. He is a worshipping father who can write about an eight months old baby so that other fathers may feel a suffusion of joyous remembrance. He is the New Yorker who can write of "the magnificent terrible jungle of New York" so that one who has never been there can not but long to arise and go. He is an enthusiastic yachtsman?—anyway a lover of the sea and can write of Conrad or the trip of an amateur in a ketch, with equal understanding. But this book is mostly a record of a sojourning in France. A study of the essays here would reveal the kind of man Morley is as nothing else he has written. For a man is most himself away from home. The material he chooses he selects not merely as an artist but as a man. Morley savours the life of France, without one reference to the French debt; he avoids the more obvious glories of the tourists' love. He is all for getting beneath the skin of the simple (but so wise) Julie—the cook. He tries for the secret of the old house. He is ever on the track of the little intimacies, the dear prejudices, the *petits soins,* that are French and no other, or English and no other. He is in short an essayist.

The Verdict of Bridlegoose

A Review by T. D. Rimmer

LEWELLYN POWYS is not the least important of that trio of brothers whose books strike so strange and perverse a note. His three books, *Black Laughter, Skin for Skin,* and now *The Verdict of Bridlegoose,* seem to show that their author has been as close to the gates as a man may and not pass through. As a consequence his prose is stripped of verbal camouflage and circumvention.

This latest book is occupied with his sojourn in the United States and with an appraisal of each of the American writers who have crossed his path. He meets H. L. Mencken in "a short coat, making schoolboy jokes;" (which is an angle of the Babbitts' *bete noir* not to be obtained in the pages of his *Mercury*) then Amy Lowell, Theodore Dreiser, Richard Le Gallienne, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Carl Van Vechten, and a host of others whose names star the American literary firmament.

Two names he mentions with particular respect—Miss Millay and Mr. Le Gallienne —and few will be found to quarrel with his predilection, for Richard Le Gallienne has written some exquisite lyrics both when and since he was a brother poet with the English Pleiades of the nineties; while Miss Millay's poetry is instinct with the spirit of beauty.

Mr. Powys, however, deals justly with all his subjects and it is evident that the United States has found a warm place in his heart. He muses over that "old buccaneer," Frank Harris, and goes down before that man's obvious attainments. Reading this passage reminds one, with a sense of shock, of the ostracism to which in certain circles Frank Harris has been subjected. When one thinks of the giants who sat for Harris and whom he has portrayed in *Contemporary Portraits*—a series as valuable as Plutarch's Lives—this ostracism seems peculiar in a world which, we are taught, has grown so tolerant.

Mr. Powys has managed to attune himself to the voice of nature and he mentions the native flowers and scents as though he loved them. Towards the conclusion of the book, however, his nostalgic mood impresses itself on the pages and we can well believe in his longing for the quiet downs of England and be glad that he could satisfy his desire.

One cannot but admire the courage which is revealed in his writings. He emphasizes his own nervous traits, of course, but a man who has been battling with consumptive

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THE VERDICT OF BRIDLEGOOSE. *By Lewellyn Powys.* New York: Harcourt Brace Co.

attacks for some years must have courage in a generous measure.

It is only natural, then, that he should regard as trivial some of the conventions and inhibitions which hedge us, for the approach of death seldom fails to place things in their true perspective. His attitude and outlook are Elizabethan and it is seldom the mobility of his style fails to convey each delicate nuance of his passing moods.

Mr. Powys has evaded the old Reaper so often that there is every chance of writing until, as he says, "he walks with bowed and silvered head." It is to be hoped that this will be the case, for we can ill spare a writer whose books give so much pleasure to those who care for worthy prose.

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DELIGHT. *By Mazo de la Roche.* Toronto: Macmillan. $2.00.

This is a story of Delight, an hotel servant whose beauty sets the men of a village aflame. Her beauty is an alien thing in the environment in which she finds herself and much of the trouble she experiences arises from the jealousy of her fellow-workers.

She is discharged from the hotel, works for a parsimonious farmer, who terrifies his son with Biblical quotations; and then obtains employment in the rival hotel. Here she remains until the feminine section of the village take drastic action and, led by one Mrs. Jessop, wreak their vengeance on Delight. But in the end Delight comes into her own and Mrs. Jessop vanishes from the scene.

The author has created a captivating heroine in Delight Mainprize. Some of the chapters in the story strike one as unconvincing and the character of Kirke is far from being consistent, but the tale moves with a swing and the reader of fiction will be able to pass away a pleasant hour or so in its reading.

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WHIPPED CREAM. *By Geoffrey Moss.* Toronto: Doran. $2.00.

Geoffrey Moss seemed to be an author of promise when *Defeat* appeared, but his subsequent books, especially this new one, indicate that he has not kept his promise. After reading the first few chapters of this new book one becomes absolutely fed up—might as well try to make a meal of real whipped cream. The only plausible reason for producing such a book must be its prospective sale. On the jacket it is proclaimed that the author "has drawn vividly a group of neurotic society folk, swayed by the dangerous tendencies of today." The literary world would be far better off without such books and the only reason for this notice is to register regret that Moss should have turned to "pot-boiling" after his authentic work in *Defeat.* J.M.

Inside Stuff . . . .

Much-Needed Work

"The *Canadian Bookman* does a much-needed work for the best Canadian interests and spirit. Many much more pretentious journals would be missed less."—Rev. H. D. Ranns, Craik, Sask.

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Spreading the Good News

Harvey W. Ische, Stratford, Ont., writing of the usefulness of *Canadian Bookman* to himself, told also of introducing it to members of the literary circle of one of the metropolitan newspapers.

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Of Permanent Value

From J. M. Elson, Toronto: "In forwarding my cheque I wish to express the pleasure which *Canadian Bookman* always brings to me. It is, I feel sure, contributing in no small way to lend interest and significance to Canadian letters. I wish it every success and a constantly growing influence. The series of articles on 'Who's Who in Canadian Literature' I find particularly engaging and valuable. The writers of them are to be given tribute for their careful work. I intend to keep the magazine on permanent file in my library so that these and other features may be always at hand."

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Advice to Editors

IN a delightfully frank letter accompanying a manuscript submitted by A. Ermatinger Fraser, of Vancouver, she threatens to write *Helpful Hints for Earnest Editors.* Hint One would refer to promptness in returns.* Another would utterly damn the practice of sticking manuscripts on spindles.†

The manuscript submitted on this occasion was returned with genuine regret. It dealt with Fred Jacob's novel *Day Before Yesterday,* as well as the same author's *One-Third of a Bill,* and commended them for their genuine backgrounds of Canadian life. Had the submission of this article been timed more in keeping with the publication dates of these books, it would have been used in preference to the briefer reviews that did appear in these columns.

Editor's Note.—*We feel abased at the low rating given "C.B." in this regard.

†As to the spear-marks of the spindle, this usually happens only in the case of manuscripts accepted for publication. Apparently one of Miss Fraser's must have been crowded out of the "provisionally accepted" class to join the army of "returned with regret" manuscripts. After all, therefore, was not the spindle-hole a mark of merit?"

Impressions of Canadian Art

Comments of U. S. Critics and a Reply

IT is interesting to Canadians to know what the United States press has to say concerning Canadian art. Following are some of the comments that have appeared recently in the newspapers across the border.

The Globe, Boston, March 14.—"The exhibition of paintings by contemporary Canadian artists at the Boston Art Club on Dartmouth Street, is the first of its kind ever held in this city, and is a felicitous bit of reciprocity on the part of the Art Club because of the courtesies extended a group of Boston artists in Canada last year through the Ontario Society of Artists.

It is a splendid exhibition. It demonstrates that Canada has painters of the first rank—men who reflect in their work the big spirit of the spacious, primeval northern country. Many of them reflect the pioneer spirit of the country as well as its picturesque grandeur. Others reflect the rich beauty of its color, and there isn't one of them not deadly serious in his work. The spell of the Canadian skies, of the rugged landscapes and rushing rivers, of the vast mountain ranges and forests, is in much of this work. There is a certain distinction in the few portraits of the exhibition.

The Canadian artists are given to painting in the large, for many of their subjects are panoramic and require size to paint them to advantage.

One of the most impressive pictures in the exhibition is "Passing Showers," by Frank Carmichael—a stunning bit of painting in which white sunlight streams through heavily charged clouds over a primeval landscape— a shelving ledge overlooking a spacious landscape that is full of fresh color. It is a fine achievement in composition as well as in painting.

The large picture entitled "Fire-Swept Wood," by Frank H. Johnston, is another splendid panoramic scene painted with rare technical skill.

"The Solemn Land," by J. E. H. Macdonald, is a vitally characteristic Northern scene—another panorama over which the sky broods. . . .

Beside this is a picture by Manly MacDonald, "Fishermen, Lake Ontario," a virile, colorful, luminous bit of painting. It is well done.

"The Two-Year Old," By Fred S. Haines, is a spirited bit of horse painting with the big, spacious feeling of the range in the landscape setting. The whole group is well done, but the two-year-old in the foreground is not only a rarely fine bit of painting in itself but is splendidly related to the whole color scheme. It is a luminous picture.

"Fairy Month of May," by H. S. Palmer, is a virile bit of landscape painting, well handled.

In all there are fifty-three paintings in this exhibition and there is something of distinction in every one of them."—A. J. Philpott.

Unfortunately lack of space forbids the quotation of all Mr. Philpotts' article, and also of an excellent review in the Boston *Transcript* by Harley Perkins, a Boston watercolorist whose work is known in Toronto.

The following is part of a radio broadcast by Charles J. Connick.

"There is a significant and handsome exhibition of paintings at the Boston Art Club. It is an exhibition of Canadian painters under the auspices of the Ontario Society of Artists.

If you are a lover of the distinctive qualities that mark this great North American continent, you will recognize these northern picture as belonging to Canada, whether you notice the labels or not. They have an outdoor freshness. They reveal lovers of great hills, vast expanses of sky, lusty trees, and their playmate, the wind.

The picture called "Georgian Bay," by F. H. Varley, with its swirling water and swaying pine tree is especially eloquent of wild wastes and windy weather.

A whimsical canvas, full of the awkward contrast between the handsome outdoors and the clumsy attempts to erect a modern town in the near wilderness is by Arthur Lismer, "A Northern Town." The artist seems intent upon sending you back to the rough beauty of the hills through this design of sharp angles and curious shapes. He is a humorist, and like all real humorists, has an excellent sense of values."

A Canadian Replies

In "Books," a Sunday supplement of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, on Sunday, May 2nd, Thomas Craven published an article on art, reviewing a number of books. In the course of it, he dismissed Canadian art in one paragraph, referring in passing to Newton McTavish's book. The following reply appeared in "Books" several weeks later.

"In *Books* on May 2nd, Thomas Craven said, 'Art in Canada, from its earliest beginnings, has seldom exceeded the level of conventional illustration, ranging from close imitation of sentimental English painting to a more liberal adaptation of French expressionism. In sculpture, however, Canada can boast a thoroughly indigenous and original art form—the totem poles of the Northwest.'

I think you will admit that this summary of Canadian art is decidedly patronizing, but it is not entirely correct. It seems to me that Mr. Craven has merely stated what he thought would be true of a young country, without examining the facts.

The first Canadian painter, Paul Kane, grew up in Toronto nearly a hundred years ago. What little bad tuition he received was in the United States. Then he returned to his own country and traveled through the unexplored Canadian West, painting the Indians and their surroundings. His paintings were quaint and often a little crude, but they were Canadian in subject and inspiration.

Two of the strongest influences in the early art of Canada were Cornelius Krieghoff and O. P. Jacobi, both the product of German art schools. There was no suggestion about their work of sentimental English or impressionistic French. There came a middle period between 1875 and 1900 when Mr. Craven's hypothesis was largely true, but since the turn of the century, there has developed a very large group of young artists who are intensely nationalistic in their art ideals.

As a man whose profession is the pen, not the brush, I hate to admit that painting has traveled much further in Canada than either literature or music, but that is the fact. If our younger painters suggest any European art at all, it is that of the Northerners—Scandinavians, Teutons, and Slavs, who believe in great simplification and emphatic color. These Canadian artists are devoting themselves to the interpretation of the life and scenery of their own country. They have met with plenty of opposition from the admirers of more conventional art, and received their share of harsh criticism—not all of it undeserved—but they have gone steadily forward. At the Wembley Exhibition, the English critics hailed the Canadians as the most original painters in the overseas Dominions. I cannot help feeling that Mr. Craven is not acquainted with the art movements in Canada during the last quarter of a century. He might not admire the pictures, but he could not compare them to "the sentimental English and the impressionistic French."

The remark about the totem poles sounds to me like a jibe. I doubt whether you can call totem poles an "art form" at all. However, no nation on this continent can afford to press the importance of "indigenous arts" too far. The only theatrical form indigenous to America is burlesque, but that does not keep the United States and Canada from endeavoring to develop a native drama which would largely interpret the ideas and the life of our own countries. The painters of Canada are devoting themselves to the same work, and doing it with boldness and originality. I wonder if Mr. Craven has seen the homes of the *habitant* as pictured by Clarence Gagnon and J. W. Morrice; or the Isle of Orleans as Horatio Walker interpreted it; or the wilds of Algonquin Park and Georgian Bay in the works of Tom Thomson and A. Y. Jackson; or the remote bad lands and the older cities as treated by Lawren Harris—native Canadians all. I wonder if he is acquainted at all with the canvases of Tom Thomson, a self-taught genius—I use the word advisedly—who lived in the backwoods of Northern Ontario, and painted the forests as he knew them. He was accidently drowned about ten years ago, and his pictures are now highly prized by Canadian collectors.

Americans used to feel sensitive about the attitude of Europeans towards American art and literature, and the air of patronage that certain of the English assumed. It was a narrow and provincial attitude on the part of the older nations. Probably Americans do not realize that a number of them are treating Canadians as they used to resent being treated. Can any good thing, in art and literature, come out of Canada? But perhaps Canadians should not be hypersensitive about being patronized as very young; probably we are as ignorant of the art of Australia and New Zealand as we think the United States is of ours.

FRED JACOB.

* * *

TREASURE ROYAL. By William Garrett. Toronto: Thomas Allen. $2.00.

Here is a thrilling detective novel, the scene of which is laid among the wild Scotch mountains. The discovery of the murder of an old London antiquary starts a hunt for the lost treasure of King James III. of Scotland.

* * *

THE CARTWRIGHT GARDENS MURDER. *By J. S. Fletcher.* Toronto: Macmillan. $2.00.

The adventures of Albert Jennison, London clerk of small means and prosaic life, after the death of Alfred Jakyn by poison, make up a detective story of no small interest. The story is well told, the characters are well drawn and the element of suspense is extremely well maintained.

Canada's Status in Literature

By T. D. Rimmer

CANADA has travelled far since the Fathers of Confederation fused the varying sections into a sentient whole. We have become more intensely nationalistic while retaining the saner ties that bind us to the Empire. We have a hand in the shaping of our own destiny. And it will be our own fault if Canada does not leap into the forefront as a small but potent force among nations.

That is one side of the shield. But there is another. From a literary standpoint Canada's advance has not been commensurate with her progress in other directions. Of course it is in the fashion to smile tolerantly at Canada's literary production and to point to Curwood, Connor, *et al* as examples of what fiction should not be. Much of this is justified, yet there are signs in the literary soil of a coming spring. A nation that can produce poets such as Lampman, Morin, Nelligan, D. C. Scott, Bliss Carman, Wilfrid Campbell, C.G.D. Roberts, and that ethereal poetess, Marjorie Pickthall, is not by any means to be despised.

But she is far from being in the position of forging a medallioned chain such as that in England which runs from Chaucer to Brooke. One would have thought the late war would have been epochal in this regard for, as Nietzsche says, "one must have chaos within, to give birth to a dancing star;" but there were few Canadian luminaries brought forth from that four year's labor.

In the field of fiction we have a few distinguished names, but the rest is—mediocrity! We have other novelists, of course, that are distinguished, but merely for the circulation of their books.

It would be invidious to name those whose books are so eminently popular yet that, honestly speaking, are so devoid of any genuine literary worth. The general standard of Canadian fiction is not literary. Instead, we usually have the "mounties" tale, the western tale, or the prospecting thriller—most of them highly-colored travesties of the characters populating the scenes where the plot is supposed to be laid.

Of course there are exceptions, among whom are Martha Ostenso and Pierre Coalfleet. *Wild Geese* was a meritorious novel and *Hare and Tortoise* was extremely well-written. But to me *Solo*, published a year or so ago and written by Mr. Coalfleet, was a finger-post pointing to the road along which Canadian authors would do well to travel.

Much blame, of course, can be laid on the general reader. If he is content to accept any sort of fare—on his own head be it! If he were to demand a higher literary standard his desire would probably be satisfied. As it is, the emigration of competent writers is only natural in the face of much discouragement and disillusion.

These problems have been discussed time and again by various literary associations—in fact almost too much so—and as yet the remedy is not at hand. We have had Canadian Book Weeks to emphasize the necessity of retaining those authors who are Canadian in soul as well as in birth and to a certain extent they were justified. But the plan has some disadvantages. There is a tendency in it to outlaw other nations and thus to engender a provincial outlook. Prosecuted moderately there is much to be obtained by thus keeping the people *en rapport* with the literary output of their own country.

But after all, there is only one way by which the country may find itself. It is for the writers, primarily, to follow Sidney and "look in their hearts and write." Once an author is able to give all he has in an unswerving adherence to his ideals, and without any *arrière pensée* as to its reception, we shall be on the upward path. And if the Canadian reader were to turn aside more often from his husbandry to the less mundane gains of literature, he would be much the richer thereby and this co-operation would result eventually in Canada's finding her soul which at present, from a literary point of view, is too much a part of the body corporeal.

Such reflections arise naturally upon a day that is set apart to commemorate the status of Canada. As I have said, we have advanced much in the past, but a country to be a nation must be complete; and without a more generous largesse of poetry and prose to throw to posterity, Canada's place in the temple will not be of great importance.

* * *

Lost in the Curwoods

To paraphrase Clyde Taylor, Sinclair Lewis has wandered from Main Street and lost himself in the Curwoods.

* * *

Orillia Takes Initiative

On July 16th Orillia, Ontario, took the initiative in the way of active organization for the celebration of Canada's diamond jubilee next year. A general committee was appointed, not only for a local celebration, but to promote a national celebration of Canada's diamond jubilee, July 1, 1927. This movement to promote a fitting celebration of Confederation is fostered by the executives of all the service clubs and organizations in Orillia, including the Town Council and Board of Trade. Steps will be taken immediately to interest every city, town and village from coast to coast in the project.

Only on the Threshold

Says F. P. Grove

F. P. Grove, Mrs. Grove and their daughter, Rapid City, Man., were dinner-guests of the Saskatchewan Branch, Canadian Authors Association, at a Regina cafe one June night. The steak was done just right, the melons were rosily luscious, the moon was at the full, and the head of the House of Grove was in excellent humor. The author of *Settlers of the Marsh* was disposed to talk of caravanning, and for a little while the rest listened politely, and even thought up an intelligent question or two. But it happened that the one member of the Regina club who owns a car and has fallen under the spell of vagrancy, was on his way towards a distant part of the Dominion, so the others, more concerned about books than auto camps, gently veered the conversation round to writers and their affairs.

The little company was set thinking seriously by Mr. Grove's statement that culturally the people on this continent are only at the threshold of life. This western novelist has knocked around in Europe as well as in America, and has drunk deeply from the wells of literature on both continents. He seems constrained to admit that few among Canadian writers who have devoted themselves to writing with singleness of purpose have brought to their art both the requisite understanding of affairs of the spirit and skill and delight in expressing what is in their minds.

Of one writer Mr. Grove made the comment, "Why should I read his pages? There is nothing there I could not see in life for myself without going through so unnatural a process as reading;" and of another novelist whose name came up, the guest said, "I confess I cannot read his books through to the end; he understands his country and his generation, but the man has not learned how to express himself; he might be inarticulate for all the power he has to fire my imagination with the great thoughts that I believe fill his brain."

That Dame Fortune often plays a large part in deciding which books shall have enviably large sales during the lifetime of the writer Mr. Grove admits. But literature is not measured by the cubic yard nor by the carload, nor by sales of any size, and a beautiful piece of literature would still stamp its writer "great" though it were ever so poor a seller, he says. The loss would be theirs who could not recognize its beauty. He grants that the writer would miss the dollars that should be his, "but what are they in comparison to knowing he has written something enduring?"

Over and over, to his little audience in Regina, Mr. Grove expressed the idea that a man's contribution to literature should form a world which the writer has created for himself out of his own individual blend of experiences and his own years of thinking. The priceless books were those which constituted the little realm a man builded for himself, choosing this design and that material as his fancy dictated, gathering a wisp of beauty here, an incident of travail there. The great books were all written, Mr. Grove asserted, by those whose hearts were set upon creating worlds unseen by other eyes till their writers flung them into space.

* * *

Mr. Justice Archer Martin, of the Court of Appeal of British Columbia, has just completed his trilogy of poems on the Canadian national theme with *Our Fatherland*, as appearing herewith. Archer Martin is fired with a fine patriotism for Canada, and readers of *Canadian Bookman* will recall his poem, *Canada, Our Canada*, which appeared in these columns. The second of the trilogy, *Canadians All*, has had wide circulation through its publication by newspapers in Victoria, Winnipeg, Toronto and other cities.

OUR FATHERLAND

By Archer Martin

(Dedicated to those truly patriotic Canadians who feel that our own land is our Fatherland.)

O TRUE Canadians! love this Land,
Esteem it o'er all other,
Itself alone an Empire grand,
Our Fatherland, our Mother.

All honour be to that great name
Of gallant France so fair,
Whence dauntless bands of settlers came,
The first to breathe our air.

And equal honour proudly pay
To England, Scotland, Ireland,
But this Land of the maple spray
Stands first of all—our Sireland.

* * *

THE MOON

By Edna Harrison

THE moon is a silver disc,
Recording the song of night,
In youth she was nursed by day
And slept in the arms of light.

She travels her self-blazed trail
In love with the earth below,
As clear as a silhouette,
As full as a cameo.

The Writer's Corner

Conducted by DONALD G. FRENCH

Little Talks on Poetry

8.—A Study in Emotional Effects

NO very definite classification of the emotions has been attempted by writers or critics. There are certain emotions which are elemental and which were as much a part of the mental experience of the primitive man as they are today of the most highly civilized and most cultured specimen of the human race—the emotions of love and hate, of envy, of hope and despair. For this reason the poetry of Homer appeals to us today as it did to the ancients.

If some skilled psychologist were to trace out the laws and degrees of emotional effect in poetry, he would probably arrange a scale of emotions just as there is a scale of sound in music—a scale running from that spirit of Caliban, the earthy and gross, to that of Ariel, the spiritual and divine.

The simplest emotion is purely sensuous; beauty of color and grace of form delight the eye; harmony and sweetness of sound charm the ear; poetry which stops short at this point—and much modern nature verse does—accomplishes little or nothing toward the mental or spiritual culture of the reader. Keats probably remains as yet the master in the appeal to the imaginative eye, while Swinburne is the leader of the school of musician-poets.

This phase of poetic emotion is very frequently found in the work of the Canadian poets, as in:

> Miles and miles of crimson glories,
> Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze;
> Miles of shoreland red and golden,
> Drifting into dream and haze.
> —W. W. Campbell: "Lake Huron."

There are found critics of authority who claim that such work as this and such melodic chimes as "The Bells" and "Annabel Lee," by Poe, are in the front rank of poetry.

If, however, poetry is expected to be anything but the mere music of words; if it is to accomplish anything beyond the mere presentation of pictures and the reproduction of sweet sound, the emotional effect must reach to something higher, something moral or spiritual in its application.

Poetry which touches the moral or spiritual emotions is of higher rank than the purely sensuous because it can affect the will and influence the conduct of life. The moral suggestion in the purely aesthetic presentation of beauty is so fleeting and so intangible that it rarely accomplishes any definite results.

Tennyson's "*Lady of Shalott*" is a poem which combines brilliancy of color, with delicious music, but the final effect contains no elements of strength; any definite application cannot be obtained without reading into the poem, as many interpreters of it do, something that the writer had no thought of putting there. On the other hand, "Ulysses," by Tennyson, is simple, even rugged in style, lacking many of the musical devices of the other poem, and yet how pregnant with moral suggestion and spiritual meaning!

Unity of emotional effect in poetry is as imperative or even more so than unity of subject. In accordance with the laws of music, each movement in a musical composition is usually in one key. Monotony is avoided by variations of pitch. So, too, emotional effects must belong to the same emotional mood. Almost anyone can recognize the jar which comes at the last line of each stanza in:

> One said: Thy life is thine to make or mar,
> To flicker feebly or to soar a star;
> It lies with thee—the choice is thine, is thine,
> To hit the ties or drive thy auto-car.
>
> It's all decreed: the mighty earthquake crash;
> The countless constellations wheel and flash;
> The rise and fall of empires, war's red tide,
> The composition of your dinner hash.
> —R. W. Service: "Quatrains."

The individuality of any poet's work lies largely in the range of his emotional effects; back of that, no doubt, lie his own emotional experiences, real or imaginative. In Shakespeare we have as yet the greatest creative power and widest emotional range.

The vividness of presentation of emotional effects is a most important factor in the poet's work. If we could all write what we feel, even the humblest of us would be poets of no mean order. Clearness of expression is not the only requisite for vividness. Very often the most wearisome storyteller is the one who tries to picture clearly every little detail. Skill in seizing on the most suggestive features and arranging them in their proper perspective is necessary in securing force. The work of so great a poet as Browning is often obscured by this lack of perspective—the author failing to place his reader at the same view-point as

himself. Such poems as "The Duchess" and "Epistle to Karshish," require a guide-book for their interpretation.

The basis of the emotional effect must be genuine. It is quite natural that a little girl should cry over the mishaps of her dolly, but what about a grown-up who would do so?

Much of Byron's work, though forcible and at a time very popular, had its basis in the overwrought emotions of his disordered mind. The result is that, as the personal interest in him declined, his works dropped out of recognition of the reading public.

Wordsworth's work shows some incongruous emotional combinations. Take, for instance, "Strange Fits of Passion."

Strange fits of passion have I known,
And I will dare to tell
But in the lover's ear alone
What once to me befell.

This opening would not lead one to look for a particularly lofty, impassioned love tale, but unless one lacks, as the poet did, the saving sense of humor, the climax is little short of the ludicrous.

My horse moved on, hoof after hoof
He raised and never stopped;
When down behind the cottage roof,
At once, the bright moon dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a lover's head!—
"Mercy," to myself I cried,
"If Lucy should be dead!"

Contrast this with the effect of a shorter poem by the same author:

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!"

The quality of emotion is largely a matter of the temperament of the writer, the range is the result of his experience of life; but the unity of effect, the power of picturing and the appropriate selection of the theme at the basis of the emotion are matters to be cultivated by assiduous study of the laws of emotional effect.

* * *

Action in Fiction

(From an article by L. E. Eubanks in *The Writer's Monthly.*)

As one editor has well said: "The test of every bit of intended action should always be: Does it further the progress of the story? Does it develop a phase of the plot? Is it really an integral part of the story? Is it necessary? If your 'action' does not meet these requirements it is not action; it is deadwood—throw it away. You positively cannot clutter up a story with extraneous activity and develop action."

A helpful exercise which I frequently use and can recommend to other writers is to go backward over a story I have read and see if there are any parts that could have been left out without harmful effect on the story. In a really effective yarn you will not find any such sections, though you may find several that could have been better written and possibly more closely welded to the whole."

* * *

The Manuscript Market

McClure's Magazine, 119 West 40th St., New York, N.Y., offers jointly with the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation and the Cosmopolitan Productions, a prize of $25,000 for a modern, romantic novel adapted for magazine and book publication, and motion picture production. The competition closes January 1st, 1927.

West, Garden City, N.Y., wants stories of Mexico, Western Canada, Alaska, Western America—short stories, 3,000 to 7,000 words; novelettes, 30,000 to 50,000 words; serials, 50,000 words and upwards.

Drug Trade News, 291 Broadway, New York, N.Y., wants good sales and merchandising articles of interest to manufacturers and advertising agencies in the drug trade.

The Country Gentleman, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., uses articles on all practical problems of farming, also serials and short stories.

The Call of the North, Phoenix Building, Minneapolis, Minn., wants short stories, 5000 words, love, adventure and sports; serials, 70,000 words, northern and western; sensational feature articles 5,000 to 10,000 words.

North-West Stories, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York City, wants novelettes of 20,000 to 30,000 words, preferably 25,000; also short stories of western adventure from 4,000 to 6,000 words.

The Federation of Settlements, New York City, is offering a first prize of $500 and a second of $250 for plays. Contest closes December 31st, 1926. For particulars write Miss Mary E. Carpenter, 27 Barrow Street, New York City.

Successful Methods, 10th Avenue and 36th Street, New York City, wants feature articles of not more than 1,000 words dealing with unusual and successful methods of doing work by machine in the construction and material industries. Should be fully illustrated with good photographs.

The Torchbearer, 810 Broadway, Nashville, Tenn., a paper for girls from 10 to 17, wants wholesome outdoor or school stories approximately 3,000 words.

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The Collector

THE Russian portion of the library of the late Prof. James Mavor, of the University of Toronto, has been purchased by the library of Pomona College, California, and has been removed to the Pacific Coast. It contains about 1,200 titles in the Russian, German, English, French, Swedish and Finnish languages, relating to Russian economic, social and political history, and includes many files and partial files of Russian newspapers and periodicals.

* * *

The Museum Book Store, London, Eng., in their latest catalogue (No. 103), offer an extensive collection of rare books relating to America, Canada and the West Indies, among the most important of Canadian interest being the following, viz: Stuart's "Succinct Account of the Treaties and Negotiations between Great Britain and the United States relating to the boundary between the British Possessions of Lower Canada and New Brunswick," 1838, presentation copy from the author (no other copy known); autograph letter from Philip J. Hankin, Colonial Secretary and President of the Council of British Columbia, to the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos regarding affairs in British Columbia, together with printed copy of "Proposed Terms of Confederation with the Government of Canada," Victoria, 1870; autograph letter from Governor Seymour to the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos on the affairs of British Columbia; confidential revise of "Draft of Bill for the Union of the British American Colonies," (1867), together with "Report of the Resolutions adopted at a Conference of Delegates from the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, Quebec, Oct. 10, 1864," and "Resolutions adopted at a Conference of Delegates held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, London, Dec. 4, 1866," 3 items, (priced £10); Charlevoix' "Journal of a Voyage to North America," 2 vols., 1761, original sheep, very rare in this state; Petley's "Sketches in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick," 12 plates, in original wrapper, 1836; four water-color drawings of Canadian scenes painted for Lord Dalhousie when Governor-General of Canada, including the only known painting of Kingston before 1830, all circa 1827 (priced £30); Hunter's "Ottawa Scenery," Ottawa, 1855, one of the few copies with plates colored after the manner of the original drawings; Cartwright's "A Journal of Transactions and Events on the Coast of Labrador," first edition, 3 vols., Newark, 1792; Strachan's "Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Selkirk on his Settlement at the Red River," 1816; Bishop Saint Valier's "Estat present de l'Eglise et de la Colonie Francoise dans la Nouvelle France," Paris, 1688, first issue of the first edition (priced £50); collection of 85 reports of the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company, including all the Half-yearly Reports published from 1863 to 1923, practically complete set (priced £35); Capt. James' "Strange and Dangerous Voyage in his Intended Discovery of a North-west Passage," second edition, 1633; Middleton's "Chart of Hudson's Bay and Straits," etc., 1743, most famous of Hudson's Bay maps; Umfreville's "The Present State of Hudson's Bay," 1790; Hearn's "Journey from Prince of Wales's Fort in Hudson's Bay to the North Ocean," 1795.

* * *

A copy of the first edition, in the original monthly parts, of "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," by Charles Dickens, was recently sold for $10,000 by Harry Marks, a New York rare book dealer, who declined, however, to give the name of the purchaser. This copy, which is known as the "Lapham-Wallace," and which is one of only about ten existing perfect copies of the first edition of "Pickwick," sold for $1,450 in 1908, at the dispersal of the library of Edwin N. Lapham, and in 1920, at the auction of the Wallace library, it brought $3,500. It appeared again at the American Art Galleries in 1923, and was bought by Mr. Marks for $4,600. He sold it shortly afterwards to a collector for $6,000, repurchased it later, and has now resold it.

* * *

The record price of $10,500 for a hunting book was paid at Sotheby's Auction Rooms in London, on June 14, the volume being a little one of 24 pages—Sir Thomas Cockaine's "Short Treatise of Hunting," published in 1591. The book, of which only two or three copies are known, was bound up with an unrecorded pamphlet on "The Order of the Swannes," undated, but printed in the early seventeenth century.

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The documents known as "Archives of Columbus," consisting of 97 different documents and the Book of Privileges, have been sold by the Duke of Veragua, a lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus, to the Spanish Government and are now deposited with the Bank of Spain at Madrid. A cheque for 1,250,000 pesetas was handed to the Duke as the purchase price.

* * *

Bernard Quaritch, Limited, London, Eng., in a catalogue (No. 401) of rare and valuable books on the Fine Arts, part I, offer, under the head of "Views," the following items of Canadian interest: Catlin's "North American Indian Portfolio," 1844, with the 25 large and spirited plates colored (priced £40); "The Falls of Niagara," Ackermann, 1833, six splendid views from drawings by Lieut.-Col. Cockburn, engraved by C. Hunt, and beautifully colored (priced £25); Warre's "Sketches in North America and the Oregon Territory," (1848), 16 colored lithographic plates which, commencing with Fort Garry, chiefly depict the vast scenery of the Rockies and Oregon, with text describing a journey performed in 1845 and 1846, and giving interesting descriptions of the prairies, etc. (priced £50).

* * *

The sale of the historical library of Dr. George C. F. Williams, of Hartford, Conn., part one relating to the American Revolution and part two comprising historical autographs, manuscripts and documents, which took place at the Anderson Galleries in New York City, May 17 and 18, saw the dispersal of a large number of items of interest to the collector of Canadiana, among them the following, viz: "The Beginning, Progress and Conclusion of the Late War," London, 1770, a rare French and Indian war item, $26; Burgoyne's "A State of the Expedition from Canada," London, 1780, fine copy of the rare first edition, $30; Charlevoix' "Journal of a Voyage to North-America," London, 1761, first English edition, $45; "The History of the British Dominions in North America," London, 1773, $25; Mante's "The History of the late War in North America," London, 1772, very rare with all the engraved maps and plans, $270; Oldmixon's "The British Empire in America," London, 1708, first edition, $36; Thomas Paine's "A Dialogue between the Ghost of General Montgomery, just arrived from the Elysian Fields, and an American Delegate, in a Wood near Philadelphia," Philadelphia, 1776, excessively rare, $70; Pinchon's "Genuine Letters and Memoirs relating to the Natural, Civil and Commercial History of the Islands of Cape Breton and Saint John," London, 1760, $28; A.L.S. of Benedict Arnold, 1 p., written from Montreal to Capt. Bigelow at Chamblis, giving him instructions, $145; MS. journal of John Biglow, Quartermaster-General in the Revolutionary Army, telling among other things of his staying at Chamblis by order of Gen. Benedict and describing the confusion of the retreat from Quebec, $260; A.L.S. of Gen. Thomas Gage, British Commander at the beginning of the Revolution, telling of sending Capt. Claus to Montreal to meet the Indians, $42.50; A.L.S. of Henry Beekman Livingston, officer of the Revolution, describing the organization of the company with which he later accompanied Gen. Montgomery to Canada and which was used in the capture of Fort Chamblee, $55; A.L.S. of Gen. Richard Montgomery, 4 pp., dated "Camp near St. John's, Oct. 5 (1775), described by the cataloguer as "one of the best historical letters on the Canadian campaign, giving many details little known to historians," $375.

* * *

Probably but a few Canadians were aware when they read the recent brief announcement of the death of Francis J. Sherman at Atlantic City, that Francis Sherman was a poet as well as a banker, and not only that but one of Canada's few authentic poets. Much credit, therefore, is due *The Toronto Globe* for bringing out this fact in an appreciative editorial. Mr. Sherman's poetical product was slight in quantity, consisting of one small regularly published volume, and four pamphlets, but it was high in quality. Here is a check-list of these publications, which the writer makes bold to predict will be sought for with eagerness by future collectors of the best among Canadian poetry:

Matins. Boston: Copeland and Day, 1896. (Edition: 500 copies, with 35 additional copies on English handmade paper.)

In Memorabilis Mortis. (Privately printed). MDCCCXCVI. Printed paper wrappers.

A Prelude. Privately printed at Christmas, 1897. Paper wrappers.

The Deserted City. Stray Sonnets. Privately printed 1899. Paper wrappers.

A Canadian Calendar of XII Lyrics (Privately printed). Habana MCM. Printed paper wrappers.

* * *

Part II. of the library of George Barr McCutcheon, the novelist, composed of collections of the writings of Charles Dickens and W. M. Thackeray, was sold at the American Art Galleries in New York City April 21 and 22, bringing a total of $49,111. The high price of the sale was $7,000, which was paid for Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," London, 1836-37, in the original monthly parts. This set was described in the catalogue as "one of the finest in existence,"

having all the "points" and the parts being in extremely good condition. Other high Dickens prices were $1,975 for "The Battle of Life," London, 1846, rare genuine issue of the first edition; $1,800 for "Mrs. Gamp," as condensed by Dickens for his readings, Boston, 1868, first issue with author's presentation inscription; $1,450 for "The Cricket on the Hearth," London, 1846, first issue of the first edition, inscribed by Dickens to George Cruickshank; and $1,450 for a file of The Gadshill Gazette, Gadshill, 1864-65, believed to be most complete known. The high price among the Thackeray books was $2,425, which brought by "Vanity Fair," London, 1848, in the original monthly parts, with all the collector's points. Other Thackeray prices included $1,300 for "King Glumpus, London, 1837, first edition, and $1,100 for "Illustrations to the Surprising Adventures of Three Men," London, 1848, first and only edition.

* * *

Rare Americana, printed and in manuscript, including the collection of the late William Green Shillaber, of Boston, Mass., sold at the American Art Galleries in New York City, April 8 and 9, brought good prices. The top price of the sale was $2,850, which was paid for the original manuscript orderly book kept at George Washington's headquarters at New York City from June 16 to August 4, 1776, 168 pages. Among other items of special Canadian interest sold at this sale were the following, viz: "Lithographic Views of Military Operations in Canada under His Excellency Sir John Colborne, G.C.B., etc., during the late Insurrection. From Sketches by Lord Charles Beauclerk, Captain Royal Regiment," London, 1840, original stiff printed wrappers, $80; Howard Middleton's "The Conquest of Quebec: A Poem," Oxford, 1768, (dealing with the French and Indian war), $15; George Harvey's "Scenes of the Primitive Forest of America," London, 1841, (comprising four beautifully colored plates, one being entitled, "Impeded Travellers in a Pine Forest, Canada"), in original blue boards, printed in gilt, $50; ditto, New York, 1841, original red boards, printed in gilt, $70; Joseph Robson's "An Account of Six Years' Residence in Hudson's Bay, London, 1752, with the 3 folding plates, $35; Mohawk Indian Prayer Book, new edition, to which is added the Gospel according to St. Mark, translated into the Mohawk language by Capt. Joseph Brant (Thayandanegea), London, 1787, fourth edition, but first with Brant's translation, which was the first complete rendering into Mohawk of any of the Gospels, $40; Thomas Jefferys' "The Natural and Civil History of the French Dominions in North and South America," London, 1760, 2 vols in one, with the 18 large folding maps and plans, $125; complete set of reprints of Jesuit Relations contained in Dr. Shea's "Cramoisy Series," New York, 1857-1866, 25 vols., also in series issued by Dr. O'Callaghan, Albany, N.Y., 1870-71, 8 vols, (limited to 25 copies each), in all 34 vols., $155; William H. Keating's "Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, Lake Winnipeek, Lake of the Woods, etc." (known as Long's Expedition), London, 1825, 2 vols., $17.50; Tonti's "An Account of Monsieur de la Salle's Last Expedition and Discoveries in North America," London, 1698, first English translation, with the slip of "Advertisement" pasted on verso of title-page, $180; American Magazine for December, 1746, Boston, 1746, containing "A Letter from William Shirley, Esq., Governor of Massachusetts-Bay, to His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, with a Journal of the Siege of Louisburg, and other Operations of the Forces," $22.50; Brigadier-General Bloomfield's Orders to his Brigade and others written during the campaign of the Northern army with the invasion of Canada as its objective, and covering the period from August 26, 1812 to March 1, 1813, $270; Letter book kept at the headquarters of Col. Z. M. Pike, while he was in command of Brigadier-General Bloomfield's Brigade, Feb. 23, 1813, to April 22, 1813, and including the last letter written by Pike eleven days before his death at York (now Toronto), Canada, $450; Sir Walker Hovenden's "A Journal; or, Full Account of the late Expedition to Canada," London, 1720, $22.50.

* * *

One of the most important book sales of recent years was held at the Anderson Galleries in New York City on May 23 and 24 and 27, being that of the Elizabethan and early Stuart library of John L. Clawson, of Buffalo, 926 lots bringing a total of $642,687. The highest price paid for a single volume was $21,500 for John Milton's "Comus," or as the title-page has it, "A Maske presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634," and the next $21,000, which was brought by Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," London, 1600, while $20,000 was for Gower's "Confessio Amantis," printed by Caxton in 1483, and also for Painter's "The Palace of Pleasure," London. Other high prices were as follows: Sir Edmund Spenser's "The Shepheardes Calendar," London, 1579, first edition and one of five known copies, of which not all are perfect, $17,700; Shakespeare's "The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid," London, 1609, first edition, second issue, $11,000; Shakespeare's "The True Tragedy of Othello," London, 1622, first edition, $10,700; Sir Philip Sidney's "The Covntesse of Pembrokes Arcadia," London, 1590,

first edition and one of four or five known perfect copies, $7,700; Anthony Munday's "Fidele and Fortune," London, 1585, foundation play of Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," of which only two copies are known, $6,250; Henry Willobie's "Willobie His Avisa," London, 1594, first edition, only three other copies known, $5,700; "A New Interlude called Thersytes," circa 1550, first edition, $5,000.

THE COLLECTOR.

* * *

Editor "Canadian Bookman":

It seems worth while correcting in your own mind at least a little mis-statement in the June issue of "The Canadian Bookman" regarding Theodocia Pearce.

The item notes that Miss Pearce's first story was published in "The Canadian Magazine." I think I had the pleasure myself, of selling Miss Pearce's first story for her, a girls' story, by the way, to "Pleasant Hours," one of our papers, at that time edited by Dr. A. C. Crews. I can distinctly remember the very jubilant letter received from Miss Pearce after the cheque, which was for twelve dollars, by the way, and not ten dollars, was sent to her.

This came after the submission of three or four chapters of what was to have been a first novel, a story written around a group of kiddies in an orphan asylum. It was splendidly done though not sufficiently finished to appeal for publication, and the youthful author was advised to write short stories for a time before attempting to finish the book. She began with juveniles of the type suggested above, but it was only a matter of a few months till she came in to see me with a letter from either the "Delineator" or the "Woman's Home Companion," accepting one of her stories and sending a cheque for $600, and asking for six more of somewhat the same type.

This, not that I am in any way peeved over the note in the "Canadian Bookman"—it does not matter in the least who started Theodocia or how—but rather that the matter may be straightened out in your own mind.

Sincerely,

THE RYERSON PRESS,
Per E. J. Moore,
Publication Dept.

Editor's Note.—The information that appeared in our June issue came from Theodocia Pearce's New York publishers, and was presumed to be correct.

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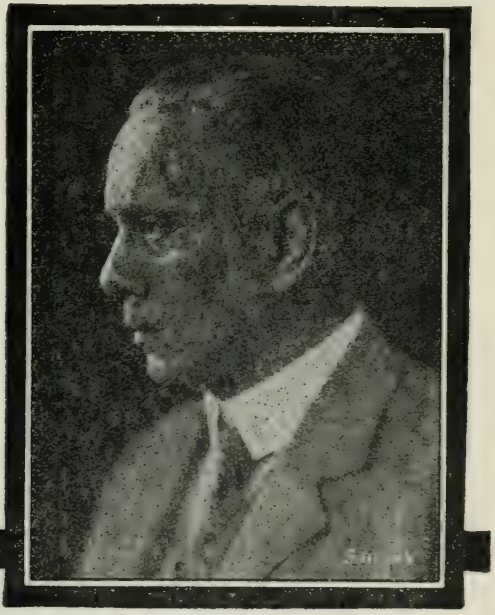

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Who's Who in Canadian Literature

JOHN McCRAE

By Lewis Wharton

CANADIAN literature never sustained a more tragic loss than when, a little more than eight years ago, John McCrae, while still in the prime of life, died at No. 14 General Hospital at Wimereux.

To most people (I would almost add "unfortunately") his name is associated with one poem only—his world-famed and immortal *In Flanders Fields.* This, however, is most unfair. It is true that the success of that exquisite appeal, expressing as it did in ideal form the most engrossing thought of the moment, was immediate and overwhelming. But two other things are equally true. In the first place, such a perfect thing could never have been built by an unpractised hand. Secondly, it is the aim of the writer of these few lines to establish that John McCrae wrote at least one other poem every whit as beautiful and inspiring.

In order to show that the magnificent workmanship of *In Flanders Fields* was not entirely the accident of a fortunate inspiration, let us notice the construction of his *The Night Cometh,* published in 1913:

Cometh the night. The wind falls low,
The trees swing slowly to and fro;
Around the church the headstones grey
Cluster like children strayed away
But found again and folded so.

No chiding look doth she bestow:
If she is glad, they cannot know
If well or ill they spend their day,
Cometh the night.

Singing or sad, intent they go;
They do not see the shadows grow;
"There yet is time," they lightly say,
"Before our work aside we lay,"
Their task is but half-done, and lo,
Cometh the night.

Compare this with *In Flanders Fields* and it will be seen that the form is identical. Of that poem much has been written. Here we will only pause to note the peaceful opening, the haunting voice from many graves, the sudden appeal and the final return to the sleep-bearing poppy—all these are, let us hope, graven on the hearts of most of us in spite of the passing of the years which, alas, can too soon bring forgetfulness. Through the verses runs the half-hidden fear which at that time, would not be denied. For the writer of them was one of those who, to quote his own "Anxious Dead," "fought his fight in time of bitter fear, and died, not knowing how the day had gone."

Let us now turn to another poem, written more than ten years before. Quoted in full, our author's *Passing of Père Pierre* runs:

"Nay, grieve not that ye can no honour give
To those poor bones that presently must be
But carrion: since I have sought to live
Upon God's earth as He hath guided me,

I shall not lack. Where would ye have me lie?
High Heaven is higher than cathedral nave;
Do men paint chancels fairer than the sky?"

Beside the darkened lake they made his grave,
Below the altar of the hills; and night
Swung incense clouds of mist in creeping lines
That twisted through the tree-trunks, where the light
Groped through the arches of the silent pines:
And he, beside the lonely path he trod
Lay, tombed in splendour, in the House of God.

Comment on these beautiful lines seems something perilously like sacrilege, but it is difficult not to ask whether thought could be better expressed or imagery be more appropriate. It is difficult to imagine that the golden pages of literature can contain anything more affecting. We have to watch the "incense-mist" and the light that blindly groped its way: we see so clearly the saintly man whose path had been what men call "lonely," and yet not really so because God had been with him and had been his guide.

It has been said, almost in a tone of self-reproach, that there is a certain sameness in the poems of John McCrae and it is indeed true that almost all of them deal with the subjects of death, sorrow, and weariness. In his writings, to quote his own words, we ever hear "the half-hush'd sobbings of the hearts that weep."

Surely, however, this is not at all strange in the case of a doctor who happened to be a poet, or, perhaps we should say, of a poet who happened to be a doctor? He was a busy man who had not time to write much. He only did so when his thoughts would not be denied. He never thought it necessary, like the professional or incorrigible poet, to scan the tree-tops or horizon frantically for poem-subjects. He always found them ready to his hand and, in this connection, it is noticeable how often he refers to the manner in which death so often snatches the laborer from his unfinished toil. So the traveller says to Death, the keeper of the Inn:

"This lodging place is other than we sought,
We had intended farther, but the gloom
Came on apace and found us ere we thought:
Yet will we lodge. Thou hast abundant room."

And, in *The Unconquered Dead,* is a note of splendid consolation:

Not we the conquered. Not to us the blame
Of them that flee, of them that basely yield;
Nor ours the shout of victory, the fame
Of them that vanquish in a stricken field.

The roar fell faint and farther off, and soon
Sank to a foolish humming in our ears,
Like crickets in the long, hot afternoon
Among the wheat fields of the olden years.

Not we the conquered. Not to us the shame
Who hold our earthen ramparts, nor shall cease
To hold them ever; victors we, who came
In that fierce moment to an honoured peace.

No sketch dealing with the life and work of John McCrae would be complete without mentioning his love of children and it is very fitting that the physician, so beloved of the young, should have written of the raising of the dead child by the prophet Elijah:

Immortal story that no mother's heart
Ev'n yet can read, nor feel the biting pain
That rent her soul. Immortal not by art
Which makes a long past sorrow sting again

Like grief of yesterday: but since it said
In simplest word the truth which all may see,
Where any mother sobs above her dead
And plays anew the silent tragedy.

In this connection mention may be made of a dying cripple girl whose last wish was that Dr. McCrae should come and hold her hand until the end. And, in lighter vein, Sir Andrew Macphail, in his inimitable way, tells us that a walk with him was a lengthy affair since children and dogs followed him "as shadows follow men" and each and all had to be spoken to and make answer.

In taking leave of this poet, large of stature and still more large at heart, we may mention what was, apparently his favorite quotation: "What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have." And, to illustrate his philosophy of life, we cannot do better than take the last two stanzas of his poem, *Upon Watts' Picture, "Sic Transit:"*

The ring of spears, the winning of the fight,
The careless song, the cup, the love of friends,
The earth in spring—to live, to feel the light—
'Twas good the while it lasted: here it ends.

Remain the well-wrought deed in honour done,
The dole for Christ's dear sake, the words that fall
In kindliness upon some outcast one—
They seemed so little: now they are my All.

Biographical Sketch

By Lorne Pierce

JOHN McCRAE belongs to an immortal group whose names will forever remain associated with the spiritual travail borr of the Great War. His poem *In Flanders Fields"*

The high and tender Muses shall accept
With gracious smile, deliberately pleased.

It has also been taken to the heart of the multitude, voicing the wistfulness of all those who suffered greatly, and like Rupert Brooke's *The Soldier,* and Alan Seegar's *I Have a Rendezvous with Death,* will achieve immortality upon the lips of men.

John McCrae was born in Guelph, November 30, 1872, the son of Colonel and Mrs. David McCrae, inheriting Covenanter stock on both sides of the family. Attending the local schools, he matriculated in the University of Toronto at sixteen, gaining the scholarsip for general proficiency. At the university McCrae specialized in the natural sciences, doing his major work in biology, and graduated with the degree of B.A. in 1894, illness having interrupted his studies. Four years later he graduated in medicine, being awarded the gold medal together with a scholarship in physiology and pathology. He thereupon became resident house officer in the Toronto General Hospital, and the following year accepted a similar appointment at Johns Hopkins. His first position of importance was a professorship in pathology in the University of Vermont, relinquishing this for a flattering offer from Montreal. In 1900 he commenced his association with the Alexandra Hospital, later with the Royal Victoria Hospital as consultant, and at the same time lectured in McGill Medical College. His success as a practitioner and author brought him recognition in many ways, chief of which were his election as a Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, and later of the American Association of Physicians.

During these years McCrae's life ran smoothly enough. His days were filled with professional duties and a multitude of gracious and helpful acts. The motto of his professional and private life seems ever to have been:: "He that would save his life shall lose it." Moreover, he somehow found time to betake himself to the little island of quiet among his books, to work on papers dealing with some medical problem, polish the manuscript of his *Text-Book of Pathology* (Adami and McCrae), or write an occasional poem. These poems appeared chiefly in the *University Magazine,* of which Sir Andrew Macphail was editor. None of them are pretentious, yet none are insignificant, being marked by simplicity, directness and sincerity, whether the recurring theme be love, war, or other days which may not return again.

Amid my books I lived the hurrying years,
Disdaining kinship with my fellow man;
Alike to me were human smiles and tears,
I cared not whither Earth's great life-stream ran,
Till as I knelt before my mouldered shrine,
God made me look into a woman's eyes;
And I, who thought all earthly wisdom mine,
Knew in a moment that the eternal skies
Were measured but in inches, to the quest
That lay before me in that mystic gaze.
Surely I have been errant; It is best
That I should tread with men their human ways,
God took the teacher, ere the task was learned,
And to my lonely books again I turned.

And then came the fatal day, August 4, 1914. McCrae, together with Dr. Adami, had sailed from Montreal on July 29 for a holiday at Havre. On the high seas he heard of the declaration of war, and wrote: "I am afraid my holiday trip is knocked galley west; but we shall see." On August 25 he received a cablegram from Ottawa accepting the offer of his services, and appointing him surgeon to the 1st Brigade Artillery. As a lad of fourteen he had joined the Guelph Highland Cadets, and when the South African War broke out he enlisted in the artillery, rising from gunner to major. His splendid physique, for he stood five feet eleven and weighed 180 lbs, qualified him for these heavy duties, although his small and somewhat effeminate hands belied the student and artistic temperament. Late in the Fall of 1914 he was transferred from the artillery to the medical service, being still attached to the 1st Brigade.

The long weary months pass unchronicled save for a few letters to his friends, and the regular love letter to his mother. His father had raised a field battery and accompanied it to England, but on account of his advanced age was not permitted to proceed to France. On December 8, 1915, *In Flanders Fields* appeared in *Punch*, and immediately was caught up into the hearts of men and women everywhere. The days were filled with dread; McCrae called it Hades. Would the enemy gain the sea ports? Would the hurricane of shrapnel and the choking gases destroy them all before help came? Was it a ghastly blunder? Had civilization failed? Was he a failure? It was in the fast-thinning front line, and with bowed head and beseeching hand, that this immortal poem was written.

On January 25, 1917, he wrote: "I know of nothing so absolutely pitiless as weather." A year later McCrae was expecting promotion to the command of No. 1 Hospital, but he was chosen for a still higher honor—consultant to the British Armies in the field. On January 27, 1918, a telegram notified G.H.Q. that McCrae was seriously ill with pneumonia, complicated with meningitis. The following day he died, and on January 29 was buried with full military honours in the cemetery of Wimereux, France.

> We are the Dead. Short days ago
> We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
> Loved and were loved, and now we lie
> *In Flanders Fields.*

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East Meets West

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

TRAILING clouds of Vancouver's glory, I have just come from the fifth annual convention of the Canadian Authors' Association, which, it was unanimously agreed, was the finest the association had ever had. Nevertheless, a Vancouver journalist has this complaint to make: the authors took themselves far too seriously. In his opinion, "their meetings, and even their few pleasures—such as eating, and trips to Wigwam Inn, etc., —were marked by an earnestness that might well have been reserved for the strenuous business of saving the country at the forthcoming election."

But how on earth could this writer expect the authors to be anything else but earnest in the atmosphere of the Vancouver courtroom? Some of us looked like prisoners behind the bar. Others, with fittingly solemn countenances, occupied the seats of the jurymen, while Dr. Allison, the national president, sat in solitary grandeur on the judge's bench and listened to the evidence of the existence of a Canadian literature. Below him sat Professor Watson Kirkconnell and Robert Watson, looking for all the world like a couple of learned lawyers.

As to the authors' earnestness while eating—well, eating at a convention is an earnest business, anyway! There are the knives and forks and spoons to be sorted out, for no two hotels seem to arrange them in the same order; there are weighty speeches to be digested and applauded; and one has to make careful calculations so that one's wine may hold out until the last toast.

There were equally good reasons for the earnestness that marked our pleasure trips. We never knew until

the last minute whether or not there would be enough cars to hold everybody. On the automobile trip to the top of Grouse Mountain, there was the ever-present fear that the cars might suddenly leap over the road-edge and roll to the bottom of the mountain. With the future of Canadian literature in such peril, what author would *not* be earnest?

Perhaps, by this time, I have demonstrated to the Vancouver journalist "the importance of being earnest."

The Convention opened at 9.30 a.m. on Thursday, August 5th. When everybody had looked at everybody, to see who was there, we heard the interesting addresses of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, R. Randolph Bruce, Mayor Taylor, President Klinck of the University of British Columbia, and the national president, Dr. Allison, of Winnipeg.

(It is not my intention to report the many and varied speeches of the Convention. It was a physical impossibility to absorb them all, fine though they were. Full details will be published in the *Authors' Bulletin.*)

One interesting remark by Dr. Allison did not exactly find favor with the majority of the authors. He said that altogether too many Canadian novels were published at a time. Last Fall there had been twenty-seven put on the market, which meant poor financial returns for months of hard work. The new writer was apt to perish in the deluge. The speaker thought that to publish eight or ten Canadian books in a season would be better. Dr. Allison also brought out that the Canadian writer who employs a literary agent in London no longer has to pay income tax in Britain; the agent pays it.

Then followed the reports of the national secretary, Watson Kirkconnell, and the national treasurer, Robert Watson, a canny Scot, whose thoughts, I imagine, are mainly about how to save more money, a praiseworthy characteristic in any treasurer.

When this business had been disposed of, it was announced that the *male delegates only* were invited to a luncheon given by the Men's Canadian Club. Unfortunately, no ladies were ever allowed to thrust their disturbing presence into the celibate atmosphere of this worthy club. Not even a mannish suit and a boyish bob would gain admittance for the tabooed sex. They must lunch elsewhere. The male delegates were much concerned about this extraordinary invitation. Dr. George H. Locke, who was to be the speaker at the luncheon, looked particularly sad; he was evidently feeling a very deep sympathy for the slighted ladies. But suddenly his face brightened. He approached the president and spoke a few words. It was then announced that the ladies would be allowed to sit in the gallery and hear Dr. Locke's address on "Some Claims of Canada for Literary Distinction." Thank goodness! The age of chivalry is not yet dead!

In the afternoon, we had the pleasure of hearing Arthur Heming speak on the subject: "Can Canada Support the Canadian author?" He certainly has managed to make a comfortable living out of his writings and illustrations without needing to pack up and move over the border, although, evidently, most of his financial returns have come from there. This prominent author confessed to a surprised audience that spelling was his weak point and that he knew little about the intricacies of grammar. He recalled the daily hidings he had received at school for his inability to spell and his persistence in drawing figures when he should have been doing something else. For such a successful author and artist, Arthur Heming is singularly shy and reserved, though blunt as the head of a

hammer. When speaking from the judge's bench, he was visibly nervous. He confessed later that he had had to focus his attention on a mild-faced little lady in the middle of the audience until he had feared she might be getting embarrassed, and then he had shifted his gaze to a gentle-faced old man at the front. By the way, this author is a bachelor and he confided to me that the most perfect girl he had ever met—and wished he had married—was deaf and dumb! I had a sneaking suspicion that the point of this story was intended to prod me in the ribs, so to speak—I was his travelling companion—so I subsided into a contrite silence and restrained my longing to ask further questions about root-houses, prairie chickens, coyotes, etc.

Following Arthur Heming, Robert Watson demonstrated how Canada can *not* support Canadian writers, save by some other job.

To the luncheon given by the *Women's* Canadian Club *all* the delegates were invited. Surely, the Men's Canadian Club had the grace to blush for their sin of omission on the previous day. The first speaker at this luncheon was Katherine Hale of Toronto, and her subject was: "Color Contrasts in Canadian Poetry." She said we ought to be proud and grateful to those who have touched the soul of Canada in their poetry. Katherine Hale was the recipient of an exquisite bouquet of flowers as a token of the Club's appreciation. The second speaker, Dr. John McLean, of Winnipeg, expressed a conviction that the prairies could not produce imaginative writers of as high an order as those produced by the beauties of a province such as British Columbia. The prairie surroundings were not nearly so inspiring as the mountainous districts and the prairie writers tended to become students of human nature.

When the report of the Resolutions Committee had been heard, the authors were the guests of Mrs. L. A. Lefevre at her beautiful home, which is a veritable poet's paradise to haunt one's dreams for many a long day to come. There was poetry in every nook and corner of that wonderful garden with its subtle fragrances and unexpected by-paths. A few of us, including Dr. A. W. Crawford of Winnipeg, discovered a winding woodland path that sloped to the sea. Dr. Crawford, who had never seen the sea, was enchanted. He searched the shore as eagerly as a small boy for treasures thrown up by the waves, and carried away, as a souvenir, a mussel-shell covered with barnacles.

At the annual banquet, in the oval room of the Hotel Vancouver, a glowing tribute was paid to Charles Mair, whose age and ill-health prevented him from being present. The toast to this grand old man of Canadian literature was proposed by Rev. R. G. MacBeth, and then John W. Garvin gave an interesting outline of his life and work.

Here is the toast-list:

"To the Writers and Readers of the Maritimes," Robie L. Reid, K.C., and Lawrence J. Burpee; "To the Writers and Readers of Quebec," Judge Surveyer of Montreal; "To the Writers and Readers of Ontario," J. Napier Moore and Katherine Hale of Toronto; "To the Writers and Readers of the Prairie Provinces," E. K. Marshall and Prof. Watson Kirkconnell; "To the Writers and Readers of British Columbia," Mrs. Evah McKown and Judge Howay; "Relatives and Neighbors:" "The Old Land," Dr. A. F. B. Clark; "The United States," Dr. Lionel Stevenson.

When proposing the toast to "The Old Land," Dr. Clark made it plural and included France. Throughout the Convention, tribute was paid to the French Section and attention directed to the very real body of literature

that is being produced in French Canada.

On August 7th, the *Canadian Bookman* came up for discussion and it was decided that in order to show appreciation of the work of this journal in the interests of Canadian literature, the Association would give it practical support, until the next Convention at any rate.

On Saturday evening, after the Grouse Mountain expedition, the authors were the guests of the Vancouver Poetry Society, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dalton. Dr. Fewster took care of the programme, which consisted of poetry-reading and short addresses by visiting delegates and others.

For the next two days the authors were entertained in Victoria. They were driven to the far-famed Butchart Gardens and had tea in the beautiful Butchart residence. The gardens were like fairyland, ablaze with all the colors of the rainbow and scented with myriad perfumes. In the Parliament Buildings we met Premier Oliver, who allowed us to roam among the fascinating treasures of the Archives.

At a reception given by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, R. Randolph Bruce and his niece, Miss Helen Mackenzie, in the grounds of Government House, an unexpected pleasure was provided by Nickawa—pronounced Nah-ka-way-a—the Cree entertainer, who recited for the host and hostess and their guests. Her remarkable interpretation of Pauline Johnson's "Song My Paddle Sings" and Longfellow's "Hiawatha's Childhood" held everybody spellbound.

I wish all the other members of the Association could have shared the delights of my last night in Vancouver! Mr. G. A. Palmer, Secretary of the Regina branch, and myself, had the unique pleasure of visiting Stanley Park with this fascinating Indian girl. We sat near Siwash Rock, and there, under the faint stars, Nickawa recited for us the Indian legends she had heard as a child.

Well, the 1926 Convention is over, but the glory of Vancouver remains. Ever so many of the delegates complained of breaking out in a poetic rash and no doubt editors all over the Dominion will be bombarded with poems for the next six months. The fault, dear editors, lies not in ourselves, but in Vancouver.

To Vancouver

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

SO loth am I to leave your loveliness,
That this last hour has torn my heart in twain:
One half returns to its accustomed haunts;
The other half forever must remain.

My spirit-self will haunt your forest ways;
The birds will sense my presence 'neath your trees;
The wind will find faint footprints on your sands
Where I have dreamed beside your murmuring seas.

Chill-fingered clouds will touch me as they pass
Like ghosts across your highest mountain-crest;
And God will find me, at the end of time,
Upcurled in sleep upon your sun-warmed breast.

It Is Reported

THAT—

—Annie Charlotte Dalton will shortly have another book of poems to her credit. It is to be published in England.

—in addition to *Bluecastle* "a light story for grown-ups," L. M. Montgomery is at work on a new "Emily" book.

—Max Pemberton, in criticising the modern novel, says that it does not tell a story and lacks true entertainment as well as truth to life itself. He says the public is tired of "sheiks" and hysterical women, veiled obscenity, "nastiness and poverty" of the modern novel. These be harsh words!

—Lady Allen and Miss Martha Allen were hostesses at a playwrights' supper at "Ravenscrag" on July 24th in honor of the forthcoming "One-act Plays by Canadian Authors," to be published under the auspices of the Drama Group of the Montreal branch of the Canadian Authors Association.

—H. Napier Moore, editor of *Maclean's*, has been making a tour of the West seeking new talent. To a Winnipeg interviewer he denied the allegation that Canadian writers do not take material from new writers and that they are not particularly interested in the Canadian atmosphere. He stressed the point that Canadian readers demanded a better fictional diet than American readers.

—the Summer School of Canadian Literature opened on July 6th at Muskoka Assembly, the first of its kind, proved a great success. It started with sixteen students, which gradually increased to twenty-eight. Among them were six University graduates, who were as enthusiastic as the rest. There was one change in the programme: J. W. Garvin's subject was "Isabella Valancy Crawford," instead of "The Canadian Diarists," as previously announced .

—more than 200 undergraduates of Canadian universities touring England were entertained at luncheon at Dorchester, where they received a message from Thomas Hardy, written at his home at Max Gate. In the message, read by the famous novelist's wife, Mr. Hardy stated that the strongest ties bound Great Britain and Canada together and he felt himself mentally related to Canadians through that admirable poet, Bliss Carman. He hoped Canadian universities would continue to do their utmost to preserve the English language in its purity so that the noble inheritance of the works of Shakespeare and Milton, which belonged alike to Britain and Canada, would be always intelligible.

To the Colyumists

By J. M.

I rise to move a vote of thanks to the "Colyumists" wherever they ply their pencils. What a lot they have done to smooth out the wrinkles of the business man's corrugated brow! I've often thought of putting through some clipping bureau an order for regular supplies of all the leading "colyums." But they seem to be coming to me without that procedure. Colyum after colyum in book after book! The latest is the work of a colyumist entirely new to me—Stoddard King of the Spokane *Spokesman Review*. It appears under the title of the opening poem *What the Queen Said*.

These verses, like all of their kind, get down to an entirely friendly basis. No heavy efforts to be impressive; no over-reaching for style—just the everyday stuff of the daily grind, but done for the fun of the thing. No wonder that the Colyum has attained the rank of a newspaper institution. Long may it continue to counteract the carking cares of Christendom.

This book is admirable for the holiday season, but others of its kind will be welcome hereabouts at any time of the year.

* * *

The Outline of Shakespeare

(Designed to make Research Students in Fifteen Minutes. A Pd.D. degree granted immediately after reading it.)

1. Life of Shakespeare. We do not know when Shakespeare was born nor where he was born. But he is dead.

2. From internal evidence taken off his works after his death we know that he followed for a time the profession of a lawyer, a sailor and a scrivener and he was also an actor, a bartender and an ostler. His wide experience of men and manners was probably gained while a bartender. (Compare. Henry V. Act V. Scene 2, "Say, now, gentlemen, what shall yours be?")

3. But the technical knowledge which is evident upon every page shows also the intellectual training of a lawyer. (Compare: Macbeth, Act VI., Scene 4. "What is there in it for me?") At the same time we are reminded by many passages of Shakespeare's intimate knowledge of the sea. (Romeo and Juliet, Act VIII., Scene 14. "How is her head now, nurse?")

4. We know, from his use of English, that Shakespeare had no college education.

This from the opening piece in Leacock's new book, *Winnowed Wisdom*, indicates its style—characteristically Leacockian and fine for summer resort entertainment.

Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . *News, Views and Reviews*

Another Prize Novel

PRONOUNCED by *Liberty* the best novel of 1925, and receiving their $50,000 prize, *Mannequin,* by Miss Fannie Hurst, enters the list of books published. There may be reasonably a wide margin of doubt as to *Liberty's* pronouncement, but that this novel is much better than Miss Hurst's previous work can hardly be doubted.

One characteristic of the novel—and, if I may be forgiven, an eminently bad one—is the staccato, disjointed treatment of emotional crisis. Naturally this tends to force upon the reader the dramatic tensity of the moment, but such a method may easily over-reach itself, and this, I think, is the case in *Mannequin.*

In the court scent, especially, she has failed to convey the finer poignancy in the mental suffering of Orchid Sargossa. Instead, we have a jumble of banal phrases and disconnected words that verges on the ludicrous. We know, of course, that trivial things will flash through our minds, sometimes in the most trying periods, but this exaggeration fails to carry conviction.

The plot is conventional .Orchid Sargossa is kidnapped when a child from her parents by a nursemaid and drags out her childhood in an atmosphere of squalor and immorality. From this we are led through events, skilfully handled, to a *denouement* where Orchid finds her parents in circumstances which lend a heightened interest to the story.

Apart from the faults mentioned, the novel is skilfully written. Miss Hurst has a vivid pictorial gift that in many instances gives the reader pleasure. (Her Annie Pogany is admirably drawn.) She has a faculty, also, of imparting by association an air of verity to her characters, and can dilate on domestic events and appurtenances without becoming boring.

If only she could stand apart sometimes from her characters and view them objectively, her novels would gain much in interest and would lose most of that magazine flavor which pervades her work. As it is, this novel marks an appreciable advance and it is to be hoped that she will give us in the future a novel which will be unhampered by the handicape which mar *Mannequin.* Surely, with her talents, it should not be difficult.

—— T. D. RIMMER.

MANNEQUIN. *By Fannie Hurst.* Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada Ltd. $2.

The Prey of Good Women

THE LOOM OF THE FOOL. *By Austin McLeod.* Toronto: Doran. $2.00.

Who is Austin McLeod? This is the pseudonym taken by "a prominent American writer" for this story of "a man born to be the prey of good women."

Nearly everybody will be able to call to mind men of their acquaintance whose lives have been ordered along the lines of that of Richard Gordon in this tale. Such men become family men whose course in life is directed along the path of material success because their women folk so order it—not domineeringly, not even openly, but unrelentingly nevertheless. Some of these men are perhaps all the better for having their lives so ordered, but in the case of certain others, their lives have become almost tragically circumscribed by the commonplace.

Richard Gordon harbored a lot of desires which seemed to him unrealizable but constituted a dream-world of which he would not for a minute think of confiding to his wife. She would immediately rush him off to see Dr. Crandall and insist that he play more golf as a relief from such an evidence of overwork. But when he is forty his wife is killed in an accident and Richard is surprised to find that there is a sense of relief in his life. He even tries to ignore it because he had been really fond of Ann. But there it was! Then Ann's niece Hattie, with her mother come into his household and soon after that he discovers that Hattie has determined to marry him. He develops extraordinary will power, cuts loose and goes to New York. The freedom of his life there, however, brings him no surcease and it is after inheriting a fortune of half a million dollars upon the death of a rich aunt that he really finds happiness back in his home city, with one who had known of the dream-world of his earlier days.

* * *

INSPECTOR FRENCH AND THE CHEYNE MYSTERY. By Freeman Wills Croft. Glasgow: Collins. 7s. 6d.

Untiring thoroughness directed by flashes of inspiration distinguish the inspector and like the author's previous books centering about the same hero, this is a most thrilling tale concerned with intricate mystery and criminology. Incidentally there is a very pleasant young person named Joan who plays a prominent part in the tale.

The Magic of Roon

FAIRY GOLD. *By Compton Mackenzie.* Toronto: Doran. $2.00.

This book is one of the best things Compton Mackenzie has written. It is a tale of a family whose roots go far back in the past and on whom the old superstitions and legends exercise their influence.

The Island of Roon has been held by the Romares for generations. Always it was there with its mysterious loveliness, like some strange sea-wrought jewel, and its thinly-veiled antagonism to the strange hand. And at Greenwater Cove "The winding path of daisies ran like a silver brook between the tender spring fern. The primroses under the darkling trees showed like dim glow-worms. The perfume of the first bluebells gushed forth upon the kindly air from sheltered nooks where they had grown apace. Far away out on the wide beaches beyond the towans the faint whistling of the sea-pines came delicate as the song of nightingales, or as a nocturne of flutes."

Many things go to make this a book to read again. The love interest is beautifully handled and with a rare delicacy. Vivien and Venetia live for us. Vivien, elusive and with the quality of the sea about her; one of whom the Irish would say: "she has a wave in her heart." Venetia, her sister, a pagan daughter of earth, whose straight little soul is compact of loyalty. Venetia at thirteen is a child of the earth.

"She was the incarnate spirit of this island soil. She was the bracken and the breeze, the honeysuckle clinging to the ground, the gorse, the heather and the stripling pine . . . But the other (Vivien) was a token of the sea that wore these islands on its breast. She was the spindrift and the spume, the pebbled rill, the fronded pool, the rose-pale shell upon the shore, the placid wave, the arrowy tern."

One wishes the author had really named the latter Melusine.

But it is by his evocation of Roon that Mr. Mackenzie has put us in his debt. It is a place instinct with the magical moments of legend. Iseult could have flown here to her lover and eased his hurt; Deirdre of the Sorrows would have found a soft death-couch in its soil: and Liadan could have made it immortal with her song.

Mr. Mackenzie has done well in this book. The story alone is well worth reading, but it is really Roon that captures the imagination. For an author to devise such a setting and to do justice to its loveliness is an achievement worthy of record.

—T. D. RIMMER.

* * *

THE WHITE IN THE BLACK. By E. M. Albanesi. Glasgow: Collins. 7s. 6d.

Romance still lives and chivalry is not dead if this story of today is true to life. One great mistake and many blunders; love and misunderstanding; splendid loyalty and faith and a touch of adventure distinguish this tale, which is quite a contrast to the many modern tales of the depressing and the sordid side of life in the world as it exists today.

* * *

OLD WINE. *By Phyllis Bottome.* Glasgow: Collins. 7s. 6d.

No country in the post war period presents quite the same sort of tragic aftermath as that which characterizes proud Austria and this applies with even greater force to its capital city, Vienna, and it is the break up of Austrian aristocracy after the abdication of the Emperor at the conclusion of the war that has inspired this remarkable novel by Phyllis Bottome.
She takes a typical family and shows how each of its members, struggles out of the debris and faces the future. One becomes a swindler, another an idealistic—to mention only two of those who faced the music. One committed suicide. A young American girl is introduced, standing for the spirit of re-birth and fresh hope. The heroic efforts of Austria to rise again are well exemplified in this book.

* * *

FIRST FIDDLE. *By Jean Greig.* Glasgow: Collins. 7s. 6d.

Irene, unemotional, marries George Lucas, famous violinist, who has turned life to his own uses and pursued his beloved art regardless of the consequences to others. Irene ungrudgingly falls in with his wishes. But this placid course of life is disturbed by George falling violently in love with another woman and crisis comes into their lives. The novel has an apt title.

* * *

THE PROFESSOR IN PARIS. *By A. B. Cox.* Glasgow: Collins. 7s. 6d.

This is a delightfully humorous story concerned with a remarkable experiment—the culmination of the life-work of a renowned physiologist. There are a series of amusing situations ranging from light comedy to sheer farce.

* * *

Some of the New Novels

The Proper Place, by O. Douglas, who wrote *Penny Plain,* is a story of the New Poor and the New Rich, with humor, pathos, and sound philosophy. . . . *Treasure Royal,* by William Garrett, is a thrilling tale set in the wild mountain country of Scotland . . John Buchan's new book, *The Dancing Floor,* is a story of modern youth, with love interest and replete with adventure . . . *Whipped Cream,* by Geoffrey Moss, does not live up to the promise of *Defeat.* . . .

The Number One Boy, by John T. Foote, is a novel of Chinese mysticism. . . . The war, flappers, jazz and gin all figure conspicuously in Katherine Clark's new novel, *Proud Revelry.*

* * *

Etta Close.

EXCURSIONS AND SOME ADVENTURES. *By Etta Close.* London: Constable. 12s.

This book is autobiographical. As one English reviewer of her previous notable book, *A Woman Alone in Kenya,* said: "Etta Close has the gift of experiencing and the socond gift, which is that of communicating experience."

Her new book describes the wanderings of her childhood and the curious, uncomfortable, exciting or comical adventures that overtook her and her parents.

Her memories range over Scandinavia, Russia, The Balkans, France, Spain, Mexico, Manchuria, China and Japan. There is also an interlude in Canada.

Incidents dramatic and amusing crowd the calendar of her gay pilgrimage through girlhood and young womanhood. *Excursions and Some Adventures* will amuse even those who are not normally readers of travel books. The chapters are full of descriptions of foreign life and manners observed by an Englishwoman at once keenly perceptive and unfailingly humorous.

* * *

WAYS OF ESCAPE. *By Noel Forrest.* Toronto: Musson Book Co. $2.00.

Must one pay in unhappiness as sort of a balance for triumphs in life. Stephen Heath, the hero of this novel, answered "no" when this question came up. "I tremble for you," said a friend. "What have you paid for all this success and happiness? So far you have paid nothing. But you will pay. One day you will have to pay to the uttermost farthing."

Heath's answer was "I shall not pay," but this book is the tale of his disillusionment and with all the foam of love affairs, tennis parties and everyday run of life in Southern England, there is a cumulative power with the element of tragedy making this, although a first novel, a very much out-of-the-ordinary book.

* * *

PADLOCKED. *By Rex Beach.* Toronto: Musson's. $2.00.

Personally, I like Rex Beach far better out in the great open spaces. But whether there or in modern New York, he knows how to tell a story that will interest the great masses of fiction devotees. In this story there is plenty of action and a kaleidoscopic picture of life. There are interesting characters and an old hypocrite who strikes me as being sort of graduate from the "deacon" school reminiscent of the homespun melodramas of a generation ago. The author has been clever enough to capitalize the widespread hatred common in so many walks of life for the modern reformers whom they lump all together, the good and the bad, anathemitizing them as hypocrites. In very many cases there is more hypocrisy on the part of these callers of names than those villified.

So assiduous is the vice-hunter as depicted in the character of Henry Gilbert in this book, that he believes accusations made against his own daughter, who had slept in a brothel without knowing the character of the place. He is deaf to all her protestations, and despite her innocence, is instrumental in having her sent to a reformatory. From there she is released on parole, through the instrumentality of the man who had previously occupied and now again assumes a large place in her life.

It is hard for the reader to accept Henry Gilbert. He is saddled with too much of the character which so many people would fasten upon all and sundry who take a decided stand for what is good, as against unbridled license in human conduct.—J.M.

* * *

EAST OF MANSION HOUSE. *By Thomas Burke.* Toronto: Doran. $2.00.

This is a book of clever short stories by the author of *Limehouse Nights,* and all of them have the Limehouse flavor. Burke is the sort of author whose books enlist devotees. There is a veritable army of Limehouse "fans" and they will not be disappointed in his short stories.

* * *

THE SPELL OF FRENCH CANADA. *By F. O. Call.* Boston: Page. $3.75.

Frank Oliver Call, poet and author, himself a resident of the romantic old province of Quebec, has done a real service to Canadian letters in contributing this volume to the "Spell" series now numbering over twenty-five volumes.

This is a magnificent book in every respect; admirable binding, illustrating and typography suitably augmenting the able literary accomplishment of the author, who, starting with *A Pilgrimage to St. Hiliare,* takes us on a tour of the romantic spots of old Quebec, with incidental legends, folk lore, and descriptions of the homely handicrafts of the people and of their religious festivals.

What a delight for the booklovers of the other Canadian provinces to get this beautiful volume so rich in its store of historical lore of the cradle of Canada.

There are over fifty illustrations, including frontispiece in full color; a map of the province and most artistic end-pieces illustrating the ancient farm house, Congregation de Notre Dame and the Old Watch Towers of Montreal.—J.M.

Canadianism

E. A. HARDY, in his admirable "Talks on Education" in the Toronto *Globe*, wrote as follows in commenting upon A. E. S. Smythe's remarks on Canadianism in connection with his review of the new edition of Lampman's *Lyrics of Earth*:

"The one thing deplored by every Canadian who envisions his country as a national entity and who hopes to see its unrivalled territory the home of an advanced race of people is the absolute lack of public spirit or consciousness of national unity."

This is the opening sentence of a review of *Lyrics of Earth, Sonnets and Ballads*, by A. E. S. Smythe in the July *Canadian Bookman*. One may agree in part with Mr. Smythe, but "absolute" is surely too strong a word. If Mr. Smythe means that no Canadian has a vision of Canada as a whole then he will find that many teachers at least do not accept his statement. One of the great functions of the Canadian Teachers' Federation is to develop that national consciousness. In 1924 delegates from the Prince Edward Island Teachers' Federation journeyed to Victoria to attend the annual meeting of the Canadian Teachers' Federation. This week delegates from British Columbia are in Charlottetown on the same errand. The teachers of Canada are realizing something of that national consciousness and are doing their part to develop it in the boys and girls under their care.

Our churches, our press, our political leaders, our financial, industrial and commercial leaders are doing something in the development of a national consciousness. For instance, the Canadian National Railways and the Canadian Pacific Railway are very aggressive Canadianizing forces. These, however, may speak for themselves. Let us take a more cheerful view of ourselves. We are making considerable headway in both developing and expressing a Canadian national feeling.

* * *

BOOKS OF CANADIAN INTEREST

New and Forthcoming

Eyes of a Gypsy is the title of a new novel by J. Murray Gibbon, author of *Hearts and Faces, Pagan Lane*, etc.

Hector Charlesworth, whose *Candid Chronicles* was so well received, is to give us *The Canadian Scene* in the autumn.

Those who so enjoyed E. J. Pratt's *The Witches' Brew* will be glad to know that his forthcoming book will contain two long narrative poems, "The Cachelot" and "The Great Feud."

Travel, history, and literary appeal are combined in a Canadian book by M. O. Hammond. Louisbourg, Annapolis, the Plains of Abraham, Chrysler's Farm, Chateauguay, Old Fort Toronto, Fort Garry and Batoche are some of its high points of national interest.

* * *

A MUCH-TALKED-OF BOOK

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS. *By George A. Dorsey*, Ph.D. Toronto: Musson. $4.00.

Are you a prude—afraid of your own mirrored nakedness? This book is not for you. Are you a moron—lacking in ability to learn? It is not for you. Are you what Browning called a "finished and finite clod, untroubled by a spark," dreading to be shaken out of a comfortable mental rut? Then do not read *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*. I warn you beforehand, in order that you may avoid the risk of spiritual or mental indigestion.

It is a fascinating story of life, a story of how we became what we are and why, written in language that the layman can clearly understand. Knowledge is here served up in a more palatable and easily-digested form than in the works of Freud and Jung, which are apt to prove too heavy a diet for the average mental digestion.

Some people recoil at the mere mention of the word "psychology," because they object to the stripping of the human soul. But does the study of botany make the rose less fragrant or less lovely than before? Why, then, should the study of psychology (the science of behaviour) destroy the beauty of life? Rather it should quicken our understanding of each other, deepen our sympathies, make us more efficient in the performance of our work, and, above all, increase our reverence for the Intelligence that has so fearfully and wonderfully made us. But:

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

The following passage is taken from the last chapter of *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*:

> "Why is man not as free as he might be? Because his mind is made up; his pride of opinion outweighs his desire to know . . . Because he refuses the dare thrown to him by nature herself: Know thyself . . .
>
> The human being that can learn no more has parted with the only priceless possession in human inheritance. The men, women, or nations that harden in their mould, get set in their ways, crystallize their opinions and beliefs, and swear by and live according to their routine habits—such men, women, or nations are old; senile decay is at hand. In them creative evolution has ceased to function. And they, in their vain yearnings for immortality, forget how they learned to behave like human beings and how life itself in human beings renews its youth and speeds up the race for freedom: As a little Child, with an Open Mind." C.D.-W.

Education and the Good Life

A Review by J. C. J. Hodgson

WITH many of the opinions put forward by Bertrand Russell one must disagree, nevertheless his new book is a valuable contribution to the growing and formidable mass of literature known as "educational." One of its chief values is that it deals with the author's personal attempts to apply modern principles of educational psychology to the education of his own children. Written by one who, whatever his position in the world of letters may be, is presumably without experience as a teacher of children, we cannot recommend it as a guide in the realms of education to be followed either whole-heartedly or unquestioningly. Its value is as a stimulator of thought rather than as a method-book. No doubt the book will be condemned in many quarters as iconoclastic, revolutionary and dangerous; but the builder of new things very often has to start by clearing the ground for his new erection. Here at any rate is a book which has the saving grace of being the work of a mind keenly alive to possibilities, quick with a sense of growth and of vitality, always questioning and questing, often too, arriving at fruitful and satisfying conclusions.

Some teachers would claim that no one who has not actually engaged in the work of the school should presume to express an opinion on matters scholastic. Such a prohibition would of course be entirely misdirected and mischievous in its effect. The profession of teaching—we claim such a title for the vocation in spite of the antiquarians who are fond of reminding us that there are but three professions—holds a unique position in that it has been profoundly affected both in theory and in practice by thinkers, speakers and writers, (unfortunately the terms are not synonymous) whose sole experience of the schoolroom has been gained at an early age from the viewpoint of the pupil's desk. Some would seek to persuade us that only those who have occupied the seat of authority are entitled to a hearing. True it is that many of our great writers (the names of Milton, Locke, Carlyle, and Daudet occur to us at random) have written, not unmindful of early adventures in the world of practical pedagogics; yet it would result in nothing but loss, alike to the lover of good books and to the lover of good schools, if the treatises on education by those who have never taught were taken from us. (We anticipate objections here by affirming that lecturing in a University is not the same as teaching in a school.)

In any event, whatever may have been the opinion in past days, that none should write of schools but the schoolmaster, is a proposition clearly indefensible in these days of widespread interest (and expenditure) in public education and democratic control. Such external contribution is, we are sure, welcome to teachers in general, if only as a proof of interest. Some may even find some profit in it.

Many of the opinions stated in this book appear to us mistaken. But in so far as they are the honest attempt of an informed mind to solve the perplexities which surround us, we would not discourage a single adult from studying them carefully and considerately; and the present volume is one which will repay such a perusal. The unfortunate thing is that there are so many people whose characters make up in dogmatism and dislike what they lack in comprehension and in charity. Such people seem to be fully persuaded that truth alone is powerless to exist without their active interference; hence many of the taboos, pains, and penalties of their convention.

The riddle of social justice between the individuals composing a state is, as Stephen Leacock has pointed out, still a long way from solution. But the general opinion is that it is better now than ever before in man's history. (Modern philosophy has been compelled with reluctance to relinquish the very pleasant idea of a golden age. For us, if anywhere, that age lies ahead.)

It is much the same with the question of personal liberty and the state. Does the individual exist for the state? Or does the state exist for the individual? (1914-18 would appear to support the former view, were it not for the fact that we were fighting, or were assured we were fighting, to make the world safe for democracy). No one but a confirmed and incurable optimist would maintain for a moment that the position of the individual in a modern state approaches or even approximates to the ideal. Yet we have to admit (the history of slavery, for example, will illustrate it) that the trend of history shows a slow and fitful movement towards the emancipation of the individual.

These difficult, but none the less urgent, questions appear incapable of any satisfactory answer, yet there can be no state of repose or quiescence so long as they remain unsolved. Enlightened communities, ever eager for experiment or suggestion, attempt to solve the difficulty by allowing to the individual as large a measure for deviation

from the normal as is consistent with the life of the state; that is, such a community appears to adopt deliberately an attitude of benign but watchful latitudinarianism. The real usefulness of both the state and the individual has been found to consist, as it has been expressed, "in a useful but costly state of tension."

So much by way of introduction to a book that contains opinions that will be found interesting and constructive to some, and misleading and subversive to others.

We think we shall serve our readers best if we proceed at once to illustrate from our author his views in regard to education as it is and education as he would wish it to be. To simplify reading, we shall group the passages under certain headings, though such an association of extracts cannot but be a loosely-contrived affair.

The aims of education we find stated to be four—vitality, intelligence, courage, and sympathy. We cannot pretend here to go into any detailed account of what these terms imply. But, "if sensitiveness is to be good, the emotional reaction must be in some sense appropriate; mere intensity is not what is needed." And sympathy "may go so far as to enable a man to be moved emotionally by statistics. People think it is dreadful when their son or brother is mutilated, but they do not think it a million times as dreadful that a million people should be mutilated."

Mr. Russell has much to say that is enlightening with regard to democracy and democratic ideas generally. With one sweep he puts on one side as foreign to our purpose all the wealth of educational literature that is based on individual tutorship; not only is such a method of education undesirable, but in a modern democracy it becomes a mathematical impossibility.

Consider too his remarks about creeds. "All sorts of intellectual systems, Christianity, Socialism, Patriotism, etc., are ready like orphan asylums to give safety in return for servitude. A free mental life cannot be as warm and comfortable and sociable as life enveloped in a creed. The average man's opinions are much less foolish than they would be if he thought for himself; in science at least his respect for authority is on the whole beneficial." It is refreshing to find a democrat with so little belief in the average man and with so great a belief in the value of authority. The passage is none the less pleasing because unexpected.

When he comes to write of sport in English schools, we find the following testimony, not new, but rather supported by many writers of the present day: "Aristocracy is out of date and subject populations will no longer obey even the most wise and virtuous rulers. The rulers are driven into brutality, and brutality encourages revolt. The complexity of the modern world increasingly requires intelligence and Dr. Arnold sacrifices intelligence to 'virtue.' The battle of Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields of Eton, but the British Empire is being lost there." And again on the same theme: "Great Britain is losing her industrial position, and will perhaps lose her Empire, through stupidity, and through the fact that the authorities do not value or promote intelligence. All this is connected with the fanatical belief in the paramount importance of games. Of course it goes deeper: the belief that a young man's athletic record is a test of his worth is a symptom of our general failure to grasp the need of knowledge and thought in mastering the complex modern world. There is another aspect of school games which is usually considered good, but which I think on the whole bad; I mean their efficiency in promoting *esprit de corps*. *Esprit de corps* is liked by the authorities because it enables them to utilize bad motives for what are considered to be good actions. If you wish to persuade a borough to improve the public provision for the care of children, you have to point out that some neighboring borough has a lower infant mortality. Nothing is done to promote constructiveness for its own sake."

That games occupy too prominent a part in the school-life of boys has been said many times of late. Perhaps, however, the fact that books are usually written and speeches are usually made by men whose intellectual interests are very wide and varied is a point that deserves some attention. The masses cannot be expected to be interested in quite the same things that are of interest to the person of exceptional intellect.

The following plea for "useless learning" is noteworthy:

"Useless" learning, like "art for art's sake" is an aristocratic, not a plutocratic ideal; where it lingers, it is because the renaissance tradition is not yet dead. I regret the decay of this ideal profoundly; pure learning was one of the best things associated with aristocracy. But the evils of aristocracy were so great as to outweigh this merit."

The wide sweep of the generalizations given here is perhaps misleading. One might equally well affirm that "useless" learning was a "monastic" or a "scholastic" ideal. But the passage is at least thought-provoking

Mr. Russell suggests that modern states would do well to adopt the two rules given below for regulating the entrance into the professions. The matter is not without importance in our day, not only on account of the vast amount of higher education that is given gratuitously to scholarship pupils

and the like, but more especially in view of the fact that the ordinary run of fee-paying graduates are subsidized to an unsuspected extent by old endowments and by the various contributions of governments and local authorities to university and secondary education. This is a matter which everybody overlooks. We hear a great deal too much of "self-made" men on the one hand and of "independent" gentlemen on the other. The plain fact is that no man was ever "self-made" and no gentleman can be "independent." The terms are mere cloaks for concealing the truth. Mr. Russell then suggests:

"First, that no one shall be allowed to undertake important work without having acquired the necessary skill.

Secondly, that this skill shall be taught to the ablest of those who desire it, independently of their parent's means. It is obvious that these two rules would enormously increase efficiency."

It is obvious also that no very drastic change in the present practice is contained in these proposals; indeed the matriculation exams and the scholarships of today already achieve a good deal in both these directions. Whether an extension of them is warranted at the present moment is a more difficult point, but with the principle involved there cannot, we conceive, be any quarrel. The question is rather one of ways and means, the great snag of applied socialism.

Mr. Russell's book deals with many points which we can only mention here; among them might be mentioned in particular sex-education (probably the greatest gap in our education), and the place of truth, obedience, fear, and love as factors in moulding the child. At times his tone is dogmatic in the extreme. For example, he traces a connection between education and Canadian butter:

"Under the Education Act of 1918, nursery schools were to have been promoted by government money, but when the Geddes axe descended it was decided that it was more important to build cruisers and the Singapore dock for the purpose of facilitating war with the Japanese. At the present moment the government is spending a million a year to induce people to poison themselves with preservatives in Canadian butter rather than eat pure butter from Denmark. To secure this end, our children are condemned to disease and misery and unawakened intelligence from which multitudes could be saved by a million a year spent on nursery schools."

Here Mr. Russell has very foolishly allowed his pen to run away with him. Is the Singapore Dock really intended to *facilitate* war with the Japanese? And are English people encouraged by the government "to poison themselves with preservatives in Canadian butter?" Mr. Russell apparently does not realize that when he descends to "special pleading" of this kind, he runs the risk of vitiating even what is good and truthful in his book. How can the reader give any credence to assertions on matters of which he is uninformed, when he finds distortions and prevarications like this in reference to things of which he has full knowledge? Mr. Russell would do well to review such palpable inexactitudes as early as possible.

One of the most refreshing things we have discovered in the book is the writer's keenness in piercing shams, humbug, and cant of all kinds, no matter how specious or plausible the exterior may be. For example with regard to affection:

"In former days, parents ruined their relations with their children by preaching love as a duty; husbands and wives still too often ruin their relations to each other by the same mistake. Love cannot be a duty because it is not subject to the will. It is a gift from heaven, the best that heaven has to bestow."

And again:

"Affection cannot be created; it can only be liberated."

A vast amount of silly wind-blown sentiment is liberated these days by puffers, publicists, and propagandists of all sorts. It cannot do any good and may possibly do a good deal of harm. We remember seeing a pamphlet of the Quebec Safety League beseeching children not to get run over in the streets for the "honour" of their schools. Such pitiable nonsense would not deceive a child of the first grade.

Mr. Russell is not so happy when he comes to deal with fear and obedience.

"Fear should be overcome not only in action, but in feeling; and not only in conscious feeling, but in unconscious as well."

"What I suggest is that no one should learn how to obey and no one should attempt to command. Our purposes should be our own, not the purposes of external authority; and our purposes should never be forcibly imposed upon others."

We think the argument here goes beyond what is good and useful. Such courses would no doubt be advisable if men were as gods, but the bulk of human nature is made of no such wondrous stuff. A recognition of something beyond ourselves which is better than our own best is the justification for authority, and unhappy is the man who sees no such vision. And vision is not given equally to all. With regard to fear, we are reminded that fear of a certain kind may be considered "the beginning of wisdom."

There is much in this book about the teaching of sex, geography, history, and literature we should have liked to consider, but we shall press on to deal in conclusion with the teaching of truth, which constitutes,

as it appears to us, the central feature of Mr. Russell's proposals. We cannot refrain however, from quoting an extract in regard to literature that we should like to see framed in every teacher's common-room.

"There is not the slightest use, either for young or old, in being well-informed *about* literature, knowing the dates of the poets, the names of their works, and so on. Everything that can be put into a handbook is worthless. What is valuable is great familiarity with examples of good literature—such familiarity as will influence the style, not only of writing, but of thought."

Here, indeed, Mr. Russell has touched on one of the most fundamental defects of the school; it is found in the blighting influence of the uneducated educator. The most damaging blows struck at the tree of education are given by such well-intentioned but mischievous people. We see their devastating influence on every hand; in the "literature" paper that is a series of questions on lists of works, notes, meanings, memorized quotations; in the "Latin" paper, that is nothing but a jumble of grammatical conundrums, declensions, conjugations; in the "history" and "geography" papers that deal exclusively with "facts" of the most limited and microscopic order. These ought we to do but not to leave the larger things undone. How often on looking over a child's notebooks, exercises, or tests, is one tempted to exclaim as of old: "Son of man, can these dry bones live?" It is no wonder that schools and schoolmasters are so often the butt of the parent and the despair of the child.

One last topic and we shall bring these extracts to a close—the question of truth in teaching. How are we to answer a child's questions on "difficult" topics (difficult because we make them so)? In regard to death,—

"A person whose beliefs are orthodox will have less difficulty than a person who thinks that there is no life after death. If you hold the latter view, do not say anything contrary to it; no consideration on earth justifies a parent in telling lies to a child."

A hard saying, but a salutary one; unfortunately it condemns the teaching given by about 90 per cent of parents.

Similar in idea are the following two extracts:

"It is a bad thing for intelligence, and ultimately for character, to let instruction be influenced by moral considerations. It should not be thought that some knowledge is harmful and some ignorance good. The knowledge which is imparted should be imparted for an intellectual purpose, not to prove some moral or political conclusion. But there must never be discouragement of curiosity, even if it takes directions which lie outside the school curriculum altogether."

"I should make it my object to teach thinking, not orthodoxy, or even heterodoxy. And I should absolutely never sacrifice intellect to the fancied interest of morals. It is generally held that the teaching of virtue demands the inculcation of falsehood. In politics, we conceal the vices of eminent statesmen of our party. In theology, we conceal the sins of Popes if we are Catholics, and the sins of Luther and Calvin if we are Protestants. In matters of sex, we pretend before young people that virtue is much commoner than it is."

Such are the extracts we have given for the consideration of our readers. We trust the pieces have been fairly and representatively chosen. What the opinion of our readers will be, we cannot anticipate; "*quot homines, tot sententiae.*" However, we think we shall be acting in fairness alike to our readers and to our author, if we conclude this review with the following extract:

"There is only one road to progress, in education as in other human affairs, and that is: Science wielded by love. Without science, love is powerless; without love, science is destructive."

* * *

Why Publish It?

Singing Rawhide. By Harold Hersey. George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

"A Book of Western Ballads," is the subtitle. Doran's have produced a fine looking book—nicely bound, creamy book paper and really excellent line engravings of drawings by Jerry Delano. But the poetry! Poetry? . . . (Let's say nothing about it!)

* * *

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD. *By John Walter Adam.* Toronto: The Evangelical Publishers. 35c.

The author of this book is a Torontonian who was for thirty-eight years in the Transportation Department of the Post Office, being superannuated last year. He is intensely interested in Biblical interpretation and as long ago as 1881 published *The Bible Astronomy and the Pyramid.* The full title of the present volume is *The Spiritual World and Its Inter-relationship to and with the Physical Plane.* From the orthodox viewpoint it discusses psychic phenomena. Mr. Adam believes that increased interest in spiritual phenomena will mark the last days of the present age and that there will be many strange manifestations from the unseen. Mr. Adam has another book *en train* for publication under the title of *Occultism Unveiled.*

EDUCATION AND THE GOOD LIFE. *By Bertrand Russell.* New York and Toronto: Boni & Liveright.

An Inspiration for Canadian Writers

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

THOMAS HARDY makes a splendid idol. There is a great deal of clay about him, but it is delectable clay. Hardy moves one to emulate him. Simplicity always appeals. We forget that it is the attribute most difficult to attain. Hardy's great ally is the setting of his novels. His atmosphere is ready to hand, he has no need to strain after it. Would the Wessex country without Hardy be to us just a place, romantic and quaintly delightful surely, but of no more significance than, say, the fishing-villages of Newfoundland, the old seigneuries along the great river, the ruined forts of the French occupation? It is safe to say it would. Abbots Cernel, Monks Barton, Casterbridge, Budmouth Regis . . . we might once in a decade come upon such names in a newspaper. They would strike us with their glamour, their color-value to us who write. What has Hardy done with them? Capitalized them and made them live more durably and intimately than Dickens did with any of the thousand places we visited with him. To Dickens, places are always abodes of funny people; Bath has its Cyrus Bantam and John Smauker, Ipswich its Nupkins and Grummer, Dorking its Stiggins and Humm. As we refuse to take these gentlemen seriously so we fail to become attached to the towns where we met them. But Casterbridge . . . Michael Henchard lived there, fought up the long, hard road of life and died in misery; Diggory Venn, the reddleman, ranged over the moorland and hills; Jude's pathetic existence is part of the little towns. Often the characters are subordinated to the places. We sense the dominant power of antiquity, the mockery of life's short course in the shadow of the monoliths, mere man among the ruins of a Roman Circus.

Hardy's strength is in his places. They never fail to yield their meed of romance and reality, yet in Canada we dwell amid scenes and cities as rich in romance, as mellow in antiquity, as fruitful in story as those of the Wessex Country. Where? At our back doors. Whether it be in the West, in Ontario, in Quebec, in Acadia, the ruins of old places are about us, the names of two great nations are in the towns and countries with the sad but enduring relics of the Redman. There are roads over which the soldiers marched afoot or on snow-shoes, forts that noble men and women defended, towns more quaint and steeped in legend than many in the old world over which the shadows of centuries have brooded.

What will be our Wessex Country! That wherein the man arises to set down in manner quiet and direct the short, simple, but forever glorious annals of the poor—the English immigrant clearing his farm in Northern Ontario, the Lithuanian reaping wheat on the prairies; the habitant tilling the soil along the shore of his beloved St-Laurent, the Acadian building his dikes and draining the tide-flow from his meadows.

What more would you? There is subject inexhaustible for the chisel, the brush or the pen. The prairies yield matter for a dozen epics, Ontario has its battlefields and forts of border-strife, Quebec the rare monuments of a people triumphant in defeat, Acadia—live there, wander along its dikes, stand upon its hills on a starlit night and watch its rivers wind down to the sea.

Soon the Law of Literary Epochs must here assert its truth. Men will come big enough to capture the immensity of it, strong enough to interpret its epic greatness—the greatness of our race. Today there are two books standing alone on a shelf that reaches from Cape Race to Nootka—*The Golden Dog* and *Maria Chapdelaine;* tomorrow. . . .

* * *

Concentration

"Concentration," said Mr. Harrison, "is the beginning of inspiration. I am not sure that it is not genius under another name. It is marvelous how everything—character, idea, scene, plot—will open up and unfold under the eye of one who sits and stares long enough and intensely enough. If you subtract a man who cannot concentrate from one who can, you are pretty apt to get what is called genius. Of what profit to a writer are imagination, insight, judgment, reason, if he cannot call upon any one or all of them before he starts to write? And if he has trained himself to concentrate, he can call upon all his gifts."

"One half hour's intense and concentrated thinking will do more for a writer 'than six months' dawdling at writing. Through concentration, and only when he has concentrated, come those flashes of insight which are to the writer beyond price."

—From "Henry Sydnor Harrison on Concentration," by Jean West Maury in *The Writer's Monthly.*"

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The Paul Kane Controversy

Grandson of the Artist Takes Up the Cudgel

WAS Paul Kane, the artist, born in Toronto or in Ireland? This is just one of the points of discussion in a barrage of criticism, with sustained expressions of righteous indignation, regarding the Radisson Society's recently published edition of *Wanderings of An Artist Among the Indians of North America* by Paul Kane. A grandson of the artist, also Paul Kane, in his opening paragraph says:

"The criticisms which I am about to offer are based entirely on family records and other documentary evidence, which are beyond all doubt authentic. Some years ago I had occasion to gather these records together, intending to publish the information contained in them. I believed then, as I do now, that these records contain a sufficient amount of valuable data and information to warrant their publication. In these records are numerous letters from the different officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, including Sir George Simpson, and directed to Paul Kane; there are personal letters from his friends, not only in the British Isles, but also in the United States, and in one or two instances letters written by Kane which, in some way or other, were subsequently returned to him. There is his original manuscript, together with what purports to be a catalogue of his paintings and sketches. Included also in this collection of records is a partial record of the births, marriages and deaths in the family, which is of particular value in view of certain statements made by Mr. Burpee in his introduction to the present volume. This information is at present before me; I have gone into it very carefully, and such criticisms as I am about to make are based entirely on these records, together with such information as is known not only to me but to other members of the family. For that reason I feel that I am fully justified in submitting the following information to the public."

The writer goes on to refer to the addition of a foreword by John W. Garvin and an introduction and notes by Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, a catalogue of certain of Kane's paintings, and reproductions of two oil portraits. "The illustrations are entirely in woodcut. If those responsible for this publication used Kane's original book simply as a means whereby they might see in print what were merely their own ideas and opinions of the early life of Paul Kane and his work then they have succeeded. If, on the other hand, it was intended that this volume should be an improvement upon the earlier publications or that it should contribute to the world of biography any new material or information on the life of Paul Kane, then they have lamentably failed.

"Mr. Burpee says that Kane's original collection of field sketches and oils were turned over to Mr. George W. Allan; that they subsequently found their way into other hands, and that only a few are in the possession of members of the artist's family. Not one of these statements is correct and right here I charge Mr. Burpee with having suppressed information which he must have had, and in any event should have had, before he committed himself on the matter. If he was not in possession of full information concerning Kane's original collection of oils and water-colors then that information was available from any number of sources. Surely an exhibition of two hundred oils and watercolors, more than one half of Kane's original field work, should have excited Mr. Burpee's curiosity, if only to the extent of finding out from what custody and out of whose possession they had come. That he did not make any attempt to do so is evident, so once again, I am going to stand Mr. Burpee upon the solid foundation of fact and in doing so I trust that should he ever again have occasion to attempt a similar work he will either do it justice or leave it entirely alone.

"The two hundred oils and watercolors exhibited in Winnipeg in 1922 were loaned out of a collection of approximately two hundred and fifty of Kane's original watercolors and oils; they never at any time belonged to Mr. G. W. Allan, but on the contrary have always been and still are in possession of members of the artist's family. Regardless of their merit and value they go to make up by far the greater part of Kane's original field work.

"As for their merit, they are in no way inferior to Kane's studio work; in fact it has been stated on more than one occasion that his 'field sketches' were far superior to what have come to be termed his "finished paintings." Why the latter term should be used I do not know. It cannot be denied that many, if not all, of the paintings both at Ottawa and Toronto are, at their very best, copies of Kane's original work. We know that to be true. Of the three in possession of Mr. White one at least is a copy of an original in the collection at Winnipeg. They are all Kane's work, it is true, but I say without hesitation that the best of his work is to be found in that self-same collection of 'field sketches' which Mr. Burpee has almost, if not altogether, ignored.

"Another choice morsel served up from Mr. Burpee's pen is the statement that Kane was a 'self-taught' artist. It is quite true that he quotes Dr. Wilson in his statement, but that, to my mind, does not lessen the offence in any way. However, having made the statement, Mr. Burpee then proceeds to contradict himself, to do which

he quotes from a lecture given by Mr. Charles W. Jeffries of Toronto. Here is his quotation from Mr. Jeffries: 'One can see in the works of our earliest painters, whether native born or adopted sons of the country, the fascination of Canadian landscape. The artist got his technical training abroad—but though the subjects chosen were Canadian, they were, quite naturally, at first seen through European eyes, and executed in European style and with European technique. Paul Kane is a good example. Trained abroad, he naturally adopted the European art traditions of his time.' 'His Indians . . . resemble the . . . models and the antique classical studies of the academic studios in which he learned his craft.' If Kane was 'trained abroad' and 'learned his craft' in academic studios,' how can it be said of him that he was self-taught? That the artist, until he went abroad, had little or no technical training and that he felt its necessity is admitted. How then could he impart to himself a knowledge of technique which he did not have and which he could not acquire without a course of training and study in Europe? Self-educated Kane may have been, but self-taught he certainly was not.

"Contrary to Mr. Burpee's statement on the matter there still exists a list of Paul Kane's original oils and water-colors. This list I have every reason to believe is complete. It is in the artist's own handwriting and is written up in a manuscript book separate and distinct from his diary or daily journal.

"In further contradiction of Mr. Burpee it can be definitely stated that the series of paintings executed by Kane under his commission from Sir George Simpson were for the personal and private use of Simpson himself. Simpson's own statement on the matter is considered sufficiently authentic, although Mr. Burpee has stated that 'there is no record of what became of them.'

"It is difficult to understand why Mr. Burpee has published information the accuracy of which he failed to verify. But that is just what he has done. In every instance where he has been left to stand upon the results of his own researches he has invariably fallen down. As a result his introduction is of no practical value, no matter in what light it is regarded; neither is Mr. Garvin's foreword. Some years ago I conceived the idea of republishing Kane's book. I believed that this was necessary in order that original errors might be corrected and that every available piece of information concerning Kane and his whole life might be placed on record for all time to come. I have suffered many interruptions but after reading what Mr. Burpee and Mr. Garvin have to say on the matter I now feel that there is a double necessity for proceeding with my work."

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Some Notes on Art

VARLEY FOR VANCOUVER

ART Galleries have a habit of going to sleep in the summer time. The permanent collections are dug out of the cellars and used as a fill-in for want of anything more important and an odd tourist wanders in and out again without solving the mysteries of what art is. With the increasing number of motorists who enter Canada during the summer months who accept art galleries as one of the things to see, it might be deemed worth while to put on as fine a Canadian exhibition as possible. Something of this kind is being attempted at present in the Art Gallery of Toronto. A number of artists have been invited to contribute groups of paintings, one room being devoted to Clarence Gagnon and A. H. Robinson, a large room to Curtis Williamson, the most comprehensive exhibition of this talented artist's work that has been seen in Toronto. Another room is filled with a remarkable exhibition of sketches by Tom Thomson, from the collections of Dr. Jas. MacCallum, Mr. Vincent Massey and Mr. R. Laidlaw. Paintings by Mary Wrinch Reid, Laura Muntz Lyall, Lawren Harris and J. E. H. MacDonald make up the remainder of the exhibition. The sculpture court contains an exhibition of wood sculpture, mostly early Flemish and German, loaned by the Royal Ontario Museum, and the work of the noted French sculptor Maillol, which have been in the Gallery for some weeks.

* * *

Art on the Pacific Coast should receive a decided impetus when Mr. F. H. Varley takes up his new position as instructor of drawing and painting in the Art School of Vancouver. There have been signs of artistic activity in the west for some time, but up to the present it has lacked direction. Expenses of transportation have made it impossible for western artists to send exhibitions to the east, and few of the Montreal and Toronto artists are known in the west for the same reason. But to have one of the outstanding artists of eastern Canada move to Vancouver, should result in a more intelligent interest in each other's cultural development. The westerner is timid and conventional in his attitude towards art. Exhibitions which would be considered mild or academic in the east are looked on as the works of extremists in the west. But one can confidently expect that in a few years the westerners will be sending exhibitions east of things done in a bold original way. The scale of the country is too vast for any picayune literal interpretation.

Mr. Arthur Lismer has written *A Short History of Painting,* for the use of teachers and art students. Art history is summarized and the confusion of the various schools largely eliminated. The characteristics of each period are briefly defined, followed by a biographical account of the notable artists who belonged to it. The relation of Canadian art to the general history of art has not been neglected. The writer deals not so much with our modest achievements as with the probable development of a school of artists who will be inspired by the Canadian background. This little book should be invaluable to anyone starting on a more general course of art history.

* * *

In the *Times Literary Supplement* of July 15th nearly a column is devoted to Mr. Newton MacTavish's *Art in Canada.* Recognizing the importance of the work as the first authoritative book on the subject which has appeared, the writer at the same time finds Canadian art a more definite and vigorous thing than Mr. MacTavish gives an impression of in his book. He finds " . . . something distinctly Canadian not entirely due to subject, a decorative largeness of treatment with a certain shallowness of effect. The character is not easy to define, but it corresponds to what we feel when Canadian business, and more particularly farming methods are compared with English. This character is intensified when we come to the Algonquin Park group of painters associated with the late Tom Thomson. . . .that the Algonquin Park painters made a concerted effort to interpret wild Canadian scenery is less to the point than that they found out how such scenery ought to be treated, decoratively rather than atmospherically." The writer goes on to say that of those who saw the Canadian pictures at Wembley few could resist feeling that here was something which could only have come out of Canada.

* * *

Mrs. Percy F. Godenrath, of Ottawa, who for the past six years has had charge of the print-room in the Fine Arts Gallery of the Canadian National Exhibition, has recently returned from England and the Continent, where she spent several months studying at the principal galleries with her husband. She will again be in the print-room, where she has built up an interesting clientele, including some of the largest collectors in Toronto of modern etchings and color-prints.

* * *

Dr. Lionel Stevenson's book, *Appraisals of Canadian Literature,* to appear in the autumn, will contain among others, his articles on this subject that have appeared in *Canadian Bookman.*

The Writer's Corner

Conducted by DONALD G. FRENCH

Little Talks on Poetry

9.—Figures of Speech

FIGURES of speech are used in poetry chiefly to convey to the mind concrete pictures. Two distinct attitudes of mind must be realized—the intellectual and the emotional. The former deals with facts and abstract calculations; the latter is impressed on every hand through the senses, either directly or indirectly. The indirect influence of the senses comes to the mind through the faculty of imagination, and it is to this faculty that the poet must almost always appeal.

In his own mind the poet has definite thoughts and clear-cut pictures, and he uses figurative language to make his readers see eye to eye with him. Practically all the figures of speech used in poetry have their origin in the one common purpose of conveying an idea or truth to the reader by the presentation to his mind of some concrete object or condition.

The purpose of figurative language once realized, the classification of figures of speech becomes a comparatively easy matter. By far the greater number of these have their basis on the principle of comparison. The simplest way of illustrating an object is by representing the object as like something else with which the reader is familiar. This gives us the figure called Simile, which is usually introduced by the words, like, as, so, etc. The comparison must be made between objects of different classes so that there is contrast as well as likeness. The poet seizes upon the strong point of resemblance and the contrast which is implied helps to bring out more strongly the points of similarity. In

> Blue were her eyes **as the fairy flax,**
> Her cheeks **like the dawn of day,**
> And her bosom white **as the hawthorn buds**
> That ope in the month of May.
> —Longfellow: "Wreck of the Hesperus,"

there is the concrete coloring of the flax, the morning dawn, and the hawthorn blossom clearly presented.

The Metaphor goes a step further and because of the resemblance of two objects, actions or conditions, calls the one by the name of the other. Again, the abstract term is replaced by the name of the concrete object. For example in:

> **England hath need of thee; she is a fen**
> **Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,**
> **Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,**
> **Have forfeited their ancient English dower**
> **Of inward happiness.**
> —Wordsworth: "Sonnet on Milton."

There are very many metaphoric terms, as altar for religion (concrete for abstract), sword for war, pen for literature.

Metaphor abounds in poetry and in prose. It is freely used in everyday speech. It has many varieties: Synecdoche, Metonymy, Personification, Allegory, Fable, are but particular types of metaphor.

Synecdoche consists in putting part of an object for the whole (or the whole for a part), in seizing on the most conspicuous detail.

> Round the keel with faces pale.
> The mild-eyed, melancholy Lotus Eaters came.
> —Tennyson: "The Lotus Eaters."

Here keel stands for the whole ship. Picture a vessel drawn up on the beach and consider what would be most prominent. But in

> "Thirty sail were seen off the coast,"

the sail, under these conditions being the noticeable detail, serves to represent the complete vessel.

Metonymy is a metaphor which presents an object by naming something closely associated with it. In the extract from Wordsworth's sonnet the metaphor "a fen of stagnant waters" may be classed as a general metaphor, while, altar, sword, etc., are examples of metonymy.

Personification represents an abstraction as a living person:

> In the fight was **Death** the gainer,
> Spite of vassal or retainer.
> —Longfellow: "The Norman Baron."

The Allegory carries the metaphorical idea through the whole composition. The best-known allegory in English literature is Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.* Other examples are Spenser's *Faerie Queen,* Tennyson's *Voyage.*

The other class of figures of speech used in poetry have their origin in the desire for strength or force of expression. These are Apostrophe, Exclamation, and Hyperbole.

In Apostrophe absent persons are addressed as if present, inanimate objects spoken to as if they had life. The strength of the figure lies in the realization of the object as concrete, living, and present.

Milton! Thou shouldst be living at this hour.
Wordsworth: "Sonnet on Milton."

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
—Shelley: "The Skylark."

This figure closely resembles Personification; the difference consists in the realization of the person or object as present, making a stronger picture.

The Exclamation bodies forth the emotion of the speaker, presents to the imagination a concrete condition. Compare these two modes of expression and notice the wide difference in effectiveness.

But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

But she is in her grave and
It makes a great difference to me.

In the second mode we have the thought fully expressed, but in the first we have the thought plus the concrete condition—the emotion.

Hyperbole is a sort of mental microscope. By multiplying effect through exaggeration, the desired clearness and strength of outline of the mental picture are obtained.

The waves rolled **mountains high.**

In the use of similes these points should be observed:

1. A simile is not a real comparison of like things: therefore, the simile should not be drawn from something which bears too close a resemblance to the object compared.
2. The simile should be simple and natural, and to be so must not be drawn from something which has too faint a resemblance to the compared object.
3. The simile should be drawn from objects in keeping with the intellectual and emotional tone of the poem.
4. Make similes for the sake of clearness and not for the mere purpose of making similes.

In the use of metaphors:

1. Do not mix metaphorical and literal in the same expression or sentence; strive for unity of effect.
2. Do not mix your metaphors; keep to one point of view.

Notice:

I bridle in my struggling muse with pain
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

The writer here began by comparing the muse to a horse, but in the second line proposes to launch it as a ship.

* * *

The Manuscript Market

Better Radio, 3224 North Halstead Street, Chicago, wants radio fiction, 1800 to 2500 words; interviews with radio celebrities and technical general radio articles, 1200 to 2000 words.

Liberty, 247 Park Ave., New York City, pays $25 for each story on home building which it uses. Tell the story of your home and how it was planned and built. Address, Liberty Home Owners Bureau.

All Boys, 429 Knickerbocker Theatre Building, Broadway at 39th Street, New York City, is a new magazine and is in the market for short stories of thrilling or humorous adventures.

Medical Economics, Rutherford, New Jersey, wants articles on the business side of the medical profession—establishment and conduct of practice, collection of accounts, investment of earnings, etc. Articles 1500 to 2000 words.

Woman's Viewpoint, 110 West 42nd St., New York City, wants short stories and serials of modern problems, love, out-of-doors, etc.

Dodd Mead & Company, First National Pictures, Pictorial Review, and Curtis Brown, Ltd., have postponed the closing date of their $16,500 contest to October 1st, 1926.

The John Day Company, publishers, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, and The *Woman's Home Companion,* 250 Park Ave., New York City, are conducting a $50,000 prize novel contest to determine whether men or women are the better novelists. A prize of $25,000 will be awarded for the best novel by a man, and a prize of $25,000 will be awarded for the best novel by a woman.

The Blue Book Magazine, 36 S. State Street, Chicago, offers five monthly prizes of $100 each for the best five "True Experiences" accepted. Stories should not be more than 2000 words.

The Popular Magazine, 79 Seventh Ave., New York City, uses book-length stories of vigorous action and good structure, appealing to men; also short stories of the same type.

* * *

—There is no End

In the prize novel competition conducted by Edward J. Clode, Inc., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for a $2,500 award, there were 6700 entries. The prize-winning novel was "Mrs. Merivale," by Paul Kimball.

* * *

Whitman

A VICTORIA subscriber submits the following, suggested by the two articles on Whitman appearing in recent issues of *Canadian Bookman*:

Walt Whitman was for some years a carpenter and builder. We do not read anything further about his achievements in that line. It seems reasonable to suppose that in the building line his achievements were commonplace. In the line of poetry his achievements were notable and unique,

but yet none the less, commonplace from the standpoint of quality. His writings were outstanding because they were outlandish. That seems one of the best terms to describe them, the most of them. True, a number of eminent critics have held that there is much to praise in his work. Yet, I think a greater number of critics found it almost without merit. Among the critics who term his work poetry a number mix strong censure with their praise, enough to nullify it. This is done in a criticism which is found under the title, "Whitman," in *The International Encyclopedia.* The following remarks are a part of it: "He knew little of the life that came through books, but much of that life of the masses . . . Certainly, in laboring to be natural, he stripped himself, sometimes of more than the garment of convention. . . . The result of his efforts was one of the ironies of literary history. . . . So Whitman, writing for the multitude, found himself the admiration of cultured coteries. . . ."

I think the cultured coteries ought to share some of that irony. Although this criticism seems to be undecided, yet I believe most criticisms in encyclopedias are more independent and unbiased than those published elsewhere.

The encyclopedia which I believe is the best, The *Britannica,* contains but slight, scant praise of his poetry. If I may express my own views of Whitman I offer them with the foreword that I can claim no standing whatever among critics. He was a man of strong, rugged, upright character as accounts agree. But he was naturally odd and eccentric, and with purpose and intent made himself yet more so, an odd trait. He hated Puritanism, prudery, bigotry and over-refinement. In opposing them he went too far, so that he became extreme or extravagant in simplicity, and rather uncouth and vulgar in manner and language. His obtruding and presumptious egotism as well as his crude, uncouth, unmusical expressions, render his writings rather vulgar. In his saying that "These United States are essentially the greatest poem" he is well typified. In its manner and style of expression, aside from its direct meaning, what could be more crude, and bald, and more unpoetic? Such expressions evince the scientific, matter-of-fact mind rather than the poetic. His loud, showy praises of his country seem presumptious and almost paternal.

Several accounts of him agree that he earnestly strove to avoid approved forms of expression. His trait of pose and affectation seems to me incomprehensible in a man of his strong integrity. And it is the more unaccountable in a man who had some aspirations to be a poet. For in the realm of poetry there is, I believe, no law more stern that that one must be sincere, must be himself at any cost.

In eschewing approved expressions he was most unwise. While trite and hackneyed expressions ill suit a poet, words well and favorably known are best. Pope approved them not too old or too new. It was not alone our good words that Whitman avoided, but he avoided our idiomatic rhythms, inflections and cadences. These are the most beautiful elements in our language, and are essential to all good prose and to poetry. It is these we learn with the first words we lisp, beauties never learned from a scientific treatise or a dictionary. And we learn them, of course, with our memories; and our memories are the basis of our taste.

I would cite this passage from a text-book of one of the leading colleges: "Nursery rhymes and nonsense verses of great beauty, like Lewis Carroll's, ' 'Twas brillig and the slithy toves, Did gyre and gimble in the wabe', show how far structural art may go." You will note that the beauty mentioned does not reside in the meaning of the words, for they, at least half of them, have no meaning. This art and beauty Whitman flouted.

A leading magazine published not long ago an article by an eminent literary man, written mainly to show that American poetry could hardly be rightly appraised by those unaccustomed to American accents and rhythms. For the same reason it is plain that poetry to please the true taste of Americans must be in the language that they hold not cheap, but most valued.

Our general pleasures in the current popular songs are said to result from their resemblance, however unsuspected, to the best melodies of classic composers, melodies which yet ring faintly and deep in our memories. Those who love our language have the like kind of memories of good prose, and especially of fine verse.

Walt Whitman, instead of using the best forms and expressions of our language as we know it, chose rather to make his words the most fantastic, bizarre and unconventional. In this last sentence the word—bizarre—is a typical Whitman word, harsh and incongruous. The result is, in the main his style appears barbarous, as of one not schooled in English.

Yet it is true that occasional disconnected lines are quite fit for poetry, having in them good poetic figures, good rhetoric and musical rhythm.

Leaves of Grass is like a pretentious banquet, yet wholly vegetarian, a banquet served in a large room, ungarnished, ill-kept and disordered; that is, the preface. But being interspersed among many others that are not even fair prose, they do not make the work of lasting value. —J. L. P.

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For the Print Buyer

THE dispersal of the valuable stock of prints early this summer by the estate of L. H. Lefevre & Son, one of the leading art publishers in England, released to the trade a choice collection of artists' proofs and other impressions of important copyright works. Included in the celebrated series were the famous prints by W. Dendy Sadler, etched by C. H. Boucher, such as "Darby and Joan," "My Love to You," "Toddy at the Cheshire Cheese," "The New Will," etc. These are again in vogue in the Old Country where the principal dealers on Bond Street are exhibiting proofs.

Baxter prints still hold their own as collectors' items, in both England and Canada. Rare and choice examples continue to climb, as noted in a recent sale at Puttick & Simpson, London, when the large Queen reached the record price of £75. In October, at the opening of the first sale of the fall season, a pair of Chubbs will be put up. The scarcity of this pair, only eight pairs being in existence, promises some lively bidding, and the previous record of £700 is expected to be passed. Some four years ago at an exhibition of Baxter Prints, which was arranged by Captain Percy F. Godenrath for the Women's Art Association at Ottawa, a pair of Chubbs turned up. The publicity given crowded the spacious hall at the Chateau Laurier, where the exhibition was held. The pair came to Canada in the late 60's through a daughter of the Chubbs. Following the exhibition Captain Godenrath sent the prints to England where they were disposed of for a satisfactory price, but the value today would be trebled.

Among Canadian print makers who are achieving an international reputation, and enjoying lucrative sales by the excellency of their craftsmanship, are Fred S. Haines, A.R.C.A., the popular director of the Fine Arts Department of the Canadian National Exhibition, and Walter J. Phillips, A.R.C.A., Winnipeg. Mr. Haines works in aquatint and his charming studies of rural Ontario landscape, printed in color, have a popular appeal, particularly across the border. Mr. Phillips, who is one of the principals of an Art School in the Manitoba capital, confines his efforts to the wood-block in color. His work is in both the British Museum and the South Kensington, and has received the approval of collectors in the Old Country as well as at home, and in the States. He is about to publish a much needed work on the craft, entitled *The Technique of the Color Wood-Cut*, which will be the last word on the subject, and will appeal to both student and collector. It is to be handsomely illustrated with original wood-cuts and some 30 half-tones.

The Collector

THE latest catalogue (No. 8) from Thorburn & Abbott, Ottawa, offers, as usual with catalogues from this firm, an important assemblage of Canadiana. Among other items which might be mentioned are Burpee's "The Search for the Western Sea," London, 1908 (priced $20); Cartwright's "Journal of Transactions and Events during a Residence of nearly sixteen years on the Coast of Labrador," 3 vols., Newark, 1792; Champlain's "Les Ouvres," 6 vols., Quebec, 1870; Doughty and Parmalee's "The Siege of Quebec, and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham," 6 vols., Quebec, 1901; Hunter's "Ottawa Scenery," Ottawa, 1855; Relations des Jesuits," 3 vols., Quebec, 1858; Kane's "Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America," London, 1859; "Account of (Long's) Expedition from Pittsburg to the Rocky Mountains," 3 vols., London, 1823; Meares' "Voyages," London, 1790; Mackenzie's "Voyages from Montreal to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans," London, 1801; Massons "Les Beourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-West," 2 vols., Quebec, 1889-90; Masseres' "A Collection of Several Commissions and Other Public Instruments Relating to the Province of Quebec," London, 1772; Simcoe's "A Journal of the Operations of the Queen's Rangers," Exeter, printed for the Author (1787), not published, but privately printed for distribution among the author's friends (priced $300); West's "Substance of a Journal during a Residence at the Red River Colony," London, 1827.

* * *

Some items of special Canadian interest were included in a sale of Americana which took place at Charles F. Heartman's auction rooms at Metuchen, N.J., on June 29, as follows: "The Handbook of British Columbia and Emigrant's Guide to the Gold Fields," containing folding map and two views of New Westminster, 82 pp., original printed wrappers, London: W. Oliver (1862), $30; autograph letter signed, 1 page, Dec., 1644, of Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, Governor of New France, expressing appreciation of the addressee's friendship, $210; autograph letter signed "Fred Haldimand" (Sir Frederick Haldimand, Governor-General of Canada during the American Revolution) 1 p. Quebec, Aug. 29, 1782, to Major-General Baron de Riedesel, with address and franking initials "F. H." on address-leaf, $10; "Review of the Government and Grievances of the Province of Quebec, since the Conquest of it by the British Arms," London, 1788 (very rare, relating to the Quebec Bill and its results and appealing for a Colonial Assembly), $18.

* * *

William Todd, New York City, in List No. 11, presents a collection of books relating to "Travel by Land and Sea," which includes the following among others of Canadian interest: Harrisse's "Jean et Sebastien Cabot, leur origine et leurs Voyages," Paris, 1882; Heriot's "Travels through the Canadas," London, 1807, both text and plates described as "in exceptionally fine condition" (priced $90); Walker's "A Journal of the late Expedition to Canada," London, 1720; Ellis' "A Voyage to Hudson's Bay," Dublin, 1749.

* * *

Manuscripts and other possessions of the late Pierre Louys were sold in Paris recently, bringing a total of more than 500,000 francs. The manuscript of his famous "Aphrodite" brought 45,000 francs, and others of his writings realized scarcely less. The manuscript of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," which belonged to M. Louys, was sold to English buyers for 161,000 francs, while an unpublished letter from Wilde to Louys sold for 7,000 francs.

* * *

Sir Charles Oman, Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford, had in the London Evening News of recent date, a powerful article protesting against the export of British historical treasures, particularly papers and manuscripts, obviously state property, which were wrongly appropriated by long-dead delinquents. Prof. Oman in this connection said:

"It was the detestable practice of ministers of state and civil servants generally all through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—and far into the nineteenth—to remove important state documents to their own houses and not leave them in their offices for the benefit of their successors and of subsequent administrations in general—not to speak of the claims of the historian, a personage generally ignored.

"Of recent years there have been sold —mixed with genuine family papers— great files of official documents of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries

which should never have been removed from Whitehall. *Nullum tempus occurrit Regi*, as the old legal maxim runs: the King's property does not cease to be the King's property because it has been embezzled for a great number of years.

"I have seen whole files of official dispatches from colonial governors sold by auction, and military and naval reports of considerable interest. It seems to me that no holder of such stuff has a good title to it or right to dispose of it as private property. As I suggested in the House of Commons, the state has surely the right to intervene and to reclaim objects wrongly alienated.

"Supposing that Col. Blood had successfully stolen the crown of England—as he attempted to do in the reign of Charles II. —and had conveyed it to his heirs, so that it turned up in private hands in 1926 for sale in London; who would doubt that it could be reclaimed at once by the state? And on that analogy I hold that all state documents of interest and importance wrongfully removed from the custody of the state should be regarded as state property and rescued the moment that their identity is established."

* * *

The Clements Library at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, has issued as Bulletin 144, a brief description of the papers of Sir Henry Clinton, from 1778 to 1782, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in North America, which have been deposited in that institution. The article is entitled, "The Headquarters Papers of the British Army in North America During the War of the American Revolution," and is by the curator, Randolph G. Adams. It presents a preliminary survey of a collection which comprises no less than 12,000 separate documents and about 400 MSS. The documents begin with the battle of Lexington and continue in historical sequence through to Cornwallis' surrender at Yorkton.

* * *

An important collection of Revolutionary letters and documents has been acquired by Mr. Thomas F. Madigan, a New York dealer in old manuscripts, from Mrs. Albert B. White, wife of former Governor White, of West Virginia, and a direct descendant of Gen. Artemus Ward, who was in command of the Continental troops at Boston. Among the letters is one written by George Washington on the day the Declaration of Independence was signed, and another written two days after the signing by John Hancock to Gen. Ward.

* * *

John Davis Barnett, C.E., LL.D., donor of the famous Barnett collection to the University of Western Ontario, who died in London on March 21, bequeathed his entire estate of $5,098.29 to the library of this institution. The estate consisted chiefly of debentures totalling $4,624, while cash in the bank at the time of Mr. Barnett's death amounted to $463.

* * *

A first edition of John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" (London, 1678), in its original sheepskin binding, was sold in a London auction room on July 26 for £6,800 (about $34,000), a London bookdealer being the purchaser. As may be readily conjectured, the first edition of "Pilgrim's Progress" is one of the rarest of books; in fact, there are but eleven copies known, of which only five, including that sold on July 26, are described as perfect.

* * *

Alwin J. Scheuer, New York, makes his initial bow as a book dealer by issuing two elaborately produced catalogues, the first devoted to standard literature and gift books, mostly in fine bindings, and the other to rare books, ancient bindings, autograph letters, etc. The importance of the second catalogue will be seen when it is stated that it offers among many other attractive items, a first edition of Burns' "Poems," Kilmarnock, 1786, inscribed by the author to Lady Glencairn (priced $6,500), Dickens' "Bleak House," first edition, London, 1853, specially bound for presentation and containing an inscription by the author (priced $775), two French fifteenth century illuminated manuscript Books of Hours, one priced at $1,200 and the other at $1,000, and Spenser's "The Faerie Queene," both parts, London, 1590-96, Part I. being the very rare first issue of the first edition (priced $1,200).

* * *

A sale of Americana which took place at the Anderson Galleries in New York City recently saw the dispersal of some items of interest to Canadian collectors, as follows: Anbury's "Travels through the Interior Parts of America. By an Officer," 2 vols. first edition, London, 1789, $25; Burgoyne's "A State of the Expedition from Canada," first edition, London, 1780, with, bound in, "The Narrative of Lieut. Gen. Sir William Howe, relative to his Conduct during his late Command of the King's Troops in North America," London, 1781, $27; "The North American Pilot for Newfoundland, Labradore, the Gulf and River St. Lawrence," etc., both parts, 2 vols., London, 1727-8, stained and worn, $22.50; Ellis' "A Voyage to Hudson's Bay, by the Dobbs Galley and California, in the Years 1746-7," Dublin, 1749, $16; Hennepin's "A New Discovery of a Vast Continent in America," fine copy of the rare first issue of the first English edition, with first line of imprint ending "Tonson," London, 1698, $155.

Evidence that the cult of the bookplate, which seemed to have reached its height some 25 or 30 years ago, is reviving—if, indeed, it has not revived—is evidenced by a volume recently issued by the Spokane Public Library entitled: "A Bibliography of Bookplate Literature," compiled by Verna B. Grimm, and edited by George W. Fuller, the edition being limited to 500 numbered and signed copies. The bibliography describes more than 500 items devoted entirely to the subject, and a supplementary list gives books containing material on bookplates.

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Vol. VIII., No. 9 TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1926 25c a Copy $2.00 a Year

Who's Who in Canadian Literature

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

By V. B. Rhodenizer

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, on his mother's side a distant cousin of Ralph Waldo Emerson, is the most distinguished member of Canada's most distinguished literary family. He was born at Douglas, New Brunswick, and spent the first fourteen years of his life at Westcock, at the mouth of the Tantramar River, in a region which he has made famous in his poetry. In 1876 he passed from the Fredericton Grammar School, where the head-master, George R. Parkin, had already awakened his love of literature, to the University of New Brunswick, from which he was graduated in 1879, with honors in Mental and Moral Science and Political Economy. For several years he taught in the grammar schools of New Brunswick. Then for a short time he edited the Toronto *Week*. From 1885 to 1895 he held a professorship at the University of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, teaching various subjects, chiefly English literature. After resigning his professorship he made his home in New York, with frequent visits to Canada and Great Britain. Except for a brief tenure of an associate-editorship of the *Illustrated American*, he devoted himself entirely to literature until he enlisted as a trooper in the Legion of Frontiersmen in September, 1914. During his period of military service, his family lived at Ottawa. After the Great War he lived in England up to the time of his recent visit to Canada, a visit that has been very fittingly crowned by his being the recipient of the first Lorne Pierce Gold Medal awarded for distinction in Canadian literature.

Noticeable in the early works of Roberts are his poems on classic subjects after the manner of Keats. In his treatment of classic themes, the outstanding poetic success is the creation of imaginary landscapes. These he describes in imagery drawn not only from the reading of classical literature, but also from the observation of Canadian nature. From his classical material, therefore, he passes easily to vivid description in which the imagery was drawn wholly from his accurate observation of Canadian nature. His descriptive poetry reaches its highest degree of excellence in the Canadian scenes immortalized in the sonnet sequence entitled *Songs of the Common Day*. So great an artist could not stop with impressionistic or detailed description. Another normal change takes place in *The Book of the Native;* the treatment of nature becomes thoughtful rather than descriptive. Occasional poems have a moral turn after the manners of Longfellow and Wordsworth, but in general Roberts approaches nature with Emersonian mysticism. This mysticism, however, is modified by a comprehensive knowledge of modern science, so that the discoveries resulting from mystical meditation are never in conflict with ascertained fact. With fine balance Roberts speculates on cosmic processes and voices his philosophy in melodious verse.

After he removed to New York, he wrote a few impressionistic representations of city environment in the manner of his successful nature poetry. In the main, however, he changed from the poetry of nature to the poetry of man, or more strictly speaking, to the poetry of woman, for his verse now became predominantly erotic, sometimes with the delicate reserve of Rossetti at his best, sometimes with the emotional abandon of Swinburne and his master, Baudelaire. Since the Great War he has turned once more to poetry that expresses the consolation and moral stimulus of nature and a remarkably well-balanced philosophic idealism.

In addition to his great achievement in poetry, Roberts has written two kinds of prose fiction: fiction with human characters and fiction with animal characters. In the former he has written both tales and novels. Because he has not the gift of genius in interpreting human character, he did not attain distinction in this kind of fiction, except where the setting gave him an opportunity to show his great skill in portraying nature. In his animal fiction he was free to characterize in accordance with his own standards of probability and to exercise to the full his consummate artistry in nature description. His sympathetic interpretation of animal life has won for him the title of "Poet Laureate of the Animal World." Even those who contend that he has humanized his animals too much must succumb to the poetic charm with which he has reproduced the *habitat* of his animal heroes, for whatever his literary medium, he excels in description of Canadian nature.

CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

A. EDITOR:

Poems of Wild Life. London and Toronto, 1888.

Northland Lyrics. Boston, 1899.

Walden. By Henry D. Thoreau. New York 1899.

B. TRANSLATOR:

The Canadians of Old. New York, 1890. (Cameron of Lochiel, Boston and Toronto, 1905, is the same translation of de Gaspé, with a new title.)

C. AUTHOR:

Orion and Other Poems. Philadelphia, 1880.
In Divers Tones. Boston, 1886.
The Canadian Guide-Book. New York. 1891.
Ave. Toronto, 1892.
Songs of the Common Day. London and Toronto. 1893.
The Raid from Beauséjour, and How the Carter Boys Lifted the Mortgage. New York and Cincinnati. 1894.
Reube Dare's Shad Boat. New York. 1895.
The Land of Evangeline. Kentville, N.S. 1895.
Earth's Enigmas. Boston and New York. 1896.
Around the Camp Fire. New York and Toronto. 1896.
The Book of the Native. Boston, New York, London, and Toronto, 1896.
The Forge in the Forest. Boston, New York, London, and Toronto. 1896.
A History of Canada. Boston, New York, London, and Toronto. 1897.
A Sister to Evangeline. Boston, New York and London. 1898.
New York Nocturnes. Boston, New York, and London. 1898.
By the Marshes of Minas. Boston, New York, Chicago, and Toronto. 1900.
Poems. New York, Boston and Chicago. 1901.
The Heart of the Ancient Wood. New York, Boston and Chicago. 1901.
Barbara Ladd. Boston and Toronto. 1902.
Discoveries and Explorations. Vol. XIV. of Nineteenth Century Series. London, Edinburgh, Philadelphia, Detroit and Toronto. 1902.
The Book of the Rose. Boston. 1903.
The Watchers of the Trails. Boston. 1904.
The Prisoner of Mademoiselle. Boston. 1904.
Red Fox. Boston. 1905.
The Heart That Knows. Boston. 1906.
The Cruise of the Yacht Dido. Boston. 1906.
The Haunters of the Silences. Boston. 1907.
The Young Acadian. Boston. 1907.
Poems. New Complete Edition. Boston and Toronto. 1907.
In the Deep of the Snow. New York, 1907.
The House in the Water. Boston and Toronto. 1908.
The Backwoodsmen. London, Melbourne and Toronto. 1909.
The Red Oxen of Bonval. New York. 1909.
Kings in Exile. London, Melbourne and Toronto. 1909.
More Kindred of the Wild. London, Melbourne and Toronto. 1911.
Neighbors Unknown. London, Melbourne and Toronto. 1911.

Babes of the Wild. London, Melbourne and Toronto. 1912.
The Feet of the Furtive. London, Melbourne and Toronto. 1912.
Hoof and Claw. London, New York and Melbourne. 1913.
A Balkan Prince. London, 1913.
The Secret Trails. New York. 1916.
The Ledge On Bold Face. London, Melbourne, and Toronto. 1918.
Canada in Flanders. Vol. III. London, New York and Toronto. 1918.
Jim: the Story of a Backwoods Police Dog. New York. 1919.
New Poems. London, 1919.
In the Morning of Time. New York. 1922.
Wisdom of the Wilderness. London, Toronto and New York. 1922.
Lovers in Acadie. London and Toronto. 1924.
They Who Walk in the Wilds. London, 1924.
The Sweet o' the Year. Toronto. 1925.

Dr. Roberts also wrote the article on Nova Scotia for "Picturesque Canada" (Toronto 1881), and likewise the brilliant and scholarly introduction which accompanies Bliss Carman's "Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics." Boston, 1904.

JOHN MacLEAN

By W. K.

THE vexed controversies between science and religion have never found a more harmonious solution than in the personal life and thought of the venerable Dr. John Maclean, M.A., LL.B., Ph.D., D.D., of Winnipeg, Dominion Archivist of the Methodist church. In his long and fruitful career, Dr. Maclean has achieved great things both as a religious writer and as a man of science; and the irenicon between these frequent incompatibles has in his case been the temperament of the student.

Born in Kilmarnock, Scotland, in 1851, he came to Canada in 1873, took his degree from Victoria University, his M.A. from Toronto University, and then entered upon a long period of service as a missionary to the Blackfoot Indians in Western Canada. The student was never completely lost in the evangelist, however, and succeeding years found him a correspondent of the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a member of the ethnographic committee of the British Association, a member of the American Folk Lore Society, Canadian editor of *The American Antiquarian,* a corresponding member of the Canadian Institute and a member of the historical societies of Ontario, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan. His book, *The Indians of Canada,* has passed through four editions; and his large 650-page *Canadian Savage Folk,* has been characterized as the leading book on the native tribes of Canada.

His religious fervor has been no less productive of books and has given us many volumes of biography, poetry, fiction, and inspirational essays.

It is impossible within the limits imposed upon these little sketches in *The Canadian Bookman* to indicate even a fraction of his activities as minister, educationist, editor, historian, and archivist. One can only repeat that his ruling passion, like that of Browning's Grammarian, has been the pursuit of knowledge. He secured, many years since, his Ph.D. in History from Illinois Wesleyan University, and has this spring, in his seventy-fifth year, passed his final examination for the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the University of Manitoba. The bibliography appended hereto will be even more eloquently expressive of his life-long activity.

Check-List of First Editions

Lone Land Lights. Toronto, 1882.
The Methodist Annual. Toronto, 1884.
The Blackfoot Sun Dance. Toronto, 1884.
The Indians of Canada. Toronto, 1889.
James Evans: Inventor of the Cree Syllabic. Toronto, 1890.
The Hero of the Saskatchewan. Barrie, 1891.
Life of Henry B. Steinhauer. Toronto, 1892.
Blackfoot Mythology. Toronto, 1893.
The Destiny of the Human Race. Toronto, 1894.
The Blackfoot Language. Toronto, 1896.
Canadian Savage Folk. Toronto, 1896.
The Warden of the Plains. Toronto, 1896.

The Old Log Shanty, Winnipeg, 1898. (Serially.)
Language and Religion. Toronto, 1899.
Sid of the Foothills. Toronto, 1890. (Serially.)
The Making of a Christian. Toronto, 1900.
Better Lives for Common People. Toronto, 1901.
The Destiny of Today. Toronto, 1902.
Light for Daily Living. Toronto, 1903.
The Great Northwest. Toronto, 1902.
On the Belt Line. Halifax, 1903. (Serially.)
Religion for Common Folk. Halifax, 1904. (Serially.)
The Everlasting Gospel. Halifax, 1905. (Serially.)
The Destiny of Tomorrow. Halifax, 1906. (Serially.)
Remember Calvary. Halifax, 1906. (Serially.)
Life of William Black. Halifax, 1907.
Winning the Front Place. Philadelphia, 1908.
Under the Subway. Winnipeg, 1917. (Serially.)
Vanguards of Canada. Toronto, 1918.
James Evans. Toronto, 1924.
McDougall of Alberta. Toronto, 1926.

Faces

By H. L. Huxtable

OFT have I passed along the street
Preoccupied, and failed to greet
A valued friend; because a song
Seemed in the rhythm of the throng.
But not today—for I could see
That every face was known to me.
And smiling recognition spread,
Until it seemed the very dead
Arose and walked and smiled at me—
The grave had lost its victory.

I felt in tune with every soul
Seen in each face, and knew their goal
Was mine, and yet I could not say
Or even dream where that goal lay—
The time or day or distant place
When first I met each friendly face.
The names are gone, yet everyone
Smiled back at me; and as the sun
Sank slowly in the west, the light
Flashed eye to eye and seemed more bright.

Each face I knew—even each eye
Was as familiar as the sky;
And from the past there came to me
What I had given formerly,—
The yearning look fanned to desire
Gave back again its magic fire.
One face I saw that knew of sin,
And greed and lust hid deep within;
Yet from the eyes a smile spread fast
As on my way I hurried past.

And then the deep emotions fell
And crashed Time's present citadel;
Spreading a memory that I
Could not decipher or deny:
Each face had power to thrill me through,
And everyone I swear I knew.

And then I reasoned of this thing,
The answer came—Awakening,—
Each face was mine, reflected, free;
Every emotion I could see
That I had felt—masked with a smile,
And useless was my soft denial.
All these expressions I had known—
Evil was mine that I had sown,
And in the reaping I shall see
That evil will return to me.
Yet loving faces passed along,—
Faces that smiling knew no wrong;
And in their eyes shone light divine—
Light in those faces that were mine:
Thank God! The way is clear for me,
A radiant Eternity.

Disillusioned

By Mary I. Gates

BECAUSE I thought you brave and true
And fair of face and soul,
I gave my heart's best love to you,
And set your height my goal.
I gained a humble peak, and lo!
The road you travelled lay below.

For your dear sake I clung to right
And kept my faith with man;
For you—who'd fallen in the fight
Ere ever I began.
My greatest sorrow was to find
That I had left you far behind.

For, though you never knew the height,
You taught my soul to climb;
And so, before your altar, bright,
My love burns for all time;
And though you will not know or care,
I stoop to pay my homage there.

It Is Reported

THAT—

—Mrs. W. Garland Foster, of Vancouver, is working on a *Life of Pauline Johnson.*

—Ontario's new textbook of history is to be largely biographical. Premier Ferguson, who is also Minister of Education, is actuated by the conviction that biographies of the men who built Canada form the best possible history of the country.

—Mayor Blatchford, of Edmonton, Judge Emily Murphy (Janey Canuck), and E. L. Hill, of the Public Library, are among those actively interested in the movement to organize an Edmonton branch of the Dickens Fellowship. Librarian Hill is authority for the statement that no other work of fiction equals David Copperfield in frequency of borrowings at the Edmonton Public Library.

—unique circumstances marked the opening of the enlarged store at 685 Yonge Street, Toronto, conducted by Miss Frances Jones and known as "My Friends' Book and Gift Shop." Miss Jones was "At Home" to a large number of friends at her shop on the evening of Thursday, Sept. 16th, most attractive invitations having been sent out for this interesting event. Among the guests were Rev. R. A. Armstrong, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, who dedicated the shop, and Mr. William Tyrrell, the well known Toronto bookseller, and president of the Booksellers' Association. Mr. Tyrrell spoke of the novelty of the experience of participating on this occasion, and his succeeding remarks on the ethics of bookselling, the happy privileges and the responsibilities of those engaged in this calling, were nothing short of inspiring. This fine, large shop is the outcome of a business started just four years ago in a small upstairs room on Bloor street west, Toronto. And the shop has a summer branch! It is located at Embleton Lodge, Milford Bay, Muskoka.

—under the title of *The Story of Canadian Art Told in Pictures,* there will be published this fall by Rous & Mann Ltd., Toronto, a very ambitious and artistic portfolio, containing a collection of pictures in miniature, reproduced in full colour. The portfolio will aim to present a résumé of Canadian art by presenting an outstanding work of ten of the best known deceased Canadian artists, embracing examples by Kreighoff, Jacobi, Kane, Fowler, Brymner, Peel, Bruce, Bell-Smith, Morrice and Thomson. The introduction will be by Mr. Eric Brown, Curator of the National Gallery, and short biographies of the artists by Mr. Fred Jacob, well known Toronto art critic. The edition will be a limited one.

Abbie Lyon Sharman

A Toronto traveller and writer who was born in China, the daughter of a missionary, is Mrs. Abbie Lyon Sharman, who has just left for a year's study in various Chinese colleges, with her husband, Dr. H. B. Sharman. Her book of Chinese verse, (original) *The Sea Wall,* is going into a second edition; her first book, *Bamboo,* was a collection of sketches dealing with the land of her birth, and she has also had a Chinese play published and acted, *A Somersault to Love.* Mrs. Sharman recently was awarded third honorary mention in the "Blindman" poetry competition in South Carolina. She lived for several years in the west and did a good deal of literary criticism, chiefly for the Chicago *Post.*

* * *

I.O.D.E. Prize Competitions

The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, announce three prize competitions open to all British subjects resident in Canada: (1) $100 for the best design for a Christmas Card in colors; (2) $200 for the best short story; (3) $100 for the best one-act play. The Christmas Card competition closes December 1, 1926; the short story competition closes February 1, 1927; the one-act play competition closes March 1, 1927. Copies of the rules governing these competitions may be obtained from the National Educational Secretary, I.O.D.E., 238 Bloor Street East, Toronto 5.

* * *

Regina Branch C.A.A.

Regina, Sept. 23.—Commissioner W. A. MacLeod, and G. A. Palmer, Regina, with Mrs. W. G. Ross, Moose Jaw, re-enacted in little for the benefit of the rest of the Saskatchewan members, the C.A.A. convention held in Vancouver. Their condensation of the proceedings left nothing to be desired; and the club accepted their word for it that the Vancouver and Victoria writers are nothing if not friendly and hospitable. Quite aside from the resident writers at the Pacific Coast who bestirred themselves effectively to make the week memorable, one gathered that to the Saskatchewan group delegates who made a lasting impression were Phillip Grove, Judge Surveyer, Robert Watson and Arthur Heming. A bird's-eye view of the writing that is being done in Vancouver, novels and poetry, was presented to the stay-at-homes by those who visited Vancouver. A. M. Bothwell, who spent the summer in Ontario, gave a résumé of the new Canadian books he had found off the press, on the press or about to be put on the press. Joseph Schull, a Moose Jaw member, was persuaded to read an original poem, "The Harvester." Fledgling schemes for Book Week in Saskatchewan are coming along and several of them give promise of amounting to something.

Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . . *News, Views and Reviews*

The Exquisite Perdita

Reviewed by A. E. S. S.

ANYONE who has read that delightful book, Percy Fitzgerald's life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, will have made a good start towards full and hearty appreciation of *The Exquisite Perdita,* the latest of those novels of historical society which E. Barrington has created in the glamour of a hundred years ago. There was *The Divine Lady.* That was Nelson and Lady Hamilton. There was *Glorious Apollo.* That was Byron and his train. And now we have *The Exquisite Perdita,* who got her name from *The Winter's Tale,* in which she had appeared to the enchantment of fashionable London.

One of the few delights that still remain to us is to discover an original author. They say all the tales are told, and no doubt they are. But they can all be told over again by the Master Tellers and they sound as new as ever. E. Barrington has the true witch spell. To read her is to enter into the lives of the people she describes; it is to feel their very instincts; understand their follies as one's own; approve their resolves and plead for their sorrows; weep for their misfortunes and identify oneself with their sins.

It is life itself one meets with in these books and therefore, our young critics inform us, they are not books which ought to be read. Perhaps it is just as well that some one has the courage to tell us what life is, with hints as to what it might be, and even with plain instruction of how it should be if one desires to become as effete to the world as that implies. The difference between the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries is not much more than the difference of a fashion plate. We wear pajamas now where the ladies and gentlemen of a hundred years ago—well, what did they wear, if they wore anything, and what does it matter? There is nothing redeeming in the cut of a garment or in its material, either

This is one of the facts that becomes apparent in E. Barrington's writings. We recognize the same sad, bad, mad humanity in whatever century it flourishes. It would seem that the best thing the young could do would be to get the most direct and complete instruction about the ways of the wicked world, and the ways of that other world which is not wicked, and thus be able to stand ready to make a choice.

As it is, the young have no choice left to them. They are guided into fool's paradises on the one hand and fool's hell-pits on the other, and they never get a proper introduction to the real world at all because we are afraid to reveal the folly of the false world. Vice is at its unloveliest in a book like *The Exquisite Perdita,* where all the exquisiteness is wrecked in the sordid passions of human depravity. Why should not girls of sixteen to twenty learn what the world has in store for them if they pass the tide mark and launch out on that ocean from which there is no return to the Isles of Happiness? Probably because we are so steeped in hypocrisy that we fear if our juniors know the facts they will impute to us what they hear of others and we cannot truly boast of our innocence. Thackeray had no illusions about the innocence of youth. We should have no pretensions about the innocence of age. We shall be the more respected by the only man who can truly know us if we cease the deceptions that cannot deceive the one most concerned. To glory in our shame? No; to be ashamed of our false glory. E. Barrington has eyes that pierce below the surface.

How can a woman like E. Barrington record with that frightfully vivid and revealing pen the corrosions and cankers that gnaw at the hearts of men and women? Has she gone through these things herself? That is a mystery of the art of fiction. Imagination is more than the creation of a picture. To imagine is to create, and the great art of fiction at its best is a true creation—not out of nothing, but like all creation, out of that which has preceded it.

As a matter of fact, as one of the geniuses of the age has said, we cannot stand aside from the bad or foolish man. We bind ourselves to that from which we would desire to separate. The sin and shame of the world are our sin and shame, for we are a part of the world, inextricably linked with it, bone of its bone and flesh of its

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THE EXQUISITE PERDITA. By E. Barrington. Toronto: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

flesh. Before we can know it we must pass through it, and we may as well read the guide books and avoid the sloughs and pitfalls, as fall into them. The self-righteous man, says the sage, makes for himself a bed of mire. We avoid these evils because it is right to avoid them, not merely to keep ourselves clean. And so we find in the author of *The Exquisite Perdita* none of the insufferable sermonizing that ruins some books that might have otherwise been worthy. Life is its own lesson, and she tells us what life is and the lesson lies with us. No one else can give us the moral.

One might not think without some such explanation that E. Barrington is one of the most exalted souls on the planet. But that is the impression one gets from a closer personal contact. To hear her in Victoria giving a lecture for the benefit of the Royal Humane Society as she frequently does, is to have a treat of another order than to read one of her novels. She speaks in an unpretentious way, but listen! You will hear some of the most enchanting relations that history can provide.

One was fortunate enough to drop in one afternoon in the Church Schoolroom to hear the account of a great Indian Princess, the wife of one of the great rulers of India, father of that devoted husband who built the Taj Mahal. What vivid and wondrous colour, what rigor of action, what intimate knowledge of detail; how one felt the heat and dust, rode with the gaily costumed horsemen, marched with the elephants and saw—actually saw, the great Durbar of 250 years before displayed before the mind's eye with film-screen accuracy. And that diplomatic and statesmanlike Princess, who took the reins of government out of her husband's willing hands, how we knew her after E. Barrington had finished her lecture and given us an unforgettable memory!

And she had lectured like that all season on the Queens of England and was going on next season with the same royal ladies, but had diverged to India on this occasion, the last of the season. India or England, it was all alike. She knows the round world and all that is therein, and this is the secret charm of her books.

It was a privilege and a compliment to be invited to tea at the flowery bower where these books are written, and to meet the oriental servitor, gracious and loyal as an easterner can be. But it was still more a deep and enduring understanding to hear and to see what such a shrine could be. For the place has the atmosphere and content of a shrine. There is a noble feeling about the books and the furnishings, and the outlook on flowers and trees lifts one gradually to the sky. *The Splendour of Asia* had not long been published, and one found that Mrs. L. Adams Beck was the innermost reality of the gifted writer and thinker and influence that has come into our Canadian life.

There is something magical about the books themselves. They are not produced like ordinary books at which authors spend sundry months grinding out what their brains may supply. This author has no clear idea of anything but that a book is to be written. When she begins she knows nothing of the end—nothing of the next chapter, the next sentence. It pours out as a tale that is told. Hence the rapt and penetrating interest with which they are read.

Whence comes the knowledge? Questions like these are harder to answer than to ask. And there are two answers, though both may be one in the long run. Those who believe that they have lived before account for these narratives as memories of past births, but it is absurd to say that any writer could have lived so long and so frequently in all these widely differing scenes. The other answer is that after having lived so long, so often, so compassionately, so sympathetically with the world and its people, the soul opens to the All-Knowledge which is its heritage, and in a brain and body properly attuned, with the culture which is its due, there comes the discovery of things new and old, as the householder may bring them forth.

Thus the first answer becomes a step to the second, for few can expect to attain to this wisdom in the little span of our mortality. But what joy and peace when the attainment has been reached. The bower of flowers carries all the sweetness of life, and so much of it drifts over the pages of these books that one forgets the broken stems and the torn blossoms. From these books one may gather all the sweetness of life of which one is capable. It is not for every one to visit the shrine where the mistress of these mysteries dwells. She has a right to her privacy and she preserves it. But she reveals so much in her books that there is no warrant for complaint.

* * *

ORIENTAL

SEPIA. By Owen Rutter. Toronto: Doran. $2.00.

The plot of this tale hinges upon the moral laxity of its hero, after being jilted by one girl, up to the time of the dawn of a new love, when home on furlough from Borneo, where he is engaged in government service. The attractions of a native girl, Yclept Kama, almost proved his undoing after he brought his young English bride to Borneo, but the machinations of the scandalmongers are eventually circumvented and happiness settles definitely upon the dovecote.

The Dancing Floor

Because Mr. Buchan is an adventurer at heart, and because he always brings with him that scholarly and never-failing grace in style and manner which we have come to associate with his writings, a new romance by him is an event worth recording.

Vernon, a young Englishman, very much alone in the world and living in a lonely house, has a dream which recurs annually and in which he sees that something will happen to him in a certain month of a certain year, probably in a strange place and amid surroundings foreign to his natural environment. So obsessed is he with the contemplation of the dream that his years at university and in the service of his country pass by as mere events, events which can have no permanent effect compared with that which is to be the central point in his existence. In England he meets Koré Arabin, who is really the woman of his dream, although he does not realize it, and whom he dislikes. The girl's father, of pure English blood, has passed a good part of his life on the island of Plakos where his name and memory have been cursed by the native islanders because of the life of evil excess which he has led there. Koré is marked down as the daughter of an accursed race and the islanders decide to rid themselves of the curse by sacrificing her in accordance with their mythical rites.

The scene shifts to the Greek Islands. The author knows the Aegean and he is one of those persons, fortunate or unfortunate, who have seen those usually sparkling waters when they were as fog-ridden and uninviting as the Labrador coast. His descriptive style is distinct and delicate whether he is dealing with the mists surrounding Plakos or the Easter ceremonies of the Greek church. "The Dancing Floor" is a natural amphitheatre intended as the place of sacrifice. Events grow more ominous for Koré. Vernon arrives in his yacht and the narrator of the story is there too. After desperate deeds and heart-burning happenings Vernon and Koré sail away to marriage.

There is no particular character drawing; the descriptive passages are the best things from a purely literary standpoint. The action, rapid and captivating, is the thing. We are led along at a pretty splendid pace as the tale unfolds; there is lots of mystery and plenty of thrills and it's all done in a good style. A thoroughly good book to take on a holiday or to make a winter evening pass with pleasant speed.

H.A.D.

THE DANCING FLOOR. By John Buchan. Toronto: Musson. $2.00.

SO THIS IS QUEBEC. By Norris Hodgins. Published by the author: Montreal. 25c.

Last month I paid a little tribute to the "Colyumists." I do not know whether Norris Hodgins has ever conducted or contributed to a "colyum," but he is of the elect, as amply indicated by his entertaining little book, *So This Is Quebec!*

Here are choice bits:

"As most people are aware, Quebec is peopled with the representatives of two great races—the French and the English—who get on remarkably well together. The English include Scots, Irish, Jews, Chinese, Italians, Greeks, and foreigners. Of these, the Scots run the railroads and the banks, the Irish man the police forces, the Jews control the garment business, the Chinese operate the laundries, and the rest peddle fruit. . . .

"Not all French Canadians bear as their Christian names Jean Baptiste—although there's small use telling a reader of Drummond's poems this. I know for a fact, however, that many worthy family heads throughout the province bear such appelations as Louis Philipps, Francois Xavier, Mederic Theophile, and Oscar Hildebert, while a good friend of mine living at Ste. Elizabeth de Boundary rejoices in the cognomen of Egide Onesime Pilemon Pierre de Repentigny. . . .

"The chief industries of the province are: brewing, the tourist traffic, pulp and paper making, brewing, dairy farming, lumbering, official guiding, brewing, fishing, the selling of antique spinning wheels, and Windsor chairs to tourists, the shelling of peas, and brewing."

The greatest fault I have to find with the book is that there isn't more of it. In passing let me commend the artist, Cecil Brownlee, for the half-dozen full-page illustrations, which picture so pointedly some of the humorist's *bons mots.* J.M.

* * *

Essays on Book Plates

PRIZE ESSAYS. The Interpretation of An Individual Book Plate. Chicago: Silver Mail Service. $1.00.

Very interesting and most illuminating in its treatment of the subject of Book Plates is this little volume. There are reproductions in line etchings of the book plates of such notables as George Washington, John Quincy Adams, William Penn, Daniel Webster, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Paul Revere and others.

Among the prize essays, the leading one is by John J. Kjellin who, after dealing in a general way with the individualizing of men's personal effects as a prime requisite, deals with the significance of book plates in achieving individuality.

He speaks of the regrettable carelessness

of many people with respect to the most precious material possessions: "And it is surprising to observe how careless many people are with books—that belong to others."

"Most books are never afforded the security and added beauty of their owner's individual book plate . . . All booklovers —all of those fortunate mortals whose books are to them their most cherished friends— all of these should endeavor to mark their volumes in such a manner that there will result an added note of distinction and an added degree of security from loss through the carelessness of others. The individual book plate is the ideal and only solution to this highly important personal problem."

Delma C. Conway, in her interesting essay says in part, that the book plate's message to the reader—speaking for the owner of the book, is: "I am proud to own this book. It is mine to love, cherish and share; and to be returned to me when you, too, have enjoyed what it has to give."

She adds: "To the thief a book plate is as prohibitive as a loaded gun. It stands in your name as a sentinel in the doorway of a friend, a friend who asks no bounty, speaks no evil, gives no pain."

These quotations suffice to indicate the character of the contents of this book as regards the essays, but there is much else of vital interest on the subject of Book Plates, including numerous suggestions in the form of actual designs. It has an appeal for all booklovers and especially those whose love of books extends to the art of their production.

* * *

A New Canadian Novelist

THIS is a real Canadian novel. Those who doubt if anything good can come out of literary Canada are effectively answered in this book, while those who are solicitously watching the slow but sure process of the growth of literature in the Dominion will recognize in John Hugh Regan's first novel an authentic and memorable piece of fiction.

In a natural setting of great beauty, Mr. Regan's excellently-drawn characters move on to their destinies in an intensely human story, evenly, grippingly told. The valiant heart of the hunchback, Francet Vedene, who sacrifices everything he has out of selfless love for Margaret Goulet, a rancher's daughter, is consistently held in sharp contrast to the cruel mentality of her half-breed stepmother from whom he saves her, and brings her to happiness and another man's love. In his handling of the elemental human passions and their effect on his characters, the author shows a large sympathy with life and a powerful narrative gift.

In the well-conceived plot, the study of sharply contrasted characters, the authenticity of the setting, are displayed Mr. Regan's knowledge of life, his deep understanding of human nature, and his close acquaintance with conditions in the Canadian West.

A certain austerity running through the book lends peculiar charm to many descriptive passages, and not a little poetry. Lovers of good novels will note in this clean, fine story, excellent promise of good things to come from the pen of this new Canadian writer. L. D. COX.

* * *

THE GLAMOUR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. By H. Glynn-Ward. Toronto: Macmillan. $3.

This book will have an added interest to some readers in view of the recent authors' convention held in Vancouver. In the light of this book we cease to wonder that, as we have been informed, the delegates betrayed their fever of enthusiasm by breaking out in a "poetic rash."

Evidently, the author of this book has scorned the use of the observation car. She has penetrated into what one might almost call the arcana of British Columb a and as a consequence she has written no mere conventional scenery guide, but a simple and moving record of her experiences in, and impressions of, that country.

The book is very humanly written. She has not been exclusively devoted to scenic glories and has made herself familiar with the life and condition of those with whom she came in contact. It is full of colorful incidents and tales, both legendary and authentic.

One of the most moving is that of the Yukon Telegraph Trail, which was reopened by the old sourdoughs, most of whom fell by the way. And that of the "forty-niners" with whom came Cataline, a Mexican. A strange figure, this Mexican: " . . . he, who was eighty years old . . . he who had never known a day's sickness in his life; Cataline, who had never slept on a bed, who never took his clothes off when he slept. (!) with one eye open and a sharp little Mexican knife ready in his boot for all emergencies; Cataline, who took his baths in the river, broke the ice to do it when winter set in." And this was the man who drove the pack-train up the Telegraph Trail every midsummer.

To close without mentioning the Okanagan Valley would be inexcusable. The stories and fables that have grown up around this region make it almost legendary and the author, fortunately, has done it justice. in fact she has devoted a chapter to it, full of good things. T.D.R.

VALIANT HEART. By John Hugh Regan. London: Hutchinson & Co. Ltd. 7s 6d.

The Captive Gypsy

A Review by T. G. Marquis

A VOLUME of verse for which Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts stands godfather cannot but attract attention. He says of this admirable collection that the poems are marked by "sincerity, simplicity and candour," that they possess "music in phrase and cadence" and "conscientious workmanship." A careful examination of the thirty-one poems in the dainty chap-book will show that these words of commendation are fully deserved. There is no poem in the collection without merit and several are of the highest order of lyrical verse.

The most attractive features are the spontaneity, the naturalness, and, at the same time, the mastery of lyrical technique. Back of each poem there is a strong, attractive personality, singing as the thrushes sing, as inevitably, for the most part, as Wordsworth in his inspired moments. There is no attempt at formal descriptive writing, but several stanzas present scenes vividly and with a painter's skill:

"A little road runs past my door,
Then up the hill and down,
Across a little wooden bridge,
And onward to the town."

And again:

"Grey seas are sobbing wildly at my feet;
Above my head grey clouds are drifting by;
Dim fields lie bare, for garnered is the wheat;
A gull is echoing my heart's lone cry."

In "Heritage," a poem that should endure, a profound thought is simply yet forcibly expressed. There is in all men a dual personality; atavism plays no small part in shaping our lives. Roberts has expressed the same thought in "Origins," but, for my part, I vastly prefer the direct, half-humorous treatment of the subject given in "Heritage."

"Slumber Song" is a most delightful cradle song, an exquisite bit of soothing, lulling melody. To be appreciated, it should be read aloud as a whole, but one stanza will serve to show its charm:

"Each little bird is now at rest;
The flowers are nodding on Mother Earth's breast,
And sleepily sigh
As the wind goes by,
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye-lo!"

The poem, "In Other Arms Than England's," has a vigor, an epic note, a fullness and force highly appropriate to the theme. This poem will undoubtedly appeal to many readers. The sentiments so powerfully expressed in it constitute the true imperial bond. It is that *love* of England, intense love for the "old grey mother," that binds to her her sons and daughters scattered over the seven seas. The poem is so fine, that it is thought best to give it here in its entirety:

"Oh, broken are the slumbers
Of England's own who lie
In other arms than England's,
Beneath a far-off sky!

The babes that England cradles
Are hers for evermore,
Though later years may find them
Upon some far-off shore.

Who die afar from England—
How can they sleep or rest
Beyond the arms of England,
The old grey mother's breast?

They hear the rhythmic rippling
Of England's brooks and streams;
The soft, grey rains of England
Are falling through their dreams.

The scent of England's hawthorn
In memory still they keep;
The fragrance of her roses
Goes drifting through their sleep.

God rest the troubled spirits
Of England's own who lie
In other arms than England's,
Beneath a far-off sky!"

We note that only two hundred and fifty copies of this charming collection of poems have been issued. It is a distinct contribution to Canadian literature and should be in the possession of every lover of noble thoughts nobly expressed. It is to be hoped that a new and larger edition will be immediately printed.

THE CAPTIVE GYPSY. By Constance Davies-Woodrow. Introductory note by Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 60c.

An Artist in Prose

Walter De La Mare

THE genius of Walter De La Mare is an alien thing in these days of realism. Curiously elfin and elusive, his short stories leave one with the sense of standing on insecure ground, and often they seem to leave a question in the mind of a reader.

Many of his stories have this air of inconclusiveness. He leaves us with the impression that the obvious is anathema to him and that with a *retro Satanas* he walks to ground more subtle, expecting his readers to follow his example. His readers are willing to do this, but sometimes his genius becomes an *ignis Fatuus* and they find themselves in a morass.

His latest volume is in line with the rest of his work. Some of the stories have appeared previously in magazines, but there is no suspicion of a transient quality about them. They are all written in that beautiful prose of which he has made himself master. One has learned to suspect the prose of a poet, it is apt at times to be a hybrid thing, neither prose nor poetry, but Mr. De La Mare keeps within the boundary and his prose is a delight to read. It is almost French in its precision, its searching for the inevitable phrase, and while pedantry is alien to him, he has taken care to avoid any laxity or lapse from his aim.

It is illuminative when one considers those authors whose tendency it is to write of the mystical or occult; or who are influenced by subjects removed from the mundane. Pater and Wilde are two instances; and among the moderns we have Machen, Cabell and De La Mare. All writers of a distinctive prose that stamps them as artists who respect their medium and leave no stone unturned to render it as perfect as they can.

And they form a striking contrast to the methods employed by many of the realistic school, whose rough-hewn verbosity weights the scales against work that often is redolent of genius.

De La Mare's work is the antithesis of rough-hewn. There is a shimmering quality that pervades his prose and poetry that I think can be found in no other modern. Hard it is, sometimes, and a little metallic, but in general highly polished and rich in suggestion.

There is a tinge of pessimism in some of the stories. The disenchantment that often colors the artistic temperament seems to have been at work, and it enters flat-footed into "Disillusioned," which is contained in the present volume. Here we have "Zeitgeist" with all its trappings of lassitude and general ennui—and the inferences to be drawn are by no means soothing.

And in "Mr. Kempe," where the eternal quest occupies a hermit, the eerie atmosphere is conveyed almost uncannily to the reader. The incidents form a gradual incline to the climax where the schoolmaster meets the strange, uncouth figure of the hermit with the "wide, colorless eyes."

The many jewelled passages throughout the book lend themselves to quotation, such, for instance, as:

"These (sounds) gathering in volume, raised at last their multitudinous voices into a prolonged hiss, a sustained, shrill, sibilation, as if the silken fringes of an enormous robe were being dragged gently across this ink-black Sahara.

"As they subsided once more . . . a faint musical murmur followed their gigantic sigh, like that of far-distant drums and dulcimers from a secret and hidden borderland."

This passage, however, will perhaps suffice to indicate the quality of the book. As I have said, Mr. De La Mare's work is elusive. Sometimes he takes the reader's intuition for granted, yet leaves him nothing tangible to grasp. But generally there is a key-path to the maze, and it is impossible not to appreciate the delicately-wrought prose that strengthens and yet beautifies the eerie atmosphere of the book. A.D.R.

THE CONNOISSEUR AND OTHER STORIES. By Walter De La Mare. London and Toronto: W. Collins Sons and Co. Ltd.

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ONE ACT PLAYS. By Canadian Authors. Published by the Canadian Authors Association, Montreal Branch. $1.50.

The Montreal authors are to be highly commended for publishing this volume of one-act plays by Canadian playwrights. Such a book, it is to be hoped, will prove to be the thin end of a wedge that will make way for other and more pretentious efforts. The little theatre movement should play a vital part in communal life and much credit is due to those who are striving to establish it more firmly in this country.

As to the book itself one regrets that so few of the plays are really vital in theme. Once the limitations of the one-act play are recognized, it is fraught with possibilities and it is unfortunate that so many of these plays veer away from fundamentals instead of deliberately choosing them and, by their medium, imparting an entity to Canadian drama.

Among the best plays in the book are *The Blue Pitcher*, by T. M. Morrow, *Low Life*, by Mazo de la Roche, and *The Hardhead*, by Nancy Rankin. These are really excellent—*The Blue Pitcher* particularly—and well adapted for presentation. Stuart Armour has two in the book, *The Maid* and *The Newcomer*. Both are rather slight, *The Maid* especially, in that it is not very con-

vincing, but there is a saving grace in *The Newcomer.* Pauline B. Perrigard has two also, *The King,* which has a Russian simplicity that is impressive, and *All Hallows' Eve,* a costume play. Two more costume plays are by Gregory Doane, *A Dead Woman Bites Not,* and *For the Empire,* both a little biased, but possessing dramatic power.

Then we have Leslie Gordon Barnard, who has a real sense of the theatre, which is apparent in his *The Midnight of Monsieur St. Jean,* where the suspense is well sustained. His *Traitor* is not so fortunate, for the climax is far too abrupt and melodramatic.

Other plays are *Which,* by Frances Fenwick Williams, a clever but somewhat shallow commentary on the conflicting personalities of a girl; *The Favors of My Lady Leone,* conventional but interesting, by Elizabeth Jerrold Church; and *Voices,* by Mary Wallace Brooks, who also contributes *The Dream. Voices* is original, but is somewhat marred by improbability. To this list let us hasten to add Harry Green's *The Death of Pierrot,* a phantasy delicately conceived and adroitely written.

Altogether it is a book of plays that justifies the motive actuating the Montreal Branch. Undoubtedly the plays have defects but on the whole they are of a consistently high standard. One hopes sincerely that this volume will make a path for others and its sponsors are to be congratulated on thus blazing the trail.

T. D. RIMMER.

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MOSAICS

Chinese Screens, by W. Somerset Maugham, is simply a collection of heterogeneous impressions. Apparently Mr. Maugham can find ore in the most unpromising formations for many of the incidents on which he builds his stories are slight to negligibility, yet, under his hand, they assume a temporary importance and leave the reader in a mood closely akin to admiration.

The cosmopolitan crowd that eddies round China and its legations yields much of the material on which Mr. Maugham works, though some of the stories are fantastic mosiacs patterned indelibly with the strange impress of the East.

He is at his best, I think, in the chapters that deal with native figures or with the scenic beauty of the country, such chapters, for instance, as "The Mongol Chief," "The Stripling," "Dawn," or "The Road." In his comments on banquets or gatherings where the white set move, there is a tinge of cheapness. Such gatherings lend themselves to the flick of the whip and it requires some restraint to refrain from the ready sneer. Certainly Mr. Maugham may have intended simply to convey a faithful portrait, but when it comes to their merits or demerits, his brush-strokes on the latter are rather too heavy to be artistic.

There is more pleasure to be found in his other studies. There is a sort of kaleidescopic effect in these that is very appropriate to the setting. We can almost see the country when he writes in "The Road:"

". . . bamboos lean delicately, almost surrounding the . . . farmhouses which with their clustering roofs nestle pleasantly in the sheltered hollows. The bamboos lean over the highway with an adorable grace. They have the condescension of great ladies which flatters rather than wounds. They have the abandon of flowers, a well-born wantonness that is too sure of its good breeding ever to be in danger of debauchery."

Notable, too, for their penetration and sympathy, are his character studies. He can laugh at and yet understand the youth in "The Stripling;" he can comprehend the love of beautiful things that is part of the scoundrelly cabinet minister's make-up; and there is many a Mordant thrust in his "The Stranger."

Things grave, gay and tragic, are in the pages. He has gone about with open eyes, seen many things at which to laugh and many that were tragic, and generally there is an astringent quality in his phrases that is beneficial.

The book forms one of a series of pocket editions embracing authors such as Bennett, McKenna, Swinnerton, Huxley, Morley and Rebecca West. This is a happy thought of the publishers for the books are well bound and of a size that can be conveniently carried around.

T. D. RIMMER.

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CHINESE SCREENS. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York and Toronto: Doran Co. $2.00.

August Fires

By A. C. Dalton

FROM what divine fires
have these vine-maples taken
their bright vermilion flames?

Far away the mountain-
side is dim and smoking,
and here in bush-bound vales
the fireweed, spent, is smouldering,
strewing the brake with clouds.

Crimson is the sun,
all the light is rosy,
everywhere is firelight.

CHEVRONS. By Leonard Nason. New York and Toronto: Doran . $2.00.

That American authors wr.ting of the late war do not hesitate to tear away the veil of Chauvinism and illusion that hides from the outsider the actual life of a soldier in battle, has been proved abundantly in recent times. One thinks of Don Passos' *Three Soldiers*, and Lawrence Stallings *Plumes*, as representative. The latter book (though dealing more with the aftermath) for sheer bitterness and poignant rebellion, is easily the most notable on the American side. On the British side, of course, we have the more suave, but none the less incisive, indictment of C. E. Montague's *Disenchantment*.

Now another American has appeared in the field with *Chevrons*, a book that sets down, crudely and forcibly, experiences which, modified, may have been largely personal. It is a story of Sergeant Eadie and his experiences in the line as observation and *liaison* sergeant. That a man could experience so much hardship and endure such hair-raising happenings is rather a strain on the reader's credulity.

In the light of past memories we know an observer's "lot was not a happy one." It was too full of an irritating shell-fire that followed him as he went meekly about his duties without the power of retaliation. But in the book Pelion is piled upon Ossa and we find ourselves wondering when Sergeant Eadie will have a much-needed rest.

We cannot complain of this, however, as it is responsible for some powerful descriptions (or are they transcriptions?) of attacks and counter-attacks that will make those who have been there re-live some of their crowded moments.

In Sergeant Eadie's experiences of American hospitals we obtain a glimpse of chaos that makes us wonder how on earth we managed to win the war. It was natural enough in a dressing station in the line to leave for a time the wounded uncared for, where the stress taxed the reserve of the doctors to the utmost, but sergeant Eadie was unlucky even at the base hospitals, where he was treated as a sort of wild animal or else as a "gold-brick"—the American equivalent of the British Tommy's "lead-swinger."

The book is sprinkled with incidents that throw much illumination on the methods of the regular American army. Some of the *argot* is unintelligible to any but an American, but there is an atmosphere of truth that is intensified by the blunt outspokenness of the characters. This was a characteristic of the army, long before "it swore terribly in Flanders." There is much humor in it, also, but it is a grim sort of humor and salted with the memories of bitter moments.

Its value lies chiefly in its merit as a record. It strikes one as too photographic to be really creative in the higher sense, but regarded in the light of a novel showing a phase of the war as viewed by the American "doughboy," it is exceedingly interesting and illuminative.

T. D. RIMMER.

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Odd Pairs

Reviewed by T. D. Rimmer

With *Odd Pairs* is added another aspect of English rural life. We have had Hardy, with his bitter rebellion, J. F. Powys, with his morbid analysis, and now we have Laurence Housman's delicately analytic studies of life as it is known to those who wrest their existence from the soil.

Love, jealousy, loyalty, greed and hatred tread the stage in this book of short stories and there is not one tale that does not betray the hand of genius. From the *Two Widows of Chadsey* to the final *Man and Dog*, the stories grip you with their poignant simplicity and vivid portraiture. Mr. Housman has an understanding of human cross-currents that in the writ.ng makes these stories, as it were, vital transcripts of life as it really is in its great and small moments.

Of the five tales there are three which are veritable gems. They are *Blind Man's Buff, Dan,* and *Man and Dog. Blind Man's Buff* deals with a subtle duel between a daughter and her father, a blind miser. The miser unconsciously falls under the daughter's power and Mr. Housman's genius is shown in the gradual development of the daughter's amused interest to a passion for what Nietzsche called the "will-to-power," and an avarice set alight by the senile greed of her father.

The picture of the old miser counting his gold by candlelight, unconscious of the presence of his daughter, who substitutes shillings for his sovereigns the while he counts, is rendered memorable by the masterly handling of the protagonists.

Then we have *Dan,* a tale of a boy's loalty to and love for his uncle, (Dan), a young farmer who to Daffy, the boy, is a reincarnation of Kigarrow, a legendary outlaw, and for whom he would have laid down his little life. Here, too, enters one of the baser passions, exemplified in the fifteen-year-old Maggie, a queer, perverse child, who is jealous of Daffy and the part he plays in his uncle's affections. One, perhaps, could wish Mr. Housman had made more of this character than he has done. He builds up an atmosphere of active male-

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ODD PAIRS. By Laurence Housman. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons Ltd. $1.50.

volence on her part towards Daffy, but at the last, though she is the *dea ex machine* in the events that lead to Dan's death, she seems to have been sidetracked and the centre of interest veers to the old legend which associates itself with Dan.

Lastly, we have *Man and Dog*, one of the best things in the book. It would be unfair to disclose all of this story. Suffice it to say that it deals with the relations between a shepherd and his dog, and of the dog's allegiance, that is strong enough to defeat death. The shepherd's attempts at reconciliation, the dog's spiritless loyalty and the subsequent events that leave the shepherd broken and defeated are told with a simplicity that agrees well with the supernatural tinge of the story.

The reading public should not miss this book. There will undoubtedly be many good books of short stories published during the coming season, but for brilliant character-analysis and fictional interest it will be difficult to surpass *Odd Pairs*.

* * *

THE DANCER AND THE FRIAR. By Eugene Paul Metour. New York and Toronto: Doran. $2.00.

In every era we find that figure, the writer of historical romance. At present we have two at least whose work is equal in quality to that of any of their predecessors. They are H. F. Prescott and E. P. Metour. The former's *Unhurrying Chase* was a book, the beauty of which lingers still with one reader, and the latter brings to his *The Dancer and the Friar* such artistry and authentic knowledge that it is a pleasure to express appreciation.

The period of this book is the time of the Crusades, one of the most colorful epochs in the pageant of history, the epoch that produced Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin. Mr. Metour has used his library shrewdly and, more by delicate inference than by a mere dragging-in of detail, has created the atmosphere of mysticism, of credulous belief and spiritual passion with which that period was associated.

It is a tale of the pilgrimage of a troubadour and of his love for his lady. These two, with the addition of a friar who deals in sorcery and is their evil genius, are the principal characters in the drama that is enacted against a background aglow with the pageantry of the past.

The reader will find Gaussin, the troubadour, a notable figure though his temperament is slightly different to that of the gay spirits whose swords were as ready as their verses and who made the calling of troubadour so highly regarded. Gaussin is more serious, more given to introspection than were his volatile contemporaries.

From Avignon to the Holy Land the story goes and there is a breadth of movement, a massing of thought and deed, that speaks much for the author's mastery of his subject. The author, like the hand of the dyer, has become "subdued to what he worked in" and reading the novel one feels that anachronisms have no place here and such confidence is a virtue in these days of hasty writing. Mr. Metour seems rather of the leisurely school whose disciples love to linger over a phrase that will give pleasure to themselves and their readers.

Had we but the number of Prescotts and Metours that we have of Dreisers and Andersons, there would be much more opposition to the inroads of the "realistic" novels. And it is not to be gainsaid that we are often in need of an antidote to the books that from time to time we are forced to absorb.

T. D. RIMMER.

* * *

THE BALLAD OF ELAINE. By S. Fowler Wright. London: The Merton Press.

ELIXIR VITAE AND OTHER POEMS. By M. W. Fairlie. London: The Merton Press.

There appears to be a resurgence of interest in the chap-book method of disseminating poetry. We have in Canada those issued by The Ryerson Press and now The Merton Press, of London, have published several. Two of these are the subjects of this review.

In *The Ballad of Elaine*, by S. Fowler Wright, the aesthetic effect is greatly aided by the archaic diction, which lends an air of nobility to the whole. This ballad may be a little late in its appeal, for the idealism of Arthur and his knights is hardly attune with the modern spirit, but apart from this, and it is not a defect, the ballad is a beautiful piece of verse.

The poet has not studied Malory in vain. There is atmosphere in his ballads, and a sense of quiet authority that eliminates any suggestion of strain. Some of the best stanzas are those describing the arrival of the death-barge with the body of Elaine at the court of King Arthur:

The snowdrop of the breaking snows,
When the long snows delay;
Nor flower the sweet mid-season knows
Wood-lilies white as they;
Nor fuller summers guelder-rose,
That falleth where the dog-wood glows;
Nor the white chalice-flower that grows
In the green heart of May;
At lift of dawn or evenclose,
Unflawed than she or fairer shows,
As there in death she lay.

The decorations by Albert Wainwright add much to the interest of the book.

Elixir Vitae, by M. W. Fairlie, has a dif-

ferent appeal. There is much that is excellent, but in some of her poems there is a sense of unreality, a lack of vibrancy that cause one to wish for a less removed, more impassioned utterance. One misses that indefinable quality that is inherent in subjective poetry of the higher plane and though there is a pale reflex of emotion it fails to carry complete conviction. This is true only of a few poems, such as "The Spendrift" and "Under Her Picture," the rest are of a high quality and there is much beauty, especially, in "Love Prophetic" where she speaks of

Yearning towards the hour that will release
When today's chrysalid will fall apart,
Rent by compelling beauty in its heart.

The Merton Press have done well by these two poets. The Chap-books have quiet and distinctive covers and the excellent type makes perusal a pleasure.

T. D. RIMMER.

* * *

Found Among the Kirby Papers

Readers of *Canadian Bookman* will remember the romantic discovery by Dr. Lorne Pierce of valuable documents of historical and literary interest in the attic of the old home of William Kirby at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Dr. Pierce now passes on to *Canadian Bookman* the following article, affording contemporary sidelights on the status of poets and poetry seventy years ago, published in the *London News*, December 17, 1853, and copied in *The Albion*, December 31, 1853:

Poetry and Pensions

The literary pensions just granted by Lord Aberdeen, in the name of her Majesty, to Mr. Alaric A. Watts, and to Mrs. Hogg, the widow of the Ettrick Shepherd, have afforded subjects for conversation in literary circles during the past week. To Mr. Watts has been given a pension of one hundred pounds a year, and to Mrs. Hogg a pension of fifty pounds a year. The services to art-literature rendered by Mr. Watts have not been sufficiently appreciated by the public. The "Literary Souvenir" (of the sustained annuals by very far the best) was, while under Mr. Watts' editorship, a real service to the cause of illustrated books. The pictures were generally selected with good taste; and the literature appended to them, whether poetry or prose, was always to the point, and good of its kind—the kind also being good of itself. But Mr. Watts' services to literature were not restricted to editorial duties; he was, and will perhaps be again, a graceful poet. Some of his verses (why has he been so long silent?) overflow with domestic pathos and beauty of no ordinary kind. It will be pleasant to him, no doubt, to learn that we have not heard a syllable said against the propriety of the grant. Authors, it is alleged, are seldom kind critics about one another. There is truth in the remark; but not less true is it that they are always ready to rejoice in the pecuniary welfare of one another.

Poets, poetaccios, poetasters and poetitos (for into these divisions does Ben Jonson divide all dabblers in verse) complain, and with reason, of the slender encouragement afforded by the public to new poetry even of the best description. Tennyson, it is true, derives a comfortable annuity from the sale of his four little volumes of verse; Charles Mackay is not only handsomely paid by English publishers, but, in spite of the non-existence of an international copyright, shares in the profits of his works that have been republished in America; and Mr. Longfellow, it is said, "does pretty well" with his poems; but what other living poet, it is asked, of recent reputation, obtains a penny from his publisher for his effusion in verse? Our great publishing houses are thinking seriously of adopting a lithographed form of letter for refusing and returning every offer of verse—epic, dramatic, pastoral, or even "on several occasions." "A greater drug on the market than verse," said a modern Jacob Tonson to us the other day, "is not to be imagined. The last age was a poetical one; this is an engineering age. Our fathers delighted in fiction—we rejoice in facts. Lord, Sir, we have more good poetry already in England than people care to read. There's Mr. —— (I will not name him), will commence and complete a poem in an omnibus—ah, and not a bad poem, either!—between Lord's cricket ground and the Elephant and Castle; and yet, to my knowledge he has never read 'The Deserted Village' or 'The Vanity of Human Wishes;' and as for buying them, he would never, I assure you, think of that." "And yet," it was observed in reply to our left-legged Jacob, "that *is*, in many respects a poetical age. We have more poets than ever. Ask Mr. Murray; ask Mr. Longman; above all, ask Mr. Moxon. Young men and girls mistaking inclination for power, and the desire for the faculty divine, rush into rhyme—and would, if possible, rush into print with a reckless rapidity unforetold by Horace, or unthought of even by Pope. The public, I agree with you, will not buy new poetry; and as publishers do not exist to benefit the public at their own loss, it is hard to expect that they should throw their money away in their idle belief that they are doing good to poetry by encouraging writers of verse, in an idle expectation of discovering a new Milton in Moorfields or a new Byron in Bermondsey or St. Mary Axe."

The Art Gallery at the Canadian National Exhibition

AN art gallery should be much more than a sanctuary from rackety daily affairs or from the monotony of our daily routine. It should, of course, be that. It should by its atmosphere quiet the ordinary noisiness of life and thus prepare us for different kinds of experiences than daily life affords. It should prepare us for active and keen contemplation. And then the pictures on its walls should be the means of new experiences in the higher, quieter and finer part of our nature. They should afford us glimpses into the strivings of the creative mind toward the world of the spirit, into the moving adventure of the imagination toward loftier realms of consciousness than is common to work-a-day living and habits of mind. The effect of gallery and pictures should intensify our intuitional life, stimulate our inner perceptions and lead us to live more fully and freely in the perhaps unaccustomed, childlike part of ourselves that responds to the hints of utter simplicity just beyond all complexity, to harmonizing hidden ecstasies.

It is, therefore, doubtful whether those responsible for the running of the art gallery at the Canadian National Exhibition should try to gather and exhibit a consistent, first class show of pictures, The Canadian National Exhibition is a holiday affair. People are gay and receptive, out for amusement, for distraction. It is, of course, true that it is a relief from daily routine, but in an entirely different way than art is. The appreciation of pictures that are not merely topical or soothing, or amusing, in other words, the appreciation of the best in art, demands keen attentiveness, an enhancement of the perceptive faculties, a willingness to put forth quite a different kind of effort than ordinary affairs demand, and an effort unknown to the desire for amusement. It demands also a readiness to forego usual and accepted habits of mind and a willingness to participate in new experiences.

Perhaps it were better to fill the Exhibition gallery with pictures suitable to the moment and place, to hold topical exhibitions. Such an one was the exhibition of Canadian war memorial pictures some years ago. It was probably the most harmonious and consistently good exhibition ever held in the gallery. Then during the exhibition period there might be held in the city gallery as good an exhibition of pictures as can be gathered, both Canadian and other, and the fact advertised in the exhibition gallery as was done this year. Those folk then, who are sufficiently interested in higher strivings, could go to the city gallery, where they would find the atmosphere conducive to contemplation and inner activity.

As it now is, those who are responsible for the exhibitions in the Exhibition gallery have an almost impossible task. If they ever should put on a first class exhibition of pictures it would be hardly suitable to the occasion, and they might be asking too much of the public to adjust themselves to it. If, as at present, they are actuated by the no doubt laudable desire to satisfy all tastes the show results in a hodge-podge of old and new, the trivial and a little of profound, the sentimental and the severe, stick things and a few examples of real adventuring; all kinds of styles, idioms and moods, warring with each other and leaving the onlooker bewildered or filled with discordant directions.

The present exhibition is just such an one. The English pictures are a mixture of the ordinary, academic things, a few vital modern ones, such as Stanley Spence's "Betrayal," and Ernest Proctor's almost cosmic merry-go-round, "The Zodiac," and a number of uninspired but very accomplished works. The Italian pictures hang in a room opposite the American ones. In spirit, handling and observation, they are worlds apart from the American pictures. They show the old Italian tradition gone to seed and the seed buried in the muddines of old sterile soil. Whereas many of the American pictures are alive with a new life. In Truman Fossett's picture of sea gulls, Maurice Fromke's "Virgin and Child," and Eric Hudson's forceful "Tug," we have an enthusiasm of the spirit that is inspiring.

On the whole the Canadian pictures are as interesting as any. A number of them are free from old imported encumbrances, and emerge into the air of this country and continent, and some few of them do so with real conviction. Charles Comfort's "Out West" is certainly vital, forceful and Canadian. It is a new and welcome note. For sheer naïve, quiet loveliness, beautiful and unworldly colour, Sarah Robertson's "Blue Sleigh" is not equalled in the whole exhibition. It holds a mood the very finest epic poetry conveys. George Pepper's "Village" surpasses the Italian and English pictures wherein the same idiom is attempted. Walter Hunter's "North Lake Country," Homer Watson's "Waning Winter," Albert Robinson's "Schooner at Quebec," and A. Y. Jacksons' "In Jasper Park," though exemplifying different attitudes, convey directly the mood they sought to express.

* * *

Just as Good

"Have you a copy of 'Who's Who and What's What' by Jerome?"

"No, sir, but ve got 'Who's He and Vat's He Got,' by Bradstreet."—Greenville *Piedmont.*

News of the Art Galleries

FOR the month of October, the Art Gallery of Toronto should be crowded, for, commencing the 2nd inst. there will be on view the wonderful collection of paintings and etchings comprising the Canadian War Memorials, which the Council has secured from the Government for exhibition. Since the two showings at the Canadian National Exhibition of 1919 and 1920 this collection has for the greater part been stored in the basement of the museum building at Ottawa, for lack of a permanent home. For a year the portraits of Canadian generals, by Sir William Orpen, were on loan to the Royal Military College at Kingston; a half dozen of the large canvasses hang in the Senate Chamber in the Federal Parliament buildings, and these unfortunately are not to be included in the present Toronto display, and two exhibitions of part of the collection have been given in the National Gallery. The huge canvasses are far too big to cart around the country for general exhibition purposes, even with expert care in handling, and so perforce, until Government grants money for the erection of the proposed National War Memorial building, which was part of the plan of the Commission which organized the collection for the nation, this magnificent display of war art must remain hidden from public view perhaps for years to come. It was due to the enterprise of Lord Beaverbrook that Canada owns such an historical collection that depicts in colour and black and white, such realistic scenes and incidents of the Great War. As officer in charge of the Canadian War Records, Beaverbrook was the first to secure from the War Office permission to send to the front competent British and Canadian artists to be attached to the troops and in this way cover all branches of the service in action. It is little less than a national disgrace that so interesting and valuable a collection should remain for nearly eight years, with the few exceptions indicated above, hidden in a basement. This was to have been Canada's real war memorial, housed in a worthy shrine at the Nation's capital, kept apart from the Archives and the National Gallery and under its own Commission. Given proper publicity thousands should visit Toronto during October to view the collection when it is made so available by the enterprise of the local gallery directors, for when it goes back to Ottawa it may be buried again for another decade.

* * *

Once again a record for sales and attendance was hung up at the Fine Arts Department of the Canadian National Exhibition. It was a happy augury for the new art director, Mr. Fred S. Haines, A.R.C.A., that his initial effort went over. He has many original ideas and, given a free hand by the exhibition management, his future efforts will be interesting to follow. What is greatly needed is an entirely new and modern Art Gallery on the grounds. If this is not to be available for some time then the present open space between the two wings should be built in. The present wall space is inadequate, and it is a nuisance to have to go from one building to another to locate paintings or prints. The whole of the fine arts—paintings, graphic and applied art and the photographic display should be under one roof. The print section this year was one of the finest displays seen on this continent in point of numbers and craftsmanship. Among the engravings and etchings some eighteen seen at Toronto were on view at this year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts. Among the colour prints the selection sent by the Viennese artists aroused favourable criticism for the work pattern and colour. Many were large decorative subjects that could not fail to strike the eye.

Opening October 26th and lasting until November 16th the large print room at the Art Association of Montreal galleries will contain an exhibition of Modern Colour Prints of Original Design by British, Canadian, French and Viennese artists. The exhibition is being arranged by Captain Percy F. Godenrath, of Ottawa. He has also an exhibition of the colour prints from wood-blocks by Walter J. Phillips, A.R.C.A., opening early the coming month at the new Vanderpant Galleries in Vancouver, B.C. This is the first collected display of Mr. Phillips' work to be shown on the Pacific Coast.

* * *

Allan Brook's Bird Paintings

One of the new features at this year's Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, was the exhibition of paintings of native birds of Canada, the work of Allan Brooks, a Canadian artist. The collection was brought together by Wallace Havelock Robb, whose name is familiar to readers of *Canadian Bookman* through previous references to his keen interest in this subject.

The exhibit occupied space in the Natural History wing of the Government Building. This was the first public display of these paintings and they will be shown again at the meeting of the American Ornithological Union to be held in Ottawa next month.

It is Mr. Robb's intention to present this collection to the Dominion Government, so that it may be placed in a public museum.

The Meeting Place

CANADIAN LITERARY DISCUSSIONS

PAUL KANE

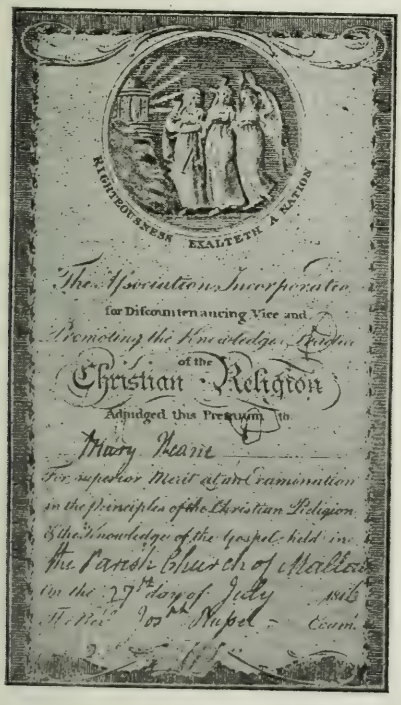
Toronto, Sept. 13, 1926.

Editor "Canadian Bookman:"

Your August number contains extracts from a vituperative letter written by Mr. Paul Kane of Winnipeg. In reply let me say:

1. In the early days of The Radisson Society I wrote Mr. Paul Kane asking certain questions pertaining to his grandfather. He replied refusing to give any information. This reply was so surprising that I inferred he had not much to give, and this was confirmed seemingly a few weeks later when I learned that he had written the Reference Library in Toronto asking similar questions.

2. He refuses to accept the proofs given by Mr. Burpee and myself that his grandfather was born in the village of Mallow, Cork County, Ireland. These proofs cannot be questioned. Mary Keane, Paul's sister, was two years younger than himself and she was the mother of Mr. Marshall Spring Bancroft, still living in his 89th year, in Guelph, Ontario. Mr. Bancroft has in his possession a prayer book presented to his mother in the Parish Church of Mallow, July 27, 1816, and we now supply you with a photographic


RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION
The Association Incorporated
for Discountenancing Vice and
Promoting the Knowledge, Love
of the
Christian Religion
Adjudged this Premium to
Mary Keane
For superior Merit at an Examination
in the Principles of the Christian Religion
& the Knowledge of the Gospel held in
the Parish Church of Mallow
on the 27th day of July 1816

reproduction of this presentation plate. Apart from this there are the records of the British War Office, and the baptismal register of the said Parish Church. These proofs were laid before the Historical Society of Toronto some years ago by Mr. Bancroft, when the Hon. Mortimer Clark was President and Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Secretary, and were accepted as conclusive.

3. Mr. Kane, of Winnipeg, writes as if Mr. Burpee and myself had reflected in some way on his grandfather. The very opposite is true. The Radisson Society resurrected Paul Kane's diary when few living knew that it had ever been written and published, and in my foreword to the re-published diary you will find this paragraph:

> **Wanderings of An Artist** is a valuable book historically and ethnologically, and as basic native literature. With the keen eye and alert mind of a trained observer, everything of interest and value was noted, and simply and vividly recorded; and this while he was busy sketching hundreds of pictures and often suffering prolonged and intense hardships. Indeed, his drawings and diary and subsequent paintings were a great achievement, for which increasing honour and distinction should be accorded him.

JOHN W. GARVIN,
Editor of "Master-Works of Canadian Authors."

* * *

FROM MR. BURPEE

Editor "Canadian Bookman:"

In the August number of "Canadian Bookman" Mr. Paul Kane, of Winnipeg, devotes a good deal of space and a great deal of heat to the task of proving that I made a horrible mess of my attempt to edit his grandfather's "Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America." I've no doubt his contention is perfectly sound, but why get so worked up about it? Why not observe that philosophic calm and detachment that marks the true modern critic? Why frighten a perfectly harmless and well-meaning editor with this ferocious air of "Damn you, take that! And that! And that!" And a very disturbing feature of what appears in "Canadian Bookman" is that it seems to be merely extracts. Were there even more lurid passages in Mr. Kane's original comminution? And are they yet to come?

Mr. Kane has convinced me that I am growing old and thick-witted. I have read his letter very carefully and read it twice, but cannot make out what it is all about, beyond the fairly obvious fact that I have been unfortunate enough to arouse his fierce resentment. From the scorching mass of vituperation there seems to emerge the charge that on most vague and circumstantial evidence, I gave the birthplace of the artist as Mallow, Ireland, instead of Toronto. This vague and circumstantial evidence was as follows: According to the records of the British War Office Michael Kane, father of the artist, served in the Royal Horse Artillery in Ireland in 1798, and was discharged in 1801 with the rank of corporal. He settled at Mallow, County Cork, with his wife. On Paul Kane's tombstone in St. James Cemetery, Toronto, it is said that he was born September 3, 1810. The Baptismal Register of Mallow records the baptism of Paul, on September 16, 1810. It is true the name is spelt 'Keane', but variations in the spelling of family names are not so uncommon in Parish Registers as to cause any surprise. It is highly improbable that there would be a Michael Kane and a Michael Keane in the same small Irish village at the same time.

Apart from this, the sum of my misdeeds seems to be that I suppressed information bearing upon the life of the artist, which information was in

the possession of his grandson and that therefore I utterly failed to produce a biography of Paul Kane. That appears to be an unanswerable argument, and the only feeble reply I can offer is that the grandson refused to part with the information. There appears to be a certain dry humour in the idea that I suppressed information that was denied to me.

May I add one word. I had no thought of writing a life of Paul Kane. My task was merely to edit his book, by adding to the text an Introduction and a few notes. I may be entirely wrong, but my conception of an Introduction does not include a complete biography of the author of the book. A life of Paul Kane is yet to be written, and I cannot imagine anyone better equipped to do it than his grandson.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

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DISAGREES WITH DR. O'HAGAN

Editor "Canadian Bookman:"

With reference to Thomas O'Hagan's "Some Memories," in the June "Canadian Bookman," I take very decided exception to the paragraph which ends: "We have no national life in Canada. We are ten million people without a national flag, without a national song, without a Supreme Court of final appeal—yea, without a Canadian citizenship."

It is absurd for Mr. O'Hagan to assure us that he is not "uttering a pessimistic or cynical note," for he is! One would think that mushroom of unrest, the Canadian Nation League (fathered by Henri Bourassa and mothered by, who knows, what siren of unrest,) had poisoned his mind against his country. I want to say that I have lived long enough to see "my country" develop from a Cinderella whose British relatives considered her a poor thing, a country that was too self-conscious to recognize the ability of Grant Allen, Haliburton and the writers of the 60's, a country whose cousins across the line considered her a green country girl without style, grace or anything except the greenness which they exploited to suit their convenience; but I had hoped that I would never live to see her own sons and daughters fouling their own nests with such sentiments as the foregoing. One can excuse men who are Canadian by adoption having little faith in her ability; that is their misfortune, but one had hoped that the native-born would have an ear to the ground sufficiently close to feel, if not hear, the warm swelling of future growth.

No national flag, no national song, without a Supreme Court, without a Canadian citizenship! Oh, God, was it for this that my husband and thousands of others laid their bones in a foreign land? Must they bear this insult to their faith?

What is a nation? The body of inhabitants of a country united under a single government—any aggregation of people having like institutions and customs and a sense of "social homogeneity" and "mutual interest." And national is pertaining to a nation. Very well, then, we have the national life in Canada, except for that small group which lacks social homogeneity and so disintegrates social interest. We have a national flag, because a flag is not an emblem prepared in the college of heraldry, but an ensign that grows with the race it represents. We have such a flag. It bears the sign manual of the provinces, below the Jack which represents the race from which we sprung, and not only that, but it was a good enough flag to wave about the shot and carnage in France and Flanders when our sons put our name in the Hall of Fame, and should be good enough for Canadians at home to honour and love.

As far as a national song is concerned, we have at least two as good and national and patriotic as any country can command. I put "O Canada" second only to the "Marseallaise." Trouble with most Canadians is that they do not know how to sing it. As far as the Supreme Court is concerned, that can be adjusted whenever we wish with very little trouble.

It is true, Canadian citizenship was not recognized as separate from the mother country until the time of the war, but since then, while technically there may not be such a thing, actually there is, for the men who served in the Great War wrote their names as citizens all over Europe. Every country recognizes us nationally except ourselves. As a matter of fact we have a far greater thing than mere citizenship, in having that cosmopolitan thing, British citizenship.

As far as our literature is concerned, it is hardly to be expected that we can achieve greatness in an hour when our best has for so long drained away to other countries. Besides, a great literature is the product of mass preparation such as we have at present time. It took many mediocre craftsmen to force up the genius of a Shakespeare. The great Canadian is being prepared by the work of us all. Trouble with us is that we are in such a hurry we take neither time nor thought to look over the facts of history. Ah, well! I have often said that your only true Canadian is the French-Canadian. He builds slowly it may be, but oh, so securely!

MRS. W. GARLAND FOSTER.

* * *

PRO-WHITMAN

Halifax, Sept. 16, 1926.

Editor, "Canadian Bookman:"

I crave the gift of a little space to comment upon the article on Whitman by J. L. P., which appeared in your August issue. While it is true that its author disarms criticism by stating that he "can claim no standing among the critics" (with which statement I thoroughly and heartily concur), nevertheless, one who has the temerity to write as he has written, and to a journal such as yours, which pretends to cater to the best literary taste in our country, surely cannot expect to go scathless.

J. L. P. begins his rhodomontade with the following statement: "In the line of poetry his (Whitman's) achievements were notable and unique, but, none the less, commonplace from the standpoint of quality." By no dictionary meaning of the word "quality" known to me can I see how the qualification "commonplace" can be used in connection with it as applied to the work of Whitman. Is it not just in "quality" that Walt's poetry is unique and notable?"

I take a random snatch from "Song of Myself:"

"A child said, What is grass? fetching it to me
with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know
what it is any more than he.
I guess it must be the flag of my disposition,
out of hopeful green stuff woven.
Or I guess it must be the handkerchief of the
Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly
dropt,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and
say 'Whose?'"

If there is anything commonplace in the quality of the above beautiful lines then I am but a child saying: "What is poetry?" Take "Captain, My Captain," that poignant tribute to the dead Lincoln and compare the sincerity of its quality to that of the highly pretentious and much manufactured "Ode to the death of the Duke of Wellington," by Tennyson. Or compare Whitman's "Tears," in "Sea-drift," with Tennyson's "Tears" in "The Princess." The Tennysonian tears are sloppy, girlish, romantic vaporings; the Whitman tears are wrung from devastating emotion—as all true tears are wrung. And how many sonnets in our language contain more poetry, less commonplace quality, than "Facing West From California's Shores?" Is there any indication in any of the poems I have mentioned that Whitman, as J. L. P. asserts, "chose to make his words the most fantastic, bizarre and unconventional?" Could words be more simple? Could language be less bizarre and fantastic?

J. L. P. also seems unable to travel so happily with us into the far Whitman land because Walt failed to use the accustomed rhythms of the nursery rhymes, because he scorned "the slithy doves," that "did gyre and gimble in the wabe" sort of music. So did critics rave at Wagner—even at Beethoven!—because these masters broke up the old rhythms, scattered conventions. Would J. L. P. insist that Elgar and Raval build up their tone-poems from the Oh, How I Miss You, Dear Old Pal of Mine's that clutter the pianos of the unillumined? He seems to be arguing dangerously along that strain. But is there not a music that transcends rhythm and the pretty melody? Is there not as Walt himself asks:

"A song of the rolling earth, and of words according,
Were you thinking that those were the words, those upright lines? those curves, angles, dots?
No, those are not the words, the substantial words are in the ground and sea,
They are in the air, they are in you."

Can one, singing of "Life immense in passion, pulse and power," adopt the sort of metre that well enough suits "Duna," or "We Are Seven?" The poet who wrote, "I was never measured and never will be measured, I tramp a perpetual journey," must have a verse as free as himself. But is there no sweep of music, of true cosmic music in:

"The sky o'erarches here, we feel the undulating deck beneath our feet,
We feel the long pulsation, ebb and flow of endless motion,
The tones of unseen mystery, the vague and vast suggestion of the briny world, the liquid, flowing syllables,
The perfume, the faint creaking of the cordage, the melancholy rhythm,
The boundless vista and the horizon far and dim are all here,

And this is ocean's poem."

Is there no music in those opening lines of "The Broad-Axe:"

"Weapon shapely, naked, wan,
Head from mother's bowels drawn,
Wooded flesh and metal bone, limb only one and lip only one,
Grey-blue leaf by red-heat grown, helve produced from little seed sown,
Resting the grass amid and upon,
To be lean'd and to lean on."

If there is not, I have sat through Beethoven's Symphonies and Wagner's Preludes with foolish ears!

And if J. L. P. is to deny Whitman's poesy and its music, he must likewise deny the poesy and music of the Old Testament songs. For the truth is that to express the New World Walt went to the Old for inspiration, to the very Old. Compare passages of his love songs with passages of the Song of Solomon. They are remarkably alike. In "By the waters of Babylon" and "By Blue Ontario's Shores" there is the same rhythm, the same pulsating cadence.

If the following from the "Song of the Broad-Axe" might not have come out of a Psalm, I have never gone to Sunday School:

"Her shape arises,
She is less guarded than ever, yet more guarded than ever,
The gross and soiled she moves among do not make her gross and soiled,
She knows the thoughts as she passes, nothing is concealed from her,
She is none the less considerate or friendly therefor,
She is the best-beloved, it is without exception, she has no reason to fear and she does not fear,
. . . there is no stronger than she."

Might not David have so sung of Zion? I am willing to wager that if I wrote the word "Selah" after the above and sent it to every man, woman and child in Victoria, B.C., with the request that they inform me whence it came, well over ninety per cent. would reply, The Bible. If, as J. L. P. suggests, Whitman has "avoided our idiomatic rhythms, inflections and cadences," the Bible is not idiomatic with us!

J. L. P. leaves his prize opinion to the end. "Leaves of Grass," he says, "is like a pretentious banquet, yet wholly vegetarian, a banquet served in a large, ungarnished, ill-kept and disordered room." He states further that the work is "of no lasting value." Bunkum! and again, Bunkum! Really, Mr. Editor, it is difficult to believe that J. L. P. has ever looked inside "Leaves of Grass;" certainly he appears to have the type of digestion that cannot assimilate such a diet. But is it vegetarian? If it is, he uses the word in a sense different from mine. I should say that, as poetry goes, "Leaves of Grass" was about as strong meat as one would want—as meaty certainly as Jeremiah, or Isaiah, or Solomon. And Whitman's work not of lasting value? Surely J. L. P. cannot be so out of touch with modern movements in literature that he does not know that today Whitman is perhaps the most potent poetical force on this continent. Who has outlasted him? Certainly not Longfellow, Bryant, et al., who use the "gyre and gimble in the wabe," type of rhythm, of which J. L. P. is so fond.

Of course, Walt wrote his poor stuff. Who hasn't? As peotry, are the "Idylls of the King" worth placing alongside 'In Memoriam?" Didn't "We Are Seven" come from the same pen as "Intimations of Immortality?" But there are things in "Leaves of Grass" that any poet might have been proud to write. There is a bigness about their music, a lustiness in their spirit, a swagger in their rhythm, a freedom in their philosophy that is as typical of the land of which they were written as the skyscraper is typical of New York. If they die then ninety per cent. of the struggling poets who are adjudged today to be making real contributions to our literature are as "tinkling cymbal and sounding brass."

I would suggest that for the quiet winter evenings J. L. P. take up "Leaves of Grass" again and in a more humble and sweet spirit explore "The Open Road," "Sea-drift" and others. If he does not see the light then, Nova Scotia can do nothing for British Columbia and the Rockies might as well stay where they are.

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A Garden in Vancouver B. C.

By Alice M. Winlow

THE fire-place is the soul of a home; the garden is its spirit. The garden I write of has a background of purple mountains which add enchantment. Each flower seems to greet me expectantly as I pass. Perhaps they are asking understanding and love. I know they get both from the one who attends them.

Hemerocalis, which blooms but for a day as its name indicates, is like a tiger-lily in shape, but is pink in color and sweet-scented. Thilictrum, mauve, and delicate as foam, is like a rosy exhalation frosted to crystal tangibility. The slow unlatined quill can hardly write the unfamiliar names. Lunaris is "Honesty," with flat purple seed-pods that will wear away to ivory silken moons, transparent, filmy, like the very ghosts of flowers. Verbascum, the roadside Mullen, has long and twisted stalks, covered for over two feet of its length with tiny yellow blooms. Lichnis Agrostemma has silvery leaves and stems, and single blooms like flower-textured amethysts. Heliopsis is a small glorified sunflower, while Helianthus is like a waterlily that has lost the glamor of the pool.

Centaurea, in purple and white and gold, is a thistle that has been loved by lonely hearts to beauty. Gaillardia, with reddish-purple rays all patched with barbaric gold, is opulent with arrogant blooms. Sedum grows close to the earth and makes one think of sparks of yellow fire leaping from the ground. Double Potentilla, rosettes of fiery red, and Geum, corollaed like a violet, but fiery in color, seem to seek to quench their scented flame in a bank of snowy iris blooms.

Linaria is a curving spray of tiny purple leguminous flowers, frail and sweet. Dictamanous is a plant covered with secret glands secreting oil so volatile that a burning match will set the plant alight. Aconitum has small purple flowers, like a hood in shape, and is called Monk's Hood, Helmet Flower, Jacob's Chariot. Spiraea has ivory or pink flowers in ascending panicles; its other names are Meadow Sweet, Queen of the Meadows, and a still lovelier name, Bridal Wreath.

In gracious hospitality the honeysuckle scatters entrancing fragrance around from aerial stems that climb a neighboring fir tree. Fireweed, a silken flame that follows in the wake of devasting smoke and fire, is kept severely out of the garden, but undaunted it grows close to the enclosing hedge and is so high that it flaunts its wild beauty over the enclosure.

Pollen from the flowers is blown through the air like dust of gold. The sun is sinking in the west and each flower seems to take on a golden aura. The colors of all thoughts that the soul creates burst from the earth in chords of azure splendor. Delphiniums mauve and violet, purple and rose, centred with rusty black as though bees were pirating their ambered essence, cerulean shafts, and lifting spires of cobalt blue; Siberian Irises of ultramarine blue; Canterbury Bells of cobalt blue shot with rose; blue-bells, blue and white columbines, and Anchusa holding the essence of all blueness, centred with slender threads of silver, the flowers petal-imprisoned flame.

Sweet Clover, or Honey-Lotus, lures the bees, those golden-dusted minstrels, to the highway at the back of the garden. They drink the rosy light of the honied flowers and gather harvest from their nectaries, while butterflies like winged pansies make lovely all the air.

The crimson Rambler Rose entwines the hedge. Evening Primrose and Iceland Poppy are cups of clear sunlight, gooseberries are honey-blobs, the red currants carmined gems that mock the red geraniums near them. Behind them all is a ragged-contoured Sea-Holly, like a thistle carved from steel.

And still through a vista I see another garden. All Roses! It is sometimes in a garden that one spends immortal hours.

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The Art of Fiction

MUCH has been written about the art of writing, but Walter Besant's lecture on "The Art of Fiction," which was given by him before the Royal Institute in London in 1884, still remains the most practical and most sensible brief exposition of the subject. Here are some of the outstanding points:

The very first rule in fiction is that the human interest must absolutely absorb everything else.

There is nothing more worthy of representation than men and women in action and a passion.

Rules will not make a man a novelist, yet the general rules and principles must necessarily be acquired by every writer before he can hope for success.

The first thing which has to be acquired is the art of description . . . but descriptions of still life in a novel must be subordinate to human interest.

In fiction the power of selection requires a large share of the dramatic sense. In fact, a novel is like a play: it may be divided into scenes and acts, tableaux and situations.

Nothing should be begun in writing until the characters are so clear and distinct in the brain, so well known, that they will act their parts, bend their dialogue, and suit their action to whatever situations they may find themselves in, if only they are becoming to them.

As soon as the actors in the story become real in the mind of the narrator, and not before, the story itself becomes real to him.

As for the methods of conveying a clear understanding of character, they are many. The first and the easiest is to make it clear by reason of some mannerism or personal peculiarity, some trick of speech or of carriage. This is the worst, as may generally be said of the easiest way. Another easy method is to describe your character at length. This also is a bad, because a tedious, method. If, however, you read a page or two of any good writer, you will discover that he first makes a character intelligible by a few words, then allows him to reveal himself in action and dialogue.

The Manuscript Market.

Zest, 47 West 42nd Street, New York City, is a new magazine wanting principally humorous stories of various kinds, humorous one-act plays, and humorous verse.

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College Humor, 1050 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill., and *First National Pictures, Inc.,* offer jointly a prize of $10,000 for the story or novel best adapted for magazine and motion picture production. The contest closes February 1st, 1927.

* * *

LITTLE TALKS ON POETRY

10.—The Subject Matter.

In the treatment of the subject-matter of poetry, we recognize two distinct attitudes on the part of the poet. He either presents to us thoughts, and emotions regarding them, which originate within his own mind, or he tells us of persons and events outside of himself. The first is the subjective treatment of matter; the second, objective. Subjective poetry is Lyric, while objective poetry may be: (a) Epic, in which the author narrates the experiences of the persons of the story; (b) Dramatic, in which he creates the personages and lets them tell their own story.

The form of a story is always closely dependent upon its meaning and matter. The typical lyric poem is short, concentrated and strongly emotional. As the lyric of

earlier times was always sung, usually by its composer, the modern lyric retains as much as possible in the way of musical effects. It has practically no limitations as to metric form and adopts any complexities of rhythm and rhyme which may be in keeping with the thought and emotion to be expressed. Objective poems are much longer and employ verse forms which will permit of sustained action without becoming wearisome to the ear. In many cases the rhyme is dropped, as in heroic blank verse—the iambic pentameter—or in the dactylic hexameter. When rhyme is used, its effect is often subordinated by the use of run-over lines.

As in subjective or lyric poetry the writer is at liberty to treat his own themes in his own way, it naturally follows that the varieties of lyric poetry are incapable of any rigid classification. Epic poetry conforms more closely to regularity of form, yet even here the wealth of subject-matter is so great and the aspects of treatment so varied that the classification can be made only in a broad way.

1. The chief forms of Epic poetry are:

1. The National Epic, which is usually a collection of narratives in the form of a song or chant, handed down from generation to generation and molded together into a connected poem. In this manner the Greek *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and the Anglo-Saxon *Beowulf* had their origin. The folk-song and ballad of later date are but modified forms of the greater epic; these are frequently lyrical as to metrical form, but narrative in treatment.

2. Legendary poems: Layamon's "Brut," Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," Longfellow's "Evangeline," are examples. They are narrative poems based on historic legend.

3. The Allegory. This marks a step toward original invention, instead of the reproduction of past occurrences. The Allegory embodies certain moral teachings. The finest example in English literature is Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

4. Reflective poetry is the moral lesson without any allegorical setting. This approaches too nearly to pure sermonizing to be of a high order of poetry. Examples are Pope's "Essay on Man," and Cowper's "Task."

5. Descriptive poetry. This is usually combined with the reflective. The descriptive portion forms a very effective background on setting in almost any type of poem. Goldsmith's "Traveller," and "The Deserted Village," are two well-known poems of this class.

6. Pastoral poetry is a sort of combination of narrative, descriptive and dramatic. In it conditions of nature or society are described from the simple aspect of rustic life. "The Idyll" is a variety of pastoral poetry. Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night" is a good example. Tennyson's so-called "Idylls of the King" really belong to the legendary epic.

7. Satirical and humorous poetry. The purpose of the satire is to ridicule persons or events and indirectly inculcate some moral lesson. Humorous poetry has partly the same purpose as satirical, but serves also to amuse.

II. As lyrical poetry comes from and appeals to the feelings it may be divided according to the nature of the feelings aroused. The emotions may be (a) simple, the natural expression of immediate feeling; (b) enthusiastic, from which arises the dithyramb or ode; or (c) reflective, in which the intellectual mingles with the purely emotional. The modern lyric belongs largely to the latter type, consisting usually of a descriptive setting with the moral reflection thereon.

Considering the subject-matter of the lyric rather than the emotions expressed, we have the following types:

1. The Seered Lyric. to which belong hymns, psalms, sacred songs and odes.

2. The Patriotic Lyric. national hymns expressive of love for one's native land. Narrative lyrics of war are included here.

3. Love-Lyrics. There is such a multiplicity of these that a book might be written in the attempt to classify them.

4. Nature Lyrics. These are usually of the type already described under the reflective lyric, although the ode, sonnet and other metrical forms are used.

5. Lyrics of Grief. The elegy deals with grave problems of life and death in a general way; the threnody commemorates the death of an individual. Gray's "Elegy" is well known. Milton's "Lycidas" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam," are examples of the threnody.

6. Convivial Lyrics deal with the praise of wine or good-fellowship. For example, see Thomas Moore and Robert Burns.

7. Didactic Lyrics. To this class belong poems where the moral application is the strong feature. The appeal to the emotions is almost entirely absent. The metrical treatment is lyrical, but from a literary standpoint it is only a short remove from actual prose. Observe here Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty." Just how far reflection should lead toward the didactic depends upon its naturalness; when we feel that the writer has chosen the subject in order to follow out a certain theme—when in a sense the writer starts out with a text—we are likely to object to being preached at. On the other hand, many popular poems of a reflective character teach just as certain-

ly some moral lesson, but they are constructed so as to lead the reader naturally up to the reflection of his own accord.

8. The Lyrical Ballad somewhat resembles the Folk-song, but is individual in its nature. The personal touch of the writer is plainly noticeable. Some examples are Longfellow's "Old Clock on the Stairs," "The Warden of the Cinque Ports."

III. Dramatic poetry may embody qualities of the epic and lyric, but it is more impersonal than either. The poet may tell us his story while we sit round in an imaginary circle and listen; but the dramatist must create his characters and let them act out the story while he remains invisible. The events of the action must be the natural outcome of the character of the persons concerned in that action—the deeds must be consistent with the personality of the author and a distinct thread of cause and effect must unite all the subordinate incidents of the drama.

In form, a dramatic poem may be dialogue, participated in by many characters, or it may be monologue, in which the speech of a single person conveys the whole story.

As to subject-matter and emotional effect, dramatic poetry is divided into tragedy and comedy. In tragedy, there is a conflict and final overthrow of some individual; in comedy, there are obstacles and complications, the overcoming of which causes amusement and not pathetic emotions, as in tragedy. No drama is, however, all tragic, as the emotional effect is usually relieved and lightened by the introduction of comic situations and effects. On the other hand, the obstacles which are necessary, as the plot-interest of comedy, often approach perilously near to pathos and tragedy.

Much drama is not poetry, but prose. Tragedy is usually written in verse, comedy frequently employs prose.

* * *

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The Collector

AN interesting, and also undoubtedly very rare, item of Canadiana, was offered in a recent catalogue from Holland Bros., of Birmingham, namely, "Oeuvres Complètes de Mr. Le Febvre, Major au Corps des Ingénieurs de Prusse," etc., 2 vols., 4to, published at Maestricht in 1778. A cataloguer's note says of this item, which contains 33 finely engraved folding plates of siege operations, fortifications, mines, levelling operations and instruments, etc: "The major, who was a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Berlin, illustrates a long 'Essai sur la Manière de faire les Cartes,' by two elaborate folding maps of the Partie Orientale de l'Amerique Septentrionale, 1762. The first shows the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Quebec, Acadia, the Isle Royale, and the Isle St. Jean, and the second gives the course of the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Tadoussac; the two together exhibiting 'les conquetes des Anglais en Amerique.'"

* * *

The following remarks on the past auction season, by the editor of *The American Collector*—namely, Charles F. Heartman, the book auctioneer and dealer of Metuchen, N.J.—are directed at collectors of Americana, but they have, The Collector believes, an equal application for collectors of Canadiana: "For the benefit of the collector, who, of late years, has been discouraged through the reported high figures in newspapers, let it be said that notwithstanding occasional sensationally high prices for spectacular items, Americana is at present the cheapest thing in the market, measured by standards of relative rarity and importance. The mediocre sales contained many gems that went low. In my own sales a number of items went at prices below those for which they could be duplicated. Collectors who look for an investment first, may safely trust themselves to Americana, providing that they are willing to get acquainted with their subject. The Americana collector, with a real knowledge of the subject, is fast disappearing; in fact, he must be looked for with a Diogenes lantern."

* * *

The sale at Sotheby's, in London, on July 26, at which a first edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," London, 1678, brought the tremendous sum of £6,800, also saw the sale of a first folio of Shakespeare which, it is thought, belonged to Thomas Killigrew, a playwright contemporary of Shakespeare, and which has some marginal notes believed to be in Killigrew's handwriting, for £1,800. This comparatively low price was due to the fact that eleven pages were missing from the volume, while the cover was in poor condition. The purchaser was Gabriel Wells, the New York book dealer.

* * *

A book by William Penn, the Quaker, giving an account of his travels to Holland and Germany, and containing an autograph presentation inscription by him to Hannah Callowhill, who later became his second wife, brought £340 at Sotheby's on July 27, being purchased by Maggs Bros., the London dealers.

* * *

The original manuscript of what is believed to be Charles Dickens' first literary effort, written out by him for his mother when he was 16 years old, has been recently purchased by an English collector from G. E. Milne, of California. It is a play entitled "Stratagems of Rozanna," is signed "C. H. J. Dickens," and is illustrated by pen-and-ink drawings by "H. Knight," believed to be none other than Halbot K. Browne, who, as "Phiz," subsequently immortalized many of Dickens' characters. The Ms. originally belonged to Miss Georgina Hogarth, Dickens' sister-in-law, but its existence was unknown until a year ago. The plot of the play is concerned with the loves and adventures of a cosmopolitan group of characters in a Venetian inn.

* * *

One of what are believed to be but nine original copies of Magna Charta, the Englishman's Bill of Rights, wrested by the Barons of England from King John at Runnymede, has been recently presented to the Bodleian Library at the University of Oxford, by Lord Northbourne. This copy is distinguished from the others by being inscribed on a roll of parchment.

* * *

Word comes from Paris that speculation in rare books and expensive "de Luxe" editions is raging there in most virulent form, "lettered" collectors being crowded out by almost illiterate rivals belonging to the new rich classes, who are able easily to outbid the scholars, paying prices far beyond anything the latter can afford. As a consequence the number of de luxe books

published in France is unprecedented, while book sales prices have never been so high. One of the new rich collectors referred to, who is known to possess de luxe editions valued at several hundred thousand francs, candidly admitted recently that he had never read a single one, and never would, but had bought books simply as an investment, as he could obtain ten times the prices he paid for them whenever he wished. The Collector cannot resist remarking that he is none too sure that there are no collectors of this sort nearer home than Paris.

* * *

Among the latest acquisitions of the British Museum are the first draft of Jane Austen's "Persuasion," the only surviving manuscript of any part of her six famous novels, and the only known copy of the Garum "Book of Hours," printed in Paris in 1494.

* * *

The Collector wonders whether any reader of these notes can shed light on the authorship of the novel, "Constance of Acadia," which, bearing the initials "C.S." on the title page and on the back, was published by Roberts Bros.. of Boston, in 1886. This novel, while it cannot be called a masterpiece, is one of the most interesting we have had with the expulsion of the Acadians as a basis, and in the production of one who is (or was) not only a student of our history, but also possessed a graceful literary style and not a little power to present character. Horning and Burpee's "Bibliography of Canadian Fiction" lists it under the heading of "Unknown" without comment. The book seems to be very scarce; at any rate, The Collector is aware of the existence of but one copy besides his own.

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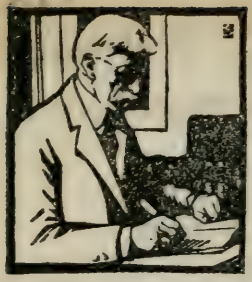

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Who's Who in Canadian Literature

BLISS CARMAN

By R. H. Hathaway

THE as yet comparatively brief record of Canadian literature contains nothing more interesting, if not romantic, in its way than the story of how the name Bliss Carman, hardly more than known in Canada a scant half-dozen years ago, has now become almost a household word. The story is an old one now to many persons, but it will bear re-telling. First, however, a few personal details about the holder of that name.

Bliss Carman was born in the little New Brunswick town of Fredericton on April 13, 1861, the only son of Richard Carman and Sophia Bliss, both descendants of those New England loyalists who, because, as the poet himself has put it,

> the duty to ideals
> Would not let well-being be,

came to Canada late in the eighteenth century and settled in the province of New Brunswick. Richard Carman, who was a barrister-at-law, gave his son his first education. The lad went later to the Collegiate School at Fredericton, where the head master, George R. (later Sir George) Parkin, took a personal interest in him, and first awoke in him the taste for letters which led ultimately to his entering upon a literary career. He subsequently went to the University of New Brunswick, where he spent several years, graduating in 1881, with the degree of B.A., and winning the Gold Medal for Latin prose. Mr. Carman afterwards put in a year or two in post-graduate work at the University of Edinburgh, and on returning to Fredericton taught school for a year or more under Dr. Parkin, tried his hand at field engineering, and then studied law for a couple of years.

In 1886 he went to Harvard University for a post-graduate course in English history and philosophy. Here he met Richard Hovey, a young American of about his own age, with poetic inclinations, and a close fellowship developed between the two, which eventually resulted in both deciding to devote themselves to literature, a daring enough decision for that period. Mr. Carman had been writing poetry for some years prior to this, his efforts being mainly in the way of translations from the Latin poets, but also largely in old French forms.

In 1890 the poet went to New York, where he became associate editor of *The Outlook*, then conducted by Dr. Lyman Abbott, and subsequently held various other editorial positions, finally becoming editor of *The Chap-Book*, of Chicago, upon its establishment in 1894. He conducted this first and best of all "little" magazines for some four years, when he foreswore

journalism for literature, and set out on the career of an independent man of letters.

Late in the fall of 1919, Mr. Carman developed symptoms of what was feared to be tuberculosis, and was at once ordered to give up all work and betake himself to the Saranac Lake region of Northern New York, After a few months here, he was sufficiently improved to proceed to California, where it was not long before he had regained his old-time health and strength.

The news of the poet's illness, when it became known, caused widespread concern, and benefits were arranged for him in various places, Toronto among them. That in Toronto was held in the Convocation Hall of the University of Toronto, and was participated in by Siegfried Sassoon, the English war poet, who spoke on contemporary English poetry, and Peter McArthur, one of Mr. Carman's oldest and closest friends, who gave a talk on the poet's personality and work. Mr. Carman was so deeply touched by what had been done for him in Toronto that he made it his business, once he was well enough to do so, to visit that city to express his thanks in person. He subsequently gave a series of readings from his own work in Toronto and elsewhere, and later made a reading tour of both Eastern and Western Canada, winning friends for himself and his work everywhere he appeared.

Canadian critics from the first had recognized in Mr. Carman one of the foremost of the country's poets, but the reading public can be said to have known little of his work beyond anything but adequate representation of it in anthologies. This was due mainly to the fact that none of his books ever had a Canadian publication, and to the further fact that little or no real effort had ever been made to bring his books to the attention of Canadian readers. The result of the circumstances just related, however, was an insistent demand for his work, which was met in the fall of 1921 by the publication of a volume of selections from his three last published books, with the addition of a dozen or so new poems, under the title *Later Poems*. This book, which was so eagerly seized upon that it was not long before it reached its fourth printing, was followed two years later by another volume of selections, under the title *Ballads and Lyrics*, taken from his first half-dozen books, which likewise found a warm welcome. Mr. Carman also made several more reading tours of Canada, which have served not only to endear him more than ever to those who had already heard him, but also to make new friends for him. In fact, as was intimated at the beginning of this article, his name has now become almost a household word in the land of his birth.

It has been long a current belief, due to the fact that his best known books are the volumes of *Songs from Vagabondia*, which, in association with Richard Hovey, were published thirty years or so ago, that Bliss Carman is little more than a singer of the delights of vagabondage—a sort of irresponsible pagan. But it is not in his carefree vagabondia songs, nor even in his nature poems, beautiful almost beyond words though many of these are, that the essential Carman is to be found. The essential Carman, in truth, is a man concerned, and deeply concerned, with the greatest of all the questions which confront "pilgrim man," namely, the meaning and purpose of this life of ours. This is most manifest in his earlier work, for the years as they have passed have given him clearer vision and understanding of the mystery which perplexes, and always will perplex, mankind; the questioning, at times, almost fearful, note which marked that earlier work, has given way to one of assurance and confidence. Proof of this statement will be apparent to

anyone who will compare *Ballads and Lyrics* with *Later Poems.* The former book to many—and I cannot say that I am not among their number—will seem to contain the stronger, if not the better work, but the latter will and must ever appeal to more persons, and be turned to oftener, because of the fact that its contents in the main are marked by a note of gladness and joy which is largely lacking in the other volume. Brief quotations from the two volumes will suffice to indicate the difference between them. Here is a verse chosen almost at random from *Ballads and Lyrics*:

> Man walks the earth with mourning
> Down to death and leaves no trace,
> With the dawn upon his forehead
> And the shadow in his face.

And here is a verse from *Later Poems*:

> Live on, love on, without a qualm,
> Child of immortal charity,
> In the great certitude and calm,
> Of joy freeborn that shall not die.

But after all, beauty is the sum and substance of Bliss Carman's work, as it is and must be the sum and substance of any poet's work if it is to be of value to the hearts and souls of men. His work, indeed, demonstrates his own summing up of the poet's mission:

> On us he has laid the duty—
> The task of the wandering breed—
> To better the world with beauty
> Wherever the way may lead.

Few other than those who have given themselves the pleasure of seeking to gather together Mr. Carman's numerous publications have any idea of how great a quantity of work he has done. Disregarding the many pamphlets, broadsides, leaflets, etc., which he has issued privately for the delight of friends, he has published, counting his four volumes of prose, an average of about a book a year since the appearance of his first book, *Low Tide on Grand Prè,* in 1893. No one who desires to make a complete and comprehensive study of his work can afford to pass by a single one of his books, for the reason that they are not merely replicas of each other, as are most poets' books, but are each and all different, Mr. Carman having followed the most unusual plan of confining the contents in each case to work of a certain character or key. This would imply that his work is of extraordinary range; and of extraordinary range it is. But it is not necessary for the ordinary reader to possess or to consult every one of Mr. Carman's books in order to learn all he needs to know about his poetry, for four volumes will enable him to do this. These are *Pipes of Pan* (containing the five volumes originally issued under that general title), *Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics, Later Poems,* and *Ballads and Lyrics.* No one who reads and carefully studies these four books, I am confident, can fail to perceive that Canada in Bliss Carman has produced a poet who carries on the great traditions of English poetry as no other poet of his day and time does in equal measure.

A note of warning should be added, perhaps, for the benefit of those who have the idea that a poet entitled to be called great must agitate and excite us, and make us feel as we read his work as if we were going through some tremendous experience of the spirit. There are poets who have such an effect on us, but who will deny that poetry possessing the greatest value for men and women is the poetry which brings a message of joy and hope, of solace and refreshment? And such, I contend, is the kind of poetry which Bliss Carman gives us in fullest measure. He never attempts to lift his voice above the roar and clatter of the street, but listen intently, you who will, and you shall hear it ringing clear and strong above all the sounds which disturb and distract us in these days of hustle and rush.

CHECK-LIST OF BLISS CARMAN'S

FIRST EDITIONS.

Low Tide on Grand Pre: A Book of Lyrics. New York, 1893.

Songs from Vagabondia (with Richard Hovey.) Boston, 1894.

Behind the Arras: A Book of the Unseen. Boston and New York. 1895.

A Seamark: A Threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson. Boston. 1895.

More Songs from Vagabondia (with Richard Hovey.) Boston. 1896.

Ballads of Lost Haven: A Book of the Sea. New York and London. 1897.

By the Aurelian Wall, and other Elegies. Boston, New York and London. 1898.

A Winter Holiday. Boston. 1899.

Last Songs from Vagabondia (with Richard Hovey.) Boston. 1901.

Ode on the Coronation of King Edward. Boston. 1902.

From the Book of Myths. Pipes of Pan. No. 1. Boston. 1902.

From the Green Book of the Bards. Pipes of Pan. No. II. Boston, 1903.

Songs of the Sea Children. Pipes of Pan. No. III. Boston. 1904.

The Kinship of Nature. (Essays). Boston, 1904.

Songs from a Northern Garden. Pipes of Pan. No. IV. Boston. 1904.

Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics. Boston. 1904.

The Friendship of Art. (Essays.) Boston. 1904.

From the Book of Valentines. Pipes of Pan. No. V. Boston. 1905.

Poems (Collected.) 2 vols. New York and London. 1904. Boston, 1905.

The Poetry of Life. (Essays.) Boston. 1905.

Pipes of Pan. Definitive Edition. Boston. 1906.

The Making of Personality. (Essays.) Boston. 1908.

The Rough Rider, and Other Poems. New York. 1909.

Echoes from Vagabondia. Boston. 1912.

Daughters of Dawn (with Mary Perry King.) New York. 1913.

Earth Deities, and other Rhythmic Masques, (with Mary Perry King.) New York. 1914.

April Airs: A Book of New England Lyrics. Boston. 1916.

James Whitcomb Riley. An Essay. New York. 1918.

Later Poems. With an Appreciation by R. H. Hathaway. Toronto. 1921.

Ballads and Lyrics. Toronto. 1923.

Far Horizons. Toronto. 1925.

Talks on Poetry and Life. Toronto. 1926.

The Critics on Canadian Art

At Philadelphia and Manchester

CANADIAN art at the Sesqui-Centennial in Philadelphia has proved as successful as at Wembley; the critics have been equally kind. "Hitherto," says a writer in the *Philadelphia Ledger,* "the painters of Canada have been as unknown as the painters of Madagascar—if Madagascar has any; but hereafter Canadian Art will recall as definite and distinct an impression as the phrases 'Swedish Art' or 'Spanish Art.'"

The Sesqui as an exhibition has proved itself a great occasion for Canadian art. The Americans have been in the humor to cast a friendly and appraising eye upon the achievements of their northern neighbors who divide the continent with them. The British conviction has attained its destiny along other paths. The American critics have observed with amazement that the northern part of the continent, retaining its conservative outlook and clinging to its British traditions, has nevertheless produced an original, almost a revolutionary art. They have been inclined to speculate upon this striking and arresting phenomenon. The great names in the American art of today are of foreign origin; D'Oscenzo, Gellin, Feclim, Melchers, Seyffert, Cimiotti, Carlsen, Stokowski, Untermeyer or Palasek, and they have nothing to do with Anglo-Saxon traditions. The names which are prominent in the Philadelphia exhibition, Macdonald, Thompson, Harris, Jackson, Robinson, Williamson, are the familiar names of the British race, they mean something in the jangle of nomenclature of this new world, and with them should go historic and racial associations. "Is it possible," muses the American, "that the New England patriots in separating themselves from the sources of their national culture attained indeed complete political independence, whereas their Canadian cousins, en-

riched by a closer and more intimate contact with the parent stock, have achieved an independence of another kind, and perhaps no less precious, an independence of thought and emotion now flowering in a new development in art?

At any rate, they are ready to concede that the Canadian art represented in Philadelphia has definite characteristics and that it has a clearly defined spirit of its own. The critic of the *Public Ledger* sums up these distinctive qualities as stark strength, vigorous simplification and complete absence of sentimentality. It is not that the Canadian painters have selected themes that are unfamiliar to American painters, for many states of the Union have just such mountains and lakes and estuaries as the Canadian painters have portrayed, but they have seldom chosen to paint them, and when they have done so they have had nothing of the Canadian spirit; they have achieved an easy and fluent facility but it has been rather meaningless.

A British critic has been saying much the same thing. There is an exhibition of Canadian pictures in progress at the Queens Park Art Gallery, Manchester, and Mr. Frank Rutter writes in a recent number of the *Christian Science Monitor*: "No section in the Palace of Arts at Wembley last year met with so unanimous a chorus of praise as that accorded to the Canadian landscapes, and the high opinion of Canadian painting then formed can only be confirmed and strengthened by the Manchester exhibition. This collection is smaller than the collection at Wembley, but it has been carefully chosen and effectively exemplifies what appear to be the special merits of Canadian painting; scrupulous yet not slavish fidelity to nature, splendor of color, boldness of handling and a definitely decorative arrangement of natural facts . . . What makes their work particularly interesting to a European observer is that it seems to be truly indigenous and not merely a repetition of the cosmopolitan style which rules with little difference in the academies of all the great capitals. . . . They are racy of the soil from which they emanate. We feel instinctively that the style of the painter has been moulded by the character of the country he depicts." They succeed in conveying to us those emotions which the majesty of nature evokes in all thoughtful and sensitive intellects. Canada," he concludes, "possesses an indigenous and vigorous school of landscape painting owing comparatively little to foreign influence, but moulded by the color of her seasons and the intense character of her country."

The testimony of the American and the British critics coincide; but here among ourselves there is a difference of opinion. It is not merely that a prophet is without honor in his own country. It is because to many Canadians, Canadianism in any form is a crude, rude and repellent emotion which they are anxious to banish from their horizon. Emerging as we are from the struggles of pioneering we hanker for the sophisticated joys of clipped lawns and conventional surroundings. For a thousand years Europe has been in our veins and for as long England has been in our hearts. It is easier to follow the old ways and to console ourselves with the tried and tested intellectual comforts. These are indeed necessary to all but a few adventurous spirits, and there is vast consolation in the classic treasures of civilization and in our English legacy of thought and emotion. So much so, indeed, that the asserters of Canadian art and Canadian literature do seem sometimes to be dangerous innovators.

In many a country town crudity of architecture and manners or sentiment blunt the sensibilities more surely than the impact of a great city where life at least runs with a rich full stream. The more sensitive inhabitants of these places crave for the historic past of Europe; they know too much of the imperfect attainment of colonial success. They have formed a proper estimate of the inadequate splendor of the successful farmer and the meaningless magnificence of the local manufacturer. They know that with a sufficiency of wealth and a superabundance of physical vigor Canada sometimes staggers blindly because it is out of the stream of the world. We have windows, but they do not always look out on the street of the world. And so these people are indifferent to the claims of Canadian culture of any kind—for them it does not exist, it should not exist, and they will take sides against it. The painters, like the prophets, are without honor. But it is unnecessary to explain why stones have been flung. That they have been flung is a kind of proof that our painters are prophets.

* * *

Robert Field

Mr. Harry Piers, curator of the provincial museum at Halifax, has just produced an important monograph on Robert Field, portrait-painter and line-engraver, who worked at Halifax from 1808 to 1818. It will consist of over three hundred pages of letter-press with some forty plates; and it will be published by Frederick F. Sherman of 28 East 85th Street, New York. The edition will be strictly limited and the price will be advanced after October 15th. Mr. Piers is an authority on art in Nova Scotia, as is shown by his exhaustive paper on the subject in the Nova Scotia Historical Society's Collections, Vol. XVIII. No more thorough study of art or an artist working in Canada has ever appeared.

A Literary Crusader

A Review by Merrill Denison

OF all the knights in shining armor who have mounted steed and sharpened lance in defence of Canadian literature, William Arthur Deacon will slay more dragons than any of the others, because he is the only one who really knows how to ride a horse. It is delightful to find a youthfully spirited crusader at this job for once, and one who rides with grace and ease. To see a man enter these lists at a smart trot is something of an event if one associates such jousts with pounding percherons guided by puffy, puffing, frightened riders galloping against phantom foes. Deacon's performance seems like that of a professional whose appearance is more to give the audience a demonstration of how the thing should be done than an actual combat, so gracefully and so effectively does he go about the job.

If viewed from a Canadian aspect solely, his new book, *Poteen,* whose reading inspired the foregoing parable, is worth while because it is consistently interesting and entertaining, because its point of view is continuously intelligent, because it does not once lapse into platitudes, and because it never degenerates to puerilities.

This is saying a great deal for a Canadian book, for any Canadian book, but for a book of Canadian essays it would seem, after hurriedly reviewing the past, to verge dangerously near the improbable. Any one of the noted attributes would lend it distinction as a native opus; the combination of the lot makes one's judgment seem almost fanciful. Were it not for the New Courage noted on every hand among the younger Canadian writers, I would hesitate to express it as a cold, sober opinion.

So much for *Poteen* north of the fortless border.

Judged in comparison with similar products in other English-writing countries, exactly the same summary of its qualities would have to be made. *Poteen* will be just as good a book in London or New York or Melbourne as it is in Toronto, but it may not have quite the same distinction. Here it is a bell-cow of a book.

I note a tendency to congratulate Mr. Deacon on his courage for expressing many of the opinions he does in his essays. Without exception they are the opinions of intelligent, well-read cosmopolitans anywhere. They are expressed pithily and lucidly. Rather would I be inclined to fraternize with him because he held such opinions than waste time lauding him for the courage to express them. Surely the example of English and American books of the last decade has rendered it unnecessary for a Canadian to have courage to write and publish anything he may want to say. If Canadian writers still have to pass through the courage phase, it would be far better to stop all this pother about a Canadian literature right now, and start building another Transcontinental Railroad. Let us do something we can do well!

It is not his courage that Deacon is to be congratulated upon, but his intelligence and his ability to pry out of himself and place before his readers such a broad wealth of seasoned interest. Each of the essays is rich in suggestion and information. They have substance. There is meat to them, and the meat is always flavored with a sauce of wit, and served with technical accomplishment.

Half the book is devoted to essays on general subjects: the latter half to a discussion of Canadian literature. Knowing from my own bookish acquaintances who are not authors how damning to the sale of a very

worth-while book such a threat may prove, let me say that Deacon pleads the case more convincingly than I have ever seen it done before, and succeeds in arousing, through a well ordered assortment of facts and his own interest in them, a desire to set out into new fields of literary exploration. As a reference work to worthwhile Canadian books, his short book list should prove valuable.

I found the first part of the book, the general essays, of greater interest. In "The Canadian Literature" section the author's point of view and opinions are necessarily submerged, and his fluid pen restricted, by the need of compressing a wide range of information within a small space.

"The Bogey of Annexation," reprinted from the *American Mercury*, is a commonsense statement, backed up by a sound historical survey, of the improbability of political absorption by the Republic. It is cool, well reasoned; no flags are unfurled, not a ship of the line is dragged in by the bowsprit.

"A Note on the Censorship" and "Making the Bible Safe for Democracy," are both on literary prohibitions. In the first, a fresh and interesting point of view on the futilities of censorship is developed; in the latter, the literary uplift is treated satirically. Delicious, gentle satire it is, too.

But the gem of the collection is "What a Canadian has done for Canada," a review of Arthur Stringer's preposterous story of the he-man North, *Empty Hands*. Here you find Mr. Deacon at his best. He pours the most hilarious ridicule on the eminently successful novelist's pretentions as a naturalist. Ignorance, inconsistencies, improbabilities and impossibilities are exposed until one is convinced that Mr. Stringer was never nearer the Great-Out-of-Doors than Orillia.

Poteen is a book that is well worth reading. Not because it is Canadian, but because it is a first-rate book in which an interesting and vital personality has succeeded in transmitting itself to the printed page in such a way that a highly entertaining evening is assured.

It will not meet with universal approval, on which the author may be congratulated. He is not yet fifty and a number of worthy people over that age, in spirit at least, are certain to feel that he, too, ought to have waited until he was. In the field of criticism hereabouts only the innocuous is permissible, except in politics, where every septic tank has an open top.

Night Magic at English Bay, Vancouver

By Alice M. Winlow

A WHITE star, like a glittering snowflake stayed
In the saffron sky, revolves its crystal wheel
Above the darkening forest; A crescent moon
Sings with the star in clear antiphony
The prelude of the night. The sea beneath
Wears on her crested waves new moons of foam
That shatter, then re-fashion, but to break
In silver-sounding spume upon the shore.
. . . The moon has passed, and in the violet sky
The star is shining as a beryl might
Through beaten lucent gold; and still the air
Is filled with mystic music—crystal plumes
Brushing the wind-harp of the hyacinth night.

It Is Reported
THAT—

—a fund is being raised for a memorial porch at the Anglican Church at Whitby, Ontario, to honor the memory of the late Colonel George Ham.

—Rev. Wilfrid Lewis delivered a most interesting address on "Sir Walter Scott's Novels of 1820-21," before the St. Andrews Society of Toronto on October 14th.

—Martha Ostenso, author of *Wild Geese*, has just returned to New York after several weeks in California and the Northwest. Her second novel, *The Dark Dawn*, appears this month.

—644,844 books have been purchased for the Toronto Public Library since its establishment in 1883. Half a million of these have been purchased since Dr. George Locke became chief librarian.

—*Treasure*, the one-act play by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, which was awarded the prize by the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, in their Canadian competition for 1926, is being published by the Samuel French Company in London and New York.

—J. E. Middleton has been elected president of the Arts and Letters Club, Toronto. The annual dinner and election of officers on Saturday, October 16th, was followed by an exceptionally fine programme contributed to by musicians, artists and comedians.

—written outlines for short story plots are to be submitted at the meeting of the Toronto Women's Press Club on November 2nd, a prize to be awarded for the most original plot as decided by a vote of all members in attendance. The club's one-act play competition will close December 1st.

—the members of the Victoria Branch of the C.A.A. are tremendously busy. They have formed several working groups within the club and hope to do a good deal of work this coming winter. They are missing the presence of L. Adams Beck, who has recently gone to England. Mrs. Beck used to be a member of the Victoria Branch, but resigned.

—co-incident with the opening of the convention of the American Ornithological Union in Ottawa this month, an exhibition began at the Art Gallery, Victoria Memorial Museum, of the collection of bird paintings by Allan Brooks, as described in the last issue of *Canadian Bookman* in connection with the showing of these paintings at the Canadian National Exhibition.

—Dr. Locke, Chief Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, was elected president of the American Library Association at the Atlantic City convention. This is an honor to Canada as well as to a noted bookman. A further honor to Canada is the announcement that the 1927 convention of the American Library Association will be held in Toronto. Mr. Justice Kelly, long a member of the Toronto Library Board, has been elected Chairman of the Trustees' Section of the American Library Association.

—E. Barrington, author of *The Exquisite Perdita*, has just forwarded to her publishers the manuscript of a novel on Cleopatra, to be called *The Laughing Queen*. Another novel, on Napoleon and Josephine, by this versatile author, is well advanced, and will probably be published next year. In the meantime, as L. Adams Beck, she is bringing out a new book of Oriental tales entitled *Dreams and Delights*. Having corrected the proofs of this volume, E. Barrington is planning to sail for England on a well-merited vacation.

—scenes from *Bleak House* were enacted by the players of the Toronto Dickens Fellowship on October 14th, to an audience of over a thousand admirers of Dickens, at the Jarvis Collegiate Institute Auditorium. The players included Florence Rostance, as "Mrs. Jellyby;" Gwen Knight, as "Caddy;" Dorothy E. Stacy, as "Esther Summerson;" Marion Vickers, as "Ada Clare;" A. J. Rostance, as "Mr. Chadband," and Phyllis Wynne-Jones as "Jo."

* * *

Noted Librarians Visit Toronto

Librarians, representing fifteen countries, who had attended the American Library Association Convention in Boston, were in the party of thirty-five who were guests of the Public Library Board of Toronto, on October 15th and 16th. With the party were such notables as Henry Guppy, of the famous John Rylands Library, of Manchester, who is president of the British Library Association, and R. F. Sharp, keeper of printed books at the British Museum, the largest library in the world.

The guests were entertained in an informal way in the Sketch Room of Hart House. This gathering was presided over by Dr. Locke, the new president of the A.L.A. The visitors were taken to various points of interest, including the Reference Library and one branch library.

* * *

True Dickensians

Prof. D. C. Harvey, newly elected president of the Winnipeg Dickens Fellowship, in the course of his inaugural address, said that to be true Dickensians the members could not simply devote their meetings to Dickens papers; they would have to be, as Dickens was, active and concrete lovers of humanity, and of that particular part of humanity that was their own country.

Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . *News, Views and Reviews*

Recent Canadian Novels

Reviewed by T. D. Rimmer

IT is rather peculiar that the majority of Canadian authors still evince a warm partiality towards adventure and story-telling instead of devoting their talent to the interpretation of contemporary life and the processes that govern individual reactions. We are not asking for excessive Freudianism, but surely it is time our writers were delving more deeply; and time also that they were bringing to the surface a richer ore. America has produced the suavity of Cabell and the vitality of Anderson, and it is strange if Canada cannot at least strike a happy mean.

As an instance, out of six novels that have come for review there are only two that, in an exclusively literary sense, are outstanding. The others in their class are readable and interesting, but they do not add much to our literary stature.

The Blue Castle is a novel dealing with a girl who is a sort of Cinderella until a doctor informs her that she has only a year more to live. This results in the assertion of her personality that has lain dormant for twenty-nine years, and she finds emancipation from the sway of her relatives. The rest of the book is occupied with the sequel to her emancipation and the achievement of her desire to find a husband. The attitude taken up strikes a queer note in these days of sophistication and there is a certain pettiness that puts us out of sympathy with the character of Valency, the verbal lengths to which she goes in her rebellion seeming rather illogical. Within its limits, however, the novel is not below the ordinary fare.

Kennedy's Second Best is concerned with the love of a young parson who, on his way to Toronto, meets in the train a young girl whom he somewhat hastily marries. Then trouble comes and in his tribulation the parson finds himself and obeys the voice that he feels is commanding him to remain in the west and look after the neglected souls. "Day and night (he says) I think of their terrible spiritual destitution . . . I feel it to be my manhood's prime call and the call of God. Do you approve?" Naturally Margaret approves and the curtain falls on their mutual happiness.

Two novels that have much in common are *The Fighting Slogan* and *The Men of Kildonan*, both novels of high adventure and fierce fighting. The former novel deals with the time of the Fenian invasion and the early efforts to fuse the divergent provinces into an organic whole. Interwoven is a love interest that plays around the figures of Drum Rowan and Hettie Daggert, some of whose relatives are in sympathy with the Fenians. There are many incidents that go to make this a stirring novel.

The Men of Kildonan is somewhat similar in the high feeling that is behind the writing. Both books are written from a patriotic standpoint which may interfere a little with artistic values, but in other aspects enhances the appeal of the books. The *Men of Kildonan* is a tale of Scottish settlers who go through many vicissitudes in the land of their adoption, but with the dour national perseverance to aid them, they eventually come out on top.

Mr. McCulloch has done much to vivify a past era and the struggles of the early pioneers against the difficulties that harass them are portrayed with a sympathetic touch.

Another tale of adventure is *The Mountain of Jade*, but the action is set in the north, a setting with which the author should be well acquainted. This book is adventure pure and simple, and is largely authentic and built on a foundation of experience. Mr. Stefansson has crystallized many of his experiences in this book and

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THE BLUE CASTLE. *By L. M. Montgomery.* Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

KENNEDY'S SECOND BEST. *By John D. Freeman.* Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

THE FIGHTING SLOGAN. *By H. A. Cody.* Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

THE MEN OF KILDONAN. *By J. H. McCulloch.* Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.

THE MOUNTAIN OF JADE. *By Violet Irwin and Vilhjalmur Stefansson.* New York and Toronto: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

LITTLE HEARTS. *By Marjorie L. Pickthall.* Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

it is crammed full with thrills that make the ordinary life seem a little humdrum. It is evidently no place for weaklings, this north, and the first chapter of the book sets a precedent of adventure that is adhered to until the conclusion. Indian, Esquimo and White move through the tale and make it a panorama to be enjoyed. Altogether it is a book for those who love adventure tales and an added feature lies in the decorations by "Jimmie the Ink," which are oddly arresting and accord well with the nature of the book.

A book that has a different appeal is *Little Hearts*, by Marjorie Pickthall. It conforms, of course, to the strict rule of the historical romance. We have here no hint of the conditions that obtained behind all the bravery of lace-ruffled gestures and idyllic loves of the "cloak and sword" period, and the spectacle of the illiterate peasantry scrambling out of the way of my lord's horse is hidden from us. Apart from this, the book is charming and written with a fine feeling for expression. There is perhaps a Farnolesque touch here and there, but the sentiment is truer, has more appeal, than the romanticism of those books.

The events take place in the period immediately succeeding the Jacobite rebellion in England. A stranger rides into the quiet, rural life of Michael, a young and poverty-stricken philosopher, capturing Michael and his immediate circle by his romantic personality. It is left to the philosopher to discover the dross in the gold and to hide from Diantha, his cousin who has learned to love the stranger, the real facts which after all are more humiliating than criminal.

That is the outline, conventional enough, though there are several unusual quirks to the story. But it is in the treatment that the book is distinguished. A whimsical tenderness and quick sympathy play over every page and there is much effective prose that brings the beauty of the setting very close to the reader. It seems inevitable that she should have found expression in the romanticism of a past era where her poetic faculty would have freer play and many passages in the book seem to be a flowering along the path of her talent. It is unquestionable that this book was, as it were, merely the earth thrown up by her development and that had she lived she would have gone much farther than this.

The book is a complementary facet to her literary life. It is by no means an intellectual exercise in the reading, but a book to be enjoyed wholeheartedly by those who can appreciate the quiet, distinguished prose, and the quick, warm personality that stamps itself upon the pages.

Shackles

A Review by Austin Bothwell

IT was my guess last year that the anonymous author of *The Land of Afternoon* might be Madge Macbeth. Now that I have read her *Shackles* I wonder how I could have so surmised. There are therein some clever things and some amusing, but its psychology is just plain perverse. People in a novel must be humanly possible, if not probable. Arnold Lennox is declared by his creator to be unique. He is. So dense, so selfish a man, one so lacking in understanding, may live. But where? He should be in a museum. It is true that the shackles imposed upon women by housework, by managing a home, are irksome, and exasperating they may become, if the husband is unappreciative. But Madge Macbeth is so anxious to make her point that she exaggerates to the height and depth of absurdity. This man apparently does not do a single thing about the house; he expects everything to run by clockwork. He is forever shedding buttons and expecting that his wife shall sew them on instanter. In the course of a year or so he sheds more than I have done in my adult years. My neighbors on either side are, I believe, typical or normal decent men. They are busy men and one a first class golfer, but they always seem to be tinkering about their homes and in good twist about it. I saw one of them just yesterday hanging out the baby's wash. One is Scotch and one English, at that. The average Canadian of my generation was, as a boy, expected to make himself useful. This Arnold would seem to have been born in Canada, but I decline to believe he was born anywhere but in the fantasy of a fanatic feminist.

As for the wife and her lover, who makes so many dates with her to run away to an unshackled freedom, they must be the lineal descendants of the protagonists of Browning's "The Statute and the Bust." He must have felt like shooting her up when she made the final, and fiftieth, decision to stay by her shackles. And she was asking for it.

Once she was almost away, when Arnold was brought home, not on a shutter, as in the old-fashioned melodramas (or modern movies), but in the ambulance, with a broken arm. How pat! Then the fall of the sanctimonious Arnold (yes, he adds the odor of sanctity to his other virtues) is quite funny, really. If a man had written that scene, caused a woman to go off the deep end, as they say in English novels, in that fashion, what a howl of protest there would have been from women everywhere.

There isn't a scrap of reality in *Shackles*.

SHACKLES. *By Madge Macbeth.* Ottawa: The Graphic Publishers. $2.00.

Even the uncle Toby, who has been observed —a little—is sacrificed to an untamed desire to score a point. And then the author takes it all back. Women can't rid themselves of their shackles because after all they love them, and are so made they can't help it. The love of old shackles fetters them. And faith too faithful makes them falsely true.

Apparently this book has been brewing in the author's consciousness for some years. She should have let it simmer a few more. Quite a few.

* * *

YOUNG LADY DAZINCOURT. *By Conal O'Riordan.* Toronto: Cassell & Co. $2.00.

Mr. O'Riordan has "discovered" a journal written by a modern young wife for the guidance of her daughter when that damsel arrives at the age of discretion. Notwithstanding her veneer of sophistication this young wife is rather ingenuous. She marries a man considerably older than herself and who is incredibly chaste and chivalrous in his marital relations. Naturally, his wife being a daughter of the manse, she is reticent as to suggestions, and thus we have the story of the difficulties that arise over the sad facts. Her difficulties are increased by the advent of a poet-playwright who is accoutred with the accepted trappings of the artist-seducer. She is turned aside, however, from the precipice for which she is heading and a climax is achieved which, it is claimed, "is unique in fiction though perhaps less so in fact," a statement some of us will take *cum grano salis.*

As will be expected by those who have read his previous work, Mr. O'Riordan has written a bright and interesting book—it leaves that impression in spite of the near tragedy. Its moral is obvious, in fact, it is printed upon the paper cover that all who run may read, but there is a lightness of touch that makes it impossible for us to take it all too seriously. Had the characters been made to reflect, they would have seen the farcical side and Lord Dazincourt would never have gone to the expense of purchasing a Fiat car in which to attempt suicide.

There are some shrewd comments throughout the book which we are sure will prove beneficial to the daughter; one espcially, where Beatrice comes to the conclusion that "Happiness is not solid; it's all anticipation or remembrance with just a very few moments here and there of what seems like reality," which speaks much for that lady's discernment. A remark dropped by Lord Dazincourt, who, if he were humanized, would be an admirable character, also has a ring of truth in its reflection that had Oscar Wilde lived in the days of Cromwell, "he would have been taught the real importance of being earnest."

This is an enjoyable book, but with regard to the question propounded on the cover, "Is it easier to die for chastity than to live with it?" it takes refuge in a cutting of the Gordian knot.

T.D.R.

* * *

THE VOICE OF CANADA. Canadian Prose and Poetry. Selected by *A. M. Stephen.* Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons Limited.

Admittedly for school purposes, this book has dispensed with much that would have little appeal to the immature, but it will have served its purpose if it foster in the schools a desire to learn more of the Canadian poets.

The book is small, and poetry occupying a large portion, the section devoted to prose is correspondingly limited. Such instances given, however, are adequate, though the parliamentary oratory is notable for patriotism rather than for expression.

It is in the examples of poetry that the value of the book lies. Mr. Stephen's selection will cause no discomfort to the juvenile or to the adolescent, but he has fortunately avoided in the main that sugared conventionality which was often a feature of the old school text books. The poems are divided into their different classifications, patriotism, Canadian life, history, etc., an arrangement that should make much for the pupil's convenience.

We are glad that Carman is represented by his *Low Tide on Grand Pre* and *a Vagabond Song,* the latter especially, with its lilting, whimsical rhythm, should stimulate a desire for more from the same hand. Lampman, Roberts, McCrae, are also represented, with many others whose poems are well worthy of inclusion.

Such a book should be well adapted to round out or supplement the usual compilations. Its prose section is rather sketchy, but that may not be entirely the editor's fault, and in so few pages much is included that is really representative. Let us hope it will achieve its aim and will have a sequel in a more widespread knowledge in our schools of the Canadian poets.

T.D.R.

* * *

WALLS OF GLASS. *By Larry Barretto.* Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

Life seemed to stop for Sophy Deming the day her husband was killed by a runaway horse, but because she had to support her baby, she faced it again with courage. But Sophy failed, for it was not easy to make a living in the town of Valesboro. After experiencing the bitter loss of her child, she accepted the offer of Martin Greer, a rich sportsman, whose wife was hopelessly insane. How Sophy met her new life and what she did with it is the main theme of Mr. Barretto's latest novel.

A Poet's Plea for the Deafened

MUCH has been sung and written of the grim tragedy of blindness; it was the direct inspiration of Milton's immortal *Samson Agonistes*. But what of the equally grim tragedy of deafness, that creeps upon its victim slowly, inexorably, dooming him to dwell at last within a world of silence from which there is no escape? It is true, the blind have no sunlight; they cannot see the faces of their loved ones; they cannot always get about without a guide. But the deafened have no music; they cannot hear the voices of their loved ones; they cannot hear the sweet undertones of Nature—the sigh of wind in the trees, the ripple of water over stones: Blindness reveals itself to all who come in contact with the blind, and evokes the sympathy and courtesy of the veriest stranger. But the infirmity of deafness is unperceived, unguessed-at, until one tries to converse with the victim. And then, the pitiable self-consciousness and embarrassment of the latter, if the person who addresses him is a stranger! The writer has more than once heard a deaf person ridiculed because the wrong answer was given to a question! The infirmity itself is terrible enough, but the ridicule—.

The Ear Trumpet, a chap-book by Annie Charlotte Dalton, is a plea in verse for the deafened. The title-poem is an answer to "Solo for Ear-Trumpet," by Edith Sitwell, in *Modern British Poetry*, and the free verse is a fitting medium for Mrs. Dalton's justifiably resentful protest. The second poem, "To Elizabeth Bibesco," is a parody on the latter's poem, "O, I will shut my eyes." This is the best poem in the book, in the present writer's opinion. Here are two stanzas from it:

"Open thine eyes and gloat upon the moon,
Now, while thou canst, lest he no more be there;
Open thine eyes and drink the magic up,
The magic of this world so good and fair. . .

Shut not thine ears to each enticing tune,
Lest no bird sing, nor stream on pebble play,
Lest in thy heart such deviltries should ring
As drench and wash thy earth and heaven away."

The third poem, "To Viola Meynell," is in two parts. The first part is addressed to the author of a striking short story, entitled: "We Were Just Saying," and illustrates that phrase with which a thoughtful person usually begins an explanation of a conversation to one who is partially deaf and which is always so welcome to the latter. The second half of the poem portrays the thoughtlessness with which people so often discuss the affairs of the deafened in their presence. The story is included in Mrs. Meynell's book, *Young Mrs. Cruse*.

The last poem, "Marie Bashkirtseff Said—" is a protest against the action of Marie Bashkirtseff's reviewers, who, while criticising her conduct severely, usually omit the agony of her growing deafness, which she describes most poignantly:

"Of this, the horror that I knew,
The serpent grief that coiled and threw
Its small, glittering eyes on me,
Green and snaky eyes that held
All my will, and me compelled
To the numbing misery
Of some fascinated bird—
Of all this,
Well I wis—
Never a word!

"Of all this anguish borne in secret,
Loss of trust in God and man,
Of the great ambition shattered,
Budding hope and darling plan;
Of the soundless wind and rain
Beating on the window-pane;
Of the untruths told in vain;
Of the voiceless bird and beast,
Of the songless, laughless feast,
Of the mind to madness spurred,
Never a word."

If there is, here and there in the book, a note of bitterness, Mrs. Dalton may surely be forgiven. No one who has met Mrs. Dalton would mistake her for a morose person who would take pleasure in hitting back at anyone. She says: "Fifty years of deafness should, if 'patience hath her perfect work performed,' have left one invulnerable to all the pin-pricks and discomforts of it, but one can never be indifferent to the sufferings of others, particularly of those who are newly deafened, and launched, strange and terrified, into an alien world." That is the *raison d'être* of this little chap-book, which is just a section of a larger book that will deal with many other phases of the life of the deafened besides their natural dislike of ridicule.

C.D-W.

THE EAR TRUMPET. *By Annie C. Dalton.* Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 50c.

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What! In the Y.W.C.A?

In My Corner is the title of a small book of verse which comes from a Torontonian domiciled in the Y.W.C.A., who writes under the pseudonym of "Athena." It is published by the Arthur H. Stockwell Co., London, England. It is the opening poem that gives the book its title. After telling of lights and shades, a cosy chair and books the poem goes on to dwell upon a sewing basket and cigarettes:

"Dreams in smoke, cemented with stitches—
Loving thoughts
Crowding my castle of smoke—
In my corner."

From an Italian Angle

SNOW AND STEEL. *By Girolamo Sommi-Picenardi.* Trs. by Rudolph Altrocchi. Toronto: Thomas Allen. $2.00.

Most of the novels dealing with the late war seem to be mere photography—impressionistic sketches of remembered incidents—and we have yet to read a book that will preserve for posterity the squalor and splendor of that epochal struggle. It may be that we are too near as yet to view the war in its true perspective and that this accounts for our authors' failure to find an altitude that will, as it were, command the whole view. But the fact remains that we still await a novel that will give us the war as it was in its entirety with its high and low lights, its laughter inextricably mingled with its pain, and its holocaust of lives that so tragically has gone for naught.

In this book, *Snow and Steel,* we have a new angle from which to view the war, for it is a series of incidents that took place Here in addition to weight of armament the during the warfare on the Italian front. Italian soldiers had to contend with grim climatic conditions, in passes and mountains that offered but little foothold and provided a grim setting for almost titanic battles.

There are eleven true stories contained in the book, all written by The Marquis Sommi-Picenardi and translated by Rudolph Altrocchi, and bearing the stamp of sympathy with and pride in the men with whom the author saw service. They are told with a realism that reminds one forcibly of the tales of Stephen Crane, and there is no slurring over of the details that were every whit as ghastly as those that marred the Western front; on the contrary, one tale especially "The Chaplain of the Dead," will surely drive home to the reader what really is the meaning of war when it is shorn of the chauvinistic illusions that make it so alluring to the youth of a nation.

Most of the tales deal with individual reactions to the war, "The Coward," "Private Torretta," "The Druggist," and "Afraid" being representative of the tone of the book. All, however, are of deep interest in the light they throw upon the conditions under which the Italians put up such a sterling fight. One of the most vivid pictures is that where the Italians spring a mine under the Austrians, and incidentally where a glowing example of heroism is thrown into high relief; when Private Torretta sacrifices his life for the success of the mine.

"An immense roar shook the earth and vibrated through the air for a hundred miles around. Slowly, lazily, the summit of the Croda lifted itself as if a huge monster asleep within it had suddenly awakened, thrusting up with irresistible elastic force. Of the old Croda nothing was left. The huge crater had swallowed up everything, every living being . . . the mountain refused to return its dead."

The translation of this book is well in keeping with its subject, and Mr. Altrocchi has evidently been in sympathy with the spirit in which the author wrote. It is a book dealing with a different approach, geographically, to the late war, and as such should have a wide appeal, for it is only by piecing together the varying sections that we can obtain a grasp of the whole.

* * *

PERELLA. *By Wm. J. Locke.* New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. $2.00.

The public have had always a warm place in their hearts for the novels of Wm. J. Locke. Ever since his peculiar and pleasing talent found expression in *The Beloved Vagabond* his books on publication have achieved instant popularity, and not un-

There are many who think he is capable deservedly.

of much more important work than he gives us, but it seems he has elected otherwise, and at least one is certain to find in his books an undeniable charm. He is decidedly at his best when writing of Southern France. It is in dealing with this *locale* that his sunny humor has full play and his tales have a sunlit quality about them that has resulted in the creation of many characters that are lovable even while they are being most illogical.

His latest novel has for its setting modern Florence and the interest is heightened by the incidental glimpses we obtain of that city and its ancient associations. Mr. Locke writes of these as though he loved them. It is here that the love story of Perella and Anthony unfolds and has its little hour. Perella is a figure of charm and of course he has added another memorable figure to his unique gallery of characters in the professor, whose shy personality is almost a reason in itself for the book.

But *Perella* is neither a move backward nor forward. Probably Mr. Locke has no desire to probe too deeply in his books. Be that as it may, he has maintained his reputation and has given his readers another charmingly-written story that is touched with a tender whimsicality that speaks much for the author's temperament.

Nevertheless, it is rather a pity he does not bestir himself and give us something really important. Surely his position is established firmly enough with his public to allow of a few liberties and incidentally to give us something substantial.

T.D.R.

Miss Ferber's Show Boat

Reviewed by T. D. Rimmer.

IT is rather interesting to learn that *Show Boat* has had a sequel in a suit brought against Miss Ferber by a captain or owner of a vessel of the same name and occupation as that of the boat dealt with in the book. The plea is that the book reflects upon the conditions obtaining on the modern boat. This, however, Miss Ferber declares to be unintentional.

Show Boat itself is unique in its environment. A travelling boat that wanders hither and thither along the Mississippi, carrying its freight of mummers from town to town where they give plays, lurid and otherwise, and then move on again.

Captain Andy Hawks, his dour, shrewish wife, Parthenia; Magnolia Hawks and Gaylord Ravenal, a picturesque gambler of the cold, inscrutable type who joins the party as an actor because of his love for Magnolia; these are the central figures in this evocation of a phase in the history of the Mississippi when the show boat was an ever-welcome visitor that brought to the monotonous lives of the farmers perhaps the only touch of color and romance they knew.

From the show boat the interest veers to Gambler's Alley, in wide-open Chicago, where Gaylord Ravenal leads a chequered existence, installing Magnolia now in wealthy surroundings, now in a garret, according to the mood in which he found Dame Fortune. Ravenal is one of the most interesting figures in a group of whom all are powerfully delineated. Gay, insouciant, his action in giving his last ten dollars to the minister who officiated at the wedding, was indicative of his whole attitude towards life.

Then we have the dour figure of Parthenia, who despises Ravenal and who, by her rugged antipathies and prejudices, dominates the first part of the book, and whom Magnolia regards as a symbol of the mighty Mississippi itself. It is a heavy brush Miss Ferber uses and each character stands out vividly against the sombrely-romantic background.

Three generations are dealt with in the novel, the third bringing us up to contemporary life. The most absorbing period, though, is the era of the show boat. It is here that Miss Ferber has broken comparatively new ground and she is to be complimented upon the thoroughness and skill that are evident throughout the book.

There is a graphic directness in the telling that makes the figures flesh and blood, and one can picture the quaint old scow with its bunting afloat on the breeze, approaching the towns that were pathetically eager to give it a welcome. It savors almost of the sweep of a royal barge.

Of course Miss Ferber does not forget the other side, a side which often meant dull routine and mutual irritation, but at this distance the romance to the reader will hide much that was sordid, much that was soul-destroying, in the close relationship that of necessity obtained in the cramped environment.

Miss Ferber has written a splendid novel. it is that exclusively. There are no cerebral gymnastics, but a story of compelling interest and fascination and there are few who will not enjoy its portrayal of a period that held so much that was picturesque and colorful.

SHOW BOAT. *By Edna Ferber.* Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

* * *

THE PROPER PLACE. *By O. Douglas.* Toronto: The Musson Book Co. $2.00.

One thing that strikes one in the reading of this book is its wholesome quality. Well written, there is behind it all a genuine feeling that makes the story very fresh and charming.

The tale hinges on a fable by Hans Anderson of a flute whose note sent everyone to their true positions irrespective of birth or rank, but when broken, loses its power and all are returned to their original places. Perhaps the war in this case was the flute, at any rate the Rutherfurds, mother, daughter and niece, are compelled to sell their house and go into exile, an exile that is softened for them by the presence of the daughter, a blithe spirit who is a happy inspiration of the author.

There they live a simple life that has about it the spell of the sea and the quiet of the hills, and their peace is broken only by the tragic death of Nicole's lover, who dies in an attempt to scale Mt. Everest. It is marred only temporarily and his death serves to sweeten their outlook on life, and to leave them content with their quiet destiny.

There is no hint of malice in the book, even the *nouveaux riches* are handled gently, an uncommon but welcome trait in a novelist. Finally there is an elusive quality difficult to define, but which makes the book a pleasure to read. It seems strange to find a book that is so wholesome and yet so well-written in an era whose writers of talent are occupied with things psychological and pathological.

A Canadian Manor and Its Seigneurs

Reviewed by T. G. Marquis

OVER eighteen years ago George M. Wrong published his delightful book, *A Canadian Manor and Its Seigneurs.* It has just been reissued in a charming piece of book-making, and should receive a warm welcome from everyone interested in Canadian history.

In English-speaking Canada there is unfortunately a lamentable ignorance of the intimate life of the French Canadians, who, roughly speaking, constitute one-third of the population of Canada. For Canadian union and solidarity it is essential that they should be known, and no Canadian book presents French Canadian life and ideals more fully and sympathetically than *A Canadian Manor.* The work was evidently a labor of love, the product of holiday seasons, no dry-as-dust creation, but at the same time giving every evidence of ripe scholarship and a careful study of the subject under consideration. Incidentally through the pages can be traced the history of much of Canada, from the days when Jacques Cartier first visited Malbaie (Murray Bay) to the time of the twentieth century holiday seekers.

The character drawing in the volume is excellent and the Nairnes, the Frasers, the *habitants* and the curés are genuine creations. But the chief interest of the book lies in the portrayal of the *habitants* and their relation to the seigneurs. Seigniorial tenure is to most of us a mere name. It is, however, a bygone institution that has had a permanent influence on Canadian development. The sturdy, industrious, courteous peasantry of the Province of Quebec inherit the traditions of their ancestors and though the seigneur has passed away they still look up with reverence and respect to those who dwell in the Manor house. The seigneur and the curé have moulded the character of the Quebec peasantry, and this Dr. Wrong has brought out admirably in his invaluable work.

Every visitor to the Lower St. Lawrence should take this book along with him and as a companion work, de Gaspé's *The Canadians of Old.* The one would serve as a supplement to the other, and the novelist by his close, detailed, romantic study of seigniorial life, would aid the wayfarer to better understand the system so admirably set forth in *A Canadian Manor.*

The volume is charmingly illustrated and has most valuable appendices, the journal of Malcolm Frazer, dealing with the Battle of the Plains and the Battle of St. Foy, and Col. Nairne's narrative of the Siege of Quebec in 1775-76 being of exceptional interest and value to the student of Canadian history.

A Canadian Manor and Its Seigneurs. *By George M. Wrong.* Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

* * *

A Warning to Democracy

A Review by T. D. Rimmer

NESTA WEBSTER, after an exhaustive analysis of the French Revolution, apostrophises the workingmen of England and exhorts them to beware of the influences that precipitated that upheaval and which, she believes, aim at a general revolution that will overthrow all thrones and all altars.

She has written a book notable from many standpoints and evidently has delved deeply and painstakingly, bringing to the surface much that is valuable and much, also, that reconstructs and gives us again the terror and tragedy of the Revolution. There will be those who will find themselves at variance with her reading of the forces that surged round and finally overwhelmed the throne of Louis IV. In the narrower meaning much bloodshed was undeniably wanton, but in the wider sense it was a purge that left France subsequently the gainer of a more perfect bodily health. The indifference—and often brutality—of the aristocrats, the panorama of pleasure unfolded callously before a populace and in which they had no part; and the oppression of the people; all formed an Augean stable that cried aloud to be cleansed. *L'Etat c'est moi!*, but afterwards it was for the people to cry this and the starvation, the bestiality and the wanton criminality were merely a turning over of Progress preparatory to an awakening.

Mrs. Webster evidently has been moved by a sincere desire to view the Revolution impartially. Nevertheless, her sympathies find voice in passages that remind one of the man who could not see the forest because of the trees:

"The panegyrists of the Revolution . . . hasten to assure us . . . great and lasting reforms were brought about by the Revolution—reforms so immense as to atone for all the crimes and follies that attended their birth. Contrary to all previous experience in the history of the world, this time, we are asked to believe that men *did* gather grapes of thorn and figs of thistles, and from the hatred, the lust and the corruption that marked the whole revolutionary period there sprang up a harvest of love, liberty and justice . . . The immense reforms brought

The French Revolution. *By Nesta H. Webster.* London: Constable & Company. (New edition corrected.)

about during the revolutionary era were not the result of the Revolution. It was to the King and his enlightened advisers, as I have shown in this book, that the reforms in government were primarily due; it was the *noblesse* that dealt the death-blow to the feudal system; it was the Royalist Democrats . . . who framed the Constitution."

It must be granted that there is much to be said for this point of view, though many will be found to refute it. One may regret the abandon and licentiousness that blended with criminality in the French *debacle*, but it is impossible to refrain from instancing the dethronement of Charles I, which taught Monarchy a lesson that should have been salutary, but which, unfortunately, was forgotten all too soon.

Mrs. Webster has a keen historical sense and that she has armed herself before entering the arena is amply proved by the authorities she quotes. Added to accuracy she has a style that is both interesting and provocative. Even though the reader may not follow wholeheartedly her interpretation he will find much in the book that will repay him for the reading and will present in a new light some absorbing phases of that era out of whose pain flowered the ideals of liberty and equality.

* * *

BELLARION. *By Rafael Sabatini.* Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.50.

Any writer who elects to tread in the path worn by the feet of Scott and Dumas runs a decided risk. Of course, Dumas was a colorist, in the sense that he colored facts at his own sweet will, and everyone knows how overcrowded the canvas of Scott was with detail, but both figures cast a big shadow.

Mr. Sabatini has his defects, but the vivid transcriptions and authenticity make his latest book well worth reading. Placed against the background of Italy as it was in the early fifteenth century, Bellarion is a glamorous personality. He has all the attributes of the costumed gallant, but the human touches in his make-up redeem him from being solely a lay figure.

Leaving the convent which has nurtured his youth, he fares forth into a world of which he knows nothing, despite his admittedly wide reading that confounds his worthy spiritual father. At the very outset he is robbed by a rascal posing as a friar, and this incident proves the turning point in his life, thrusting him into a garden where he meets the Lady Valeria. From this he is plunged into intrigue and cross-intrigue that bring him finally to power and fame, and we leave him as he finds the love of the Lady Valeria.

The story lacks the subtle literary grace that distinguished Maurice Hewlett and lent so much charm to his novels. Instead we have a tale told straightforwardly and yet with quaint diversions and digressions that help to strengthen the atmosphere of mediaevalism. Bellarion is neither a D'Artagnan nor an Ivanhoe, but he has some of the characters of each and the blend makes of him an interesting figure whose virility will have a ready appeal to the lover of historical romance.

The literary fecundity of this genus of author seems to be a characteristic of their bent, and Mr. Sabatini is no exception to the rule. He has six books listed on the cover and has written others, one a purely historical work, and he is only in his stride. Judging by *Bellarion*, there is more and better to come and it is to be hoped that his step will not falter on the path he has elected to travel.

* * *

Cophetua and the Beggar Maid

ELIZABETH'S new novel is one of the most amusing books of the year. Poor Sally! Incredibly beautiful, all men are her slaves and she is an embarrassing problem to her father, a small grocer, and the product of the university who becomes her husband. These much worried gentlemen have the task of guarding her from the male onslaughts that gather in fury as the book progresses. Sally is so lovely that men would be content merely to sit and gaze at her beauty, and when she speaks they are straightway confirmed in this attitude, for Sally, sad to say, is illiterate "and hasn't an 'h' in her whole delightful composition."

The disillusionment of her husband is a trial to Sally, who has a keen sense of wifely duty and is painfully intent upon doing her best in the strange world in which she finds herself. She lacerates the nerves of her husband with her accent and ideas while at the same time making havoc of his heart with her beauty. Finally she runs away to her father, but is sent back by him and on her way meets the daughter of a "Jewk" and is thrown into an even more cultured atmosphere.

Nevertheless, Sally endures all with a meekness inherited from her father and stoically submits even to the embrace of her pseudo father-in-law, who, she says quaintly, kissed her on a day "that wasn't his day for shaving." Sally has been nurtured on the Bible. She cannot understand why she is compelled to lose her husband for a time and vehemently takes her stand by St. Mark: "It wasn't his wife a man had to leave but his father and mother . . . and that they two were to be one flesh and asked him how he could either cleave or be one flesh if he were in Cambridge and she in South Winch."

The change in Charles's attitude to Sally

INTRODUCTION TO SALLY. By "Elizabeth." Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

is sufficiently revealing: "He wove dreams about her; he saw visions of magic casements and perilous seas; he thought in terms of music; the whole of England sang. But at Thaxted he felt different . . . Sally had eaten a great deal of greengage tart and cream . . . it was then she began to thaw and talk. Alas that she should. Alas that she didn't remain forever silent, wonderful, mysterious, of God."

Sally is nothing if not ingenuous. Asked by Charles if her husband will not be unhappy because of her absence, she says:

"Dunno about un'appy . . . angry's more like it."

"Angry?" said Charles.

"Gets angry a lot, Mr. Luke do," said Sally, bowing her exquisite little head in what Charles regarded as a lovely but misplaced acquiescence. "Except," she added anxious to be accurate, "when he begins oh-Sallyin'."

Sally is as engaging and amusing a character as one would wish to meet. Her puzzled attempts to understand the "Jewks" and (I suppose she would say) the Jewkesses, create a laugh at almost every page. We hope that "Elizabeth" will see her way to giving us more of Sally, three hundred and twenty-five pages are not nearly enough.

* * *

ME AND PETER. *By Robert Watson.* Toronto: Thomas Allen. $2.00.

Every incident, every red-letter day in the life of the normal schoolboy is enshrined in this tale. The first fight, the first circus day, the first earned coin, all are remembered and recaptured in this journey from childhood to adolescence. The story, as will be guessed from the title, deals with a friendship, but it is one of those keen, wholehearted friendships that belong to a period in which self usually comes second to the "gang."

Peter and his friend were not over-blessed with funds, but for all that they managed to get a lot of fun out of life, and their adventures with keepers, fakirs, nigger showmen, quack doctors and all the varied groups that make up a motley world will evoke a reminiscent chuckle from the reader, if he has been fortunate enough in having a like boyhood. The book is not written exclusively for boys, in fact its appeal in many ways will be more to those who stand at a little distance from those days. There is no writing down to the subject, no false gloss over a period where a little sentimentalising would be understood, if not pardoned; on the contrary, it sets down every little peccadillo, every escapade, from poaching eggs in reserves to inserting washers in slot machines and enjoying the ill-gotten gain, which was usually a sticky substance, humorously named chocolate, and carried its own Nemesis.

The author says that the story came to him in manuscript from the hand of a friend and then goes on to tell of its effect on him. His final paragraph will perhaps speak as much for the book and its appeal as any review can. He says:

"Maybe you, too, will remember Peter—sometimes real, sometimes the spirit of him only—who comes into all our lives and leaves us the better for having been with us." It is only fair to Mr. Watson to say that we do.

T. D. RIMMER.

* * *

Inside Stuff . . . .

Mr. R. Manly Orr, of Vancouver, B.C., writes: "I would have asked you to stop my *Canadian Bookman* back some time ago, only I could not bring myself to give up so welcome a friend. I gave up the —— but could not so part with the *Bookman.* Your July issue contained two authoritative statements which to me were alone well worth the price of a years' subscription—the last paragraph of A. E. S. Smythe's on page 209, and paragraphs 6 and 7 of Donald French on page 224. Every issue is profitably and enjoyably read by me."

* * *

A Winnipeg Tribute

Mr. William Van, of the Van-Cleland Book and Art Store, Winnipeg, writes in part: "We take this opportunity of wishing you continued success with your magazine. We may say that the smaller size pages of *Canadian Bookman* greatly appeal to us and that the information contained in your paper monthly has been of great assistance to us in building up our business."

Starting about five years ago in an obscure location on one of Winnipeg's side streets, practically "a hole in the wall," this firm has built up a business ranking among the larger bookstores of the West. The new store is strategically situated at 284 Main Street, and is admirably appointed in all respects.

* * *

The Proof of the Pudding

New Liskeard, Ont., Oct. 4, 1926.

Canadian Bookman:

I have at hand a sample copy of The *Canadian Bookman,* and after reading it have decided to subscribe for it for one year, and am enclosing $2.00 for that purpose. I would like to begin with the October number.

Yours truly,

E. J. TAYLOR.

The Meeting Place

CANADIAN LITERARY DISCUSSIONS

ON NEIGHBORLINESS

In a letter which has come to "Canadian Bookman" from Clare Shipman, who has for several years been living in the United States, there are some passages which are deemed worthy of publication. They would seem to indicate that the average man in the United States voices no such critical attitude toward Canada and things Canadian as marks the oftimes ill-considered condemnation of Uncle Sam and all his actions and attributes so frequently expressed by the man in the street in this country.

"Really disagreeable comment, both by newspapers and individuals, in my experience, is limited," says Miss Shipman, "to that of Canadian vintage. I have seen in Canadian newspapers in recent years (long since the war with its pardonable bias and heat) things which have made me blush for my own country. I felt ashamed —as though a close relative or intimate friend had been uncompromisingly rude to another friend. I am not speaking, needless to say, of "faux pas" due to ignorance in the simpler sense. There is a general impression, it seems, in the United States, thanks to Mr. Kipling and some enterprising photographers, that Canada is largely a land of ice and snow, and that her people go chiefly clad in furs. Similarly, a general impression seems to prevail in Canada that the United States is chiefly composed of money and divorces.

"But I think that any Canadian immigrant to the United States can vouch for the fact that his nationality has been counted an asset to him. Canadians, simply because they are Canadians, are respected. There is a tribute in the attitude of Americans to their northern neighbors that is productive of both pride and humility in a responsive heart. Americans may not know, as a general rule, much about the actual geography of Canada, but they believe in it as a nation.

"They believe Canadian people make wise laws and conscientiously obey them. They may think a Canadian "slow" but they also deem him honest and dependable. They think Canadians are thorough in education and business. Canada's war record is known and venerated. Her peace and hard work are respected—and this is true, not here and there, but everywhere, judging by steady observation in three representative states.

"There are things just now which no Canadian likes and which are galling to endure—American films, American novels and magazines, the very use of the name "American."

"Well, they aren't pleasant, but we might as well accept the fact, it would seem, that the United States has beaten us to those things. Some of them, perhaps, will always belong, in a large measure, south of the line. But, candidly, does it help us to make more money, or to own our own moving picture industry, or to produce a great literature, to sit down and make catty remarks about our neighbor? Does not one's own soul suffer, in the end, more than the neighbor? Is not derogatory criticism, in the final analysis, destructive to the maker, and are not faith and appreciation and belief constructive? Frankly, would not those of us who call ourselves patriots and who desire to see Canada great, do well to cleanse our tongues from the "holier than thou" spirit and dip our pens in the depths of courtesy?"

U.S. READER IN CANADIAN SCHOOLS

R.M.D. 1, Victoria, Vancouver I.
September 19, 1926.

Editor, "Canadian Bookman:"

I have just read a short article in the August number of your paper, entitled "Canadianism." In this article Mr. E. A. Hardy states that "one of the great functions of the Canadian Teachers Federation is to develop a native consciousness."

Mr. Hardy's statement makes it hard to understand the introduction during the past year or so of an authorized "American" (United States) Fifth Reader into the British Columbia Public Schools. Introduced, too, in such a way, that it was practically foisted on the parents.

No doubt the book is good, but it should not be in our schools. It is full of "Our Country," "Our Flag," etc., etc. Surely our Canadian books are good enough for us, and if we must supplement them, can we not do so with something British? Much more might be said on the subject, but I wish to be brief.

Suffice it to say that we cannot expect to build up a great national spirit in Canada if we allow such conditions to exist in our schools.

MAUD BARCLAY.

* * *

ANOTHER PROTEST

Editor "Canadian Bookman:"

Over the initials "J.L.P." in the August "Canadian Bookman" there is a communication on Whitman which is characteristic of readers who do not know Whitman and have not taken the trouble even to read his preface to "Leaves of Grass." One of the sentences is as follows: "His obtruding and presumptious (sic) egotism as well as his crude, uncouth, unmusical expressions, render (sic) his writings rather vulgar." Whitman need not worry about such carping. To quote from the International Encyclopedia and declare that Whitman "knew little of the life that came through books" is to write oneself down at once as not a student of Whitman, whose reading as evidenced in his thought was as encyclopedic as this wiseacre opinion is not. Let me quote a line or two from the 1885 Preface. "The poems distilled from other poems will probably pass away. The coward will surely pass away. The expectation of the vital and great can only be satisfied by the demeanor of the vital and great." A.E.S.S.

* * *

A REPLY

Victoria, Oct. 10, 1926.

Editor, "Canadian Bookman:"

As your pro-Whitman correspondent mentioned my initials no fewer than ten times in his letter in the September number, I offer the following reply:

The idea that one who declines to greatly admire Whitman's book shows temerity contains some truth. For it is evident that the newfangled followers of tolerant old gray-bearded Walt, have become intolerant and scornful of those who do not join them.

The assertion is made that when writing my article I could hardly have expected to go unscathed. Well, I did expect that. What is more, I still expect it. For I do not think unseemly

controversy would add grace or dignity to the pages of "Canadian Bookman," and I hope there will not be any.

Your correspondent made two incorrect quotations. My sentence read: "a banquet served in a large room, ungarnished, ill-kept and disordered, etc." It was quoted as: "a banquet served in a large, ungarnished, ill-kept and disordered room." This last arrangement is less euphonious. The passage of scripture which properly reads: "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal" was made to read: "tinkling cymbal and sounding brass." This also is less euphonious, and both instances I think are quite significant.

Being admonished to read this poet more, I would say that the writings of his teachers, and masters, are open to me in their original tongue, namely, English; and those of his acknowledged master will always command my humble attention. In the school of books I desire to learn, not from pupils, but from teachers.

J.L.P.

What the Public is Said to Want

By Adam Harold Brown

SOME months ago an article headed "What the Public Wants" appeared in *Canadian Bookman*. It criticized the ruling of a certain Canadian magazine editor on what his readers wanted. He had said they liked "human interest" especially, but not much of the vernacular, while sex stories, the grim, the horrible, depressing and supernatural were taboo. Stevenson's *The Merry Men* was cited in argument against the editorial dictum. But it must be remembered that tastes, like times, change, and a "popular" tale of forty years ago, might not please the public today.

Not long ago a New York newspaper desired to know what the public wanted in the entertainment line. So it selected a jury of distinguished producers, from David Belasco, dean of American theatrical directors, to tht versatile entertainer, Sir Harry Lauder, asking each the question. Each opinion was slightly different. Still, authors, readers, photo-playwrights or even critics, may gain pointers from this brief summary.

Mr. Belasco was juryman No. 1. At first he smilingly thought the public had a liking for what they called a "popular success": Love-interest being the chief ingredient, the rest followed the conventional melodrama. "When the audience laughs, squeeze in a tear; when they weep, make 'em laugh. They enjoy nothing so much as emotional alternating currents." He then became serious. "My test of a play is: Does it strike my fancy? Has it acting possibilities? Does it suit one of my stars, or can I bring together a group of actors that it will suit?"

David W. Griffith, who produced that screen-classic, *The Birth of a Nation*," felt that what the public wanted was a question of moods. A wholesome amusement was wanted, but something that struck a universal appeal—a human appeal!

When the question was put to John Golden, producer of *Lightnin'*, his answer was immediate: "To forget their troubles!" that sums up his view. ". . . . clean laughter, clean love, and something that's right to root for."

Morris Gest, who makes fortunes by producing great spectacles like *The Miracle*, began by saying, "The biggest sensation and the biggest novelty —that's what the public wants!"

On the other hand, Fannie Hurst, short story writer and novelist, thought the public wanted something different from what it cried for. She didn't think that what was dubbed the dear public, really knew what it wanted. It cried for food, and the producers fed it on bananas. . .

While the song writer, Irving Berlin, who wrote "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and is known as the King of Tinpan Alley, frankly admitted that he didn't know what it really wanted —no more than it did itself. But his

rule was safe: Give it what's good—and success follows.

George M. Cohan, actor, playwright, producer, often called Broadway's Favorite Son, hardly thought it possible for one to say. "This is what the public wants!" He believed it had a mixed appetite. If a man wanted Lea & Perrin's sauce he wouldn't buy catsup; if he preferred a Belasco play he wouldn't go to a Cohan show. He himself always tried to make the audience act the scenes. To make 'em feel so interested they naturally followed the action . . . In conclusion Mr. Cohan considered present-day people wouldn't stand re-hashed stories. "They have seen so much of the obvious in the movies that they're fed up. But give them any little subtlety, anything that doesn't pour out the molasses, and they'll ask for more."

And Sir Harry Lauder, whose popularity is still great, contributed his views in a little prose poem. "The public want music and song and healthy, innocent entertainment," he said, and reading it one does not wonder why his "shows" hang out "Standing Room Only." People wanted to hear about love; and they didn't mind shedding a tear now and then. It did them good. . .

"As I say in one of my songs, love makes the world a merry-go-round. . . . For when it comes to love, and all the old things that bring the smile or the tear, we're all simple folk, the best and the greatest, just like the rest of us.

"What is worth thinking about? If it is something for the future, you may be building castles in the air. But the past is real. There are the memories of your mother, your father, the old home, the old companions; and the song that brings back the days of auld lang syne, that makes you see again the braes you knew as a boy, and the sun shining on the loch, and the flowers—those are the songs the public wants."

I'll tell you the secret of Harry Lauder: In everything he does there's a line of truth. That's why the picture is hung in the Royal Academy, the chiseled marble put in the great museum—because it has the line of truth in it.

Here Arnold Bennett's words in *Books and Persons* seem to the point. Speaking of the novelist, he said: "If he does not write to please himself—if his own taste does not naturally coincide with the taste of the million—he will never reach the million by taking thought."

Therefore, the wise writer who writes to please the public will first meet the taste of the average reader, or vice versa. To the best of his ability he will make his story technically perfect—in plot-structure, theme, style, and all the other "points." Then he has a chance of pleasing the editor. If his material is built on these requirements he can send it forth like an old-time Argosy, fairly sure that in time it will reach a haven.

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The Cross Roads Hall

By M. W. A.

THAT the advance of the Little Theatre movement in Western Canada is not wholly dependent upon English and French speaking Canadians, is evident from stories carried in the news columns of prairie newspapers of the present year. Ukrainian communities and districts where people of Scandinavian origin are in the majority have, through the medium of the drama, unfolded with pride a glimpse of the art, saga, music and dances of their forbears.

Perhaps much of the work of the amateur dramatic societies and community organizations is not consciously a part of the Community Theatre movement, but without doubt the productions are more elaborate than anything attempted in years gone by. Better halls and stages and electrical facilities even in the smallest villages, more money to spend on costumes, better music under the incentive of opera star phonograph recordings, all have had their effect.

Gone are the days of the simple playlet or dialogue. The old time tableau is likewise banished into the limbo of the past whither the top-buggy is almost relegated since the ubiquitous motor came upon the scene.

On the prairies the great spread of farm organizations designed to improve the social life of the rural communities, has directed much organized effort along these wholesome lines as a medium of entertainment. The motor car has facilitated trips to city theatres and the radio has brought the influence of good music and plays right into the most remote community.

Finally, there is scarcely a village where the silver screen is not unfolded at least once a week. Who can measure the influence that the acting of the film star may have upon the rising generation? Whatever the influence at work, amateur dramatics are enjoying a wave of popularity.

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Canadian Short Story Contest

$1,000 In Prizes

The publishers of *Maclean's Magazine* are offering prizes of $1,000 for the best short stories submitted in a contest which will close March 1st, 1927. To the winning story $500 will be awarded, while the second best story will win $250; the third $150 and the fourth $100. *Maclean's* reserves the right to use any of the other stories submitted on payment of the magazine's usual fiction rates.

Manuscripts will be judged by the editorial staff of MacLean's, Doctor George H. Locke, Chief Librarian of the City of Toronto and President of the American Library Association, and M. W. Wallace, Professor of English, University of Toronto.

The conditions are as follows: 1. Competitors must be bona fide residents of the Dominion of Canada. 2. The theme and setting of the story must be distinctively Canadian. 3. Stories should not exceed 6,000 words in length. They need not necessarily be 6,000 words long. A story of 3,000 words has an equal chance with the longer one. 4. Manuscripts must be mailed flat, addressed "Canada's Prize Story Contest," MacLean's Magazine, 143-153 University Avenue, Toronto, on or before March 1st, 1927. 5. The manuscript itself must be signed by a *non de plume.* For identification purposes contestants must write their pen name and their own name and address on a separate sheet of paper and attach it in a sealed envelope to the manuscript.

* * *

The Manuscript Market

A $10,000 novel contest being conducted by *The Atlantic Monthly,* 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass., will close Feb. 15, 1927. The tale must be long enough to warrant book publication and may be psychological, a tale of adventure or romance.

* * *

The *Blue Book Magazine* gives five monthly prizes of $100 each for the best "true experiences" accepted. These stories are to be of 200 words or less. Address True Experience Edltor, Blue *Book Magazine,* 36 State St., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

College Humor, the magazine, Chicago, is co-operating with the First National Pictures, in offering a prize of $10,000 for the story or novel best adapted for magazine or motion picture production. The contest will close Feb. 28th, 1927. Novels or stories are to be approximately 100,000 words in order to meet the needs of serialization. This contest, however, is not restricted to novels. Stories of from 5,000 words up will be considered.

Dr. Mair Honored

88th Birthday Celebration

DR. CHARLES MAIR celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday on September 21st, in Victoria, B.C. All day long, letters and messages of congratulation were pouring in and many old friends, as well as the many new friends made during his two years' sojourn in Victoria, came to offer their best wishes. Dr. Mair's daughter, Mrs. Cann, of Calgary, who is spending the winter in Victoria, assisted her father in receiving his guests.

His sunny room in Mrs. Place's Nursing Home was bright with lovely autumn flowers, and among those who paid their respects to Dr. Mair were the members of the executive of the Victoria and Islands Branch, C.A.A., who presented him with a beautiful bouquet arranged by Mrs. Rathom and accompanied by a congratulatory poem to one who has long been acknowledged the dean of Canadian poetry.

* * *

A prize of $7,000 and royalties for the best biographical novel is being offered through Curtis Brown Inc., by the *Forum*, in conjunction with F. A. Stokes & Co., publishers.

* * *

Seven $500 Prizes

Following are the results of the literary contest conducted by the Bureau of Archives of the Province of Quebec:

First prize—"The Sovereign Council of New France," M. Jean De Lalande, Montreal, $500.

Second prize—"De la Verendrye," Miss I. Moore, Regina, $500.

Third prize—"Le Tenure Seignuriale au Canada," Miss Dorothy Heneker, Montreal, $500.

Fourth prize—"Sarazin," Dr. A. Vallee, Quebec, $500.

Fifth prize—"Alexander Mackenzie," C. S. Blue, Ottawa, $500.

Sixth prize—"Pierre Boucher," S. Marin, Ottawa, $500.

Seventh prize—"L'Industrie Sous le Regime Francais," J. N. Fauteux, Montreal, $500.

Canadian Literature Club, Toronto

12th Season, 1926-27

The programme of the Sherbourne House Club, 439 Sherbourne St., Toronto, for the coming season, will be as follows:

October 21—Canadian Authors' Night. Addresses and Readings by Canadian authors.

November 4—Memorial Night—Tributes to Dr. A. D. Watson, Frances Sherman, Justice Weir, Theodocia Pearce, Janet Carnochan and others.

November 18—Contributors' Night.

December 2—An evening by Mr. F. W. Hayden.

January 6—Recent Canadian Poetry.

January 20—French-Canadian Fiction.

February 3—Contest Night. Short story and poetry competition.

February 17—The Broadening of Canadian poetry: Mrs. Ballantyne.

March 3—Dramatic Night.

March 17—Irish-Canadian Writers.

April 7—French-Canadian Poetry: C. E. Henderson, S. C. Swift.

April 21—Confederation Jubilee Dinner.

Special—Date to be arranged. Canadian Theatre Night at Hart House.

* * *

PRINT COLLECTING

A print catalogue issued by Mr. Percy F. Godenrath, Ottawa, lists old English lithographs and aquatints in color, including the work of Thomas Shotter Boys, Ralph Cockburn, Louis Haghe, Samuel Prout and others. Here is an interesting quotation on print-collecting as a hobby:

"There is charm and fascination in the ownership of old prints whether used to ornament the home, library or office, or to be preserved in the portfolio. The building up of a collection of Canadiana for instance will stimulate one's interest in the pioneer days, through the numerous topographical prints of the early colonial period when the cities of Canada were in the making. These prints are not only historical documents, but in many cases beautiful examples of the engraver's art. As time goes by fine items will advance in price—they have been doing so during the past decade—and today's investment is bound to increase substantially in the years to come."

Canadian Book Week Special

The market for poetry being strictly limited, Mrs. Annie Charlotte Dalton has decided, as an alternative to destroying them, to give copies of the left overs of her book, "Flame & Adventure," to anyone who will send the cost of postage, etc., namely, six cents.

Address, 5012 Granville Street South Vancouver, B.C.

A Day in the Life of a Bookseller

By W. A. Foyle.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—From London there has come to "Canadian Bookman" a copy of a talk given over the radio by one of the best-known booksellers of England, Mr. W. A. Foyle, and, despite some of its necessarily localized features, it is so out of the ordinary as to seem worthy of being passed on to our subscribers.

"PEOPLE are always saying to me, 'How I wish I were a bookseller, and could be always among books.' You feel like that yourself, perhaps? Well! If I tell you something of what a day in a bookseller's life is like, you will know better whether or no you *really* want to change from your own vocation. I want to remind you, though it is not an exact profession, it is an exacting trade, and calls for more sorts of knowledge than you know about. You shall see for yourself—we will spend a bookseller's day together.

The first thing, of course, is to arrive. We will assume that the preliminary steps of washing, dressing, breakfasting and travelling have all been gone through successfully despite the cold. We make a preliminary tour of the departments to see that nothing is out of order, on our way receiving notes of queries and problems which the assistants cannot solve or answer unaided. We reach our office. We sit down in our chair. We open our letters. How many do you think there are? Are you surprised that they average 1,000 a morning, with more through the day? You will be even more surprised soon. A business man's post usually consists of orders, cheques, bills and circulars, but a bookseller's post is more like a member of parliament's or a cabinet minister's. It comes from all over the world and contains all manner of things. Let us run through it, sorting it into neat little piles as we go. They can be roughly divided into two lots—from those who want to buy and those who want to sell. The enquiries are sometimes very funny. Here is one from a chaplain in one of the H. M. Prisons; he says that a Hindustani serving a life sentence wants to learn English—can we help? And look at this one—twenty years ago my Aunt Jane had an excellent book on jam making—I can't remember its name, but it had two chapters on making elderberry wine at the end. Have you a copy, and how much is it? Let us sort the letters into general classes. You see we have to stock, or try to stock, everything, from books on etiquette, books on naval warfare, works on courtship and marriage and theology and travel and how to write a good letter. It takes us some time to sort them, but eventually they're finished—that section of them at least. Now that they're sorted, we must pay a visit to each department concerned and see how far the orders can be satisfied. If we haven't the books the public want, perhaps we can get them from the publishers. The most essential thing about bookselling is classification of stock. We must be able to put our hands at once on the appropriate volumes, be they fiction, medical science, religion, finely printed, historical, text books, law books, children's books, first editions, or whatever may be chosen. Fortunately our task is simplified by the existence of separate watertight departments, each specializing in one class of book. But in a bookshop's early days, when there are no departments, but just a shop, it is a difficult business keeping books just in order and always sorted out, I assure you.

How time flies; those letters and orders have brought us to lunch time. A hasty lunch but a good one, and then—now let us look at the rest of the letters. These are from the unfortunates who want to sell their books, and they are not less varied or interesting than those who want to buy. Here are letters from executors, widows, librarians, ex-students, any and every sort of person. One is very common—here is a specimen. Mr. Gregory, having read that the first edition of *Pilgrim's Progress* is worth over £1000, offers us his for £900. He mentions that it was published by Cassell. Of course it's not a first edition—nor a hundred and first. Never mind; those correspondents may be pathetic, but they are certainly not hopeless.

We look through them quickly—first to make sure that there is nothing that *must* be done today—and then take up our hats and coats to make the calls on would-be sellers arranged for us already, from yesterday's correspondence. Booksellers are great travellers. Buying is in some ways the most interesting part of bookselling. It brings you into touch with every class of social life. We go from cottage to manor house, from church to chapel, from "Pub" to school, and I can tell you from bad to worse, very often. Sometimes we are asked to go to the servants' door, sometimes to take tea in the drawing room.

These are the two great problems of the bookseller—the selling and the buying of books, and I hope you see now that neither is quite the simple matter you thought it.

And remember that, we cannot take a little army of reference books with us. We depend on ourselves. The books we may be asked to purchase may be valuable first editions, standard medical works, or modern novels: whatever they are if we want to get them we must be prepared to make a bid, and a sensible bid, on the spot.

Here is our first call, a modest little house in Victoria. Ah! you see? a doctor's house. We shall see a nice little library very probably. I remember buying such a collection from a doctor's widow for £70. When it was taken to the store and sorted out, we found one old book that seemed light for its size. It was burst open, and inside we found over £300 in notes and war bonds. Do you know that book was worth more than the rest of the estate? Our business here will soon be finished and then we shall go on to the next call—Vauxhall—Clapham—Croydon—Sutton—and so work back to our point of departure. Hard work? but don't you think it very good fun? More exciting surely, than sitting at a desk in an office? We remember that sometimes we have our finds. Not long ago a copy of Tennyson's first book of poems by two brothers! was found in a sack ready to go off to the wastepaper dealers. And it was a really fine copy. You have no idea what may be found in lumber rooms. Perhaps the old lady who writes offering books to us is descended from an old family—it never pays to disregard any enquiry or offer, however unpromising it looks. There is one class of seller, though, that we try to avoid, those who ask for a bid for a library of 10,000 volumes. We make an offer after spending two days sorting the books, and then the owner asks us to wait, and that is the last we hear. Armed with our free valuation, he or she (it is usually a she, I am sorry to say), goes off to a rival and asks (and gets) £5 or so more than our offer. And all our work goes for nothing. But of course we have our compensations.

Did you think that ended our day? Ah, no! It is but 5.30. A bookseller's day often goes far into the night. Back in our office there are many things for us to attend to before we can safely go home.

First, there is a small queue waiting outside our door. Who are they? Commercial travellers in books. They come from the publishers to remind us of what books have recently been published, and what books soon will be published. They invite our orders, and we have to decide which books we will take up and how many copies we want. Some come to offer us cheap lines, which we can have cheaply if we agree to buy all the remaining copies. You must be careful here, for so persuasive are these gentlemen that, unless you keep your head, you will find you have bought hundreds of pounds worth of books you do not really need. Or our interviewers may not come from publishers at all. You see by this card just sent in that we have a representative of the press to deal with. What does he want? Advertisements, perhaps, or detailed news of an incident in the book trade he has faintly heard of, or information about one special class of book. As a matter of fact he wants us to give him some information for an article on pirated books which he is writing. We do so very gladly. Next? Here we have a bookbinder's representative. He comes to show us some special leather which he is using just now. We give him an order and off he goes. Who is next? Ah, here is one of our own travellers, come to report progress in selling certain works for which we are exclusive agents. You are bewildered by the multiplicity of details in our business? Be patient. You have seen only the outside, so far. When this queue is disposed of we have to go through each department again, to see that the day's working has run smoothly. We must see that no customer has complained and been disregarded. We must go down into the basement and see what has arrived by carrier during the day. Our daily delivery of parcels inwards is very great, you know. They come from publishers, booksellers, and private people all over the world, and they have all to be undone and dealt with! You feel tired? I am not surprised. A bookseller's day is a long one, though a happy one.

First let me tell you a few more of the lights and shadows of a bookseller's day. Let me tell you about book thieves. Had you imagined that quite honest people think no shame of putting a book in their pocket and walking off with it? It is so, I assure you. One thief was quite laughably daring. He took a fancy to Burton's *Arabian Nights*, of which there is a new edition in four volumes. One Saturday he walked off with volume one. It was reported to us, but we could do nothing. On the next Saturday he took volume two. That tried our patience, though we had enough sense of humor to laugh. We kept a watch next Saturday, but the "Saturday thief" was too smart for us, and walked off with volume three. It seems almost a pity to narrate that we caught him on volume four. He was charged with theft, and it turned out that he had sold this £10 book for 12/6! Some book "fanciers" have been bold enough to take a book from one of our own cases and march into the buying department and offer it for sale. One gentleman, when stopped walking off with a book, protested that it was marked "presentation copy" and he thought anyone who cared for it could have it.

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The Collector

A COPY of the extremely rare Boston edition of the scarcest of all Revolutionary War histories, "The History of the Origin, Rise and Progress of the War in America between Great Britain and Her Colonies," London, printed, reprinted in Boston, 1780, 3 vols., complete, bound in morocco, brought $200 at a summer sale of Americana, consisting of books, pamphlets, broadsides and autograph letters and documents, held by Charles F. Heartman at Metuchen, N.J., on August 25. Joseph Bartlett's "A Narrative of Captivity Among the French and Indians," n.p., 1807, in the original wrappers, brought $117 at the same sale.

* * *

Thomas Thorp, Guildford, England, in a "Catalogue of Old Books" (No. 376), Part III., offers, among many other items, a number of important items of Canadian interest, including the following, viz: "The British Empire in America," second edition, with the continuation from 1710, 2 vols., London, 1741; Burgoyne's "State of the Expedition from Canada," London, 1780; Jefferys' "The Natural and Civil History of the French Dominions in North and South America," 2 vols in 1, with the 17 large folding maps and plans, London, 1760, from the library of the Duke of Leinster (priced £16 16s); Lahontan's "New Voyage to North America," 2 vols., London, 1735, (priced £14 14s.); Popple's "A Map of the British Empire in America," 4 sheets, with views of Quebec, etc., London, 1733 (priced £25.)

* * *

The October catalogue of the Rare Book Co., New York, offers under the head of Americana many important items of interest to Canadian collectors, these among them: Oldmixon's "British Empire in America," 2 vols., London, 1708; (priced $60); Russell's "History of America, from its discovery by Columbus to the conclusion of the late war," London, 1778, with the 16 maps and 34 plates (priced $65;) Capt. Basil Hall's "Forty Etchings from Sketches made in North America," London, 1829; Rochefoucault's "Travels through the Country of the Iroquois and Upper Canada," London, 1800; Charlevoix' "Journal of a Voyage to North America," 2 vols., London, 1761; Mackenzie's "Voyages from Montreal through the Frozen and Pacific Oceans," London 1801, (priced $50;) Major Richardson's "Eight Years in Canada," Montreal, 1847 (priced $20;) Horiot's "Travels through the Canadas;" with the map and the numerous tinted engravings, London, 1807 (priced $75.)

* * *

The sale chronicled in these columns last month of what was announced as a first edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrims Progress," published in London in 1678, for the huge sum of £6,800, lost some of its interest by the discovery by the purchaser that the book was not a first issue of the first edition, and its return to the auctioneer. This sale, by the way, has a curious, though perhaps not surprising, sequel. During the next few days following the sale dozens of persons carried copies of "Pilgrim's Progress" to the auction rooms in the fond hope that they might possess a treasure. The copies submitted ranged from 10 to 100 years old and, of course, were almost worthless from a bibliographical standpoint.

* * *

A copy of the first edition of Robert Burns' "Poems," published in Kilmarnock in 1786, and well-known to be one of the rarest and most desirable of more or less modern books, was discovered not long ago under somewhat romantic conditions. The tenant of Auchencairn Farm, Lamlash (Isle of Arran), returning from sheep shearing, thrust his shears into hole high in the wall. Noticing that it met with an obstruction, he investigated and found this to be the volume of Burns' poems mentioned. The fly-leaf bore the name of John McIntyre, who more than 50 years before was a shepherd at Auchencairn. A copy of the Kilmarnock Burns was sold at auction in London last April for the sum of £1,750. Burns received only £20 out of the profits of 612 copies printed. Not more than half a dozen examples are known today in the original blue paper wrappers.

* * *

The appearance of a new and revised edition of John W. Garvin's anthology, "Canadian Poets" (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart) makes this an opportune time to present a hitherto unpublished bibliographical fact about the first edition (1916). Mr. Garvin, having secured Charles G. D. Roberts' consent to the inclusion of a selection from his published work, went ahead and had the poems set up. Mr. Roberts' Boston publishers, however, refused to allow

the poems to be used, and Mr. Garvin consequently had to fall back on a number of unpublished poems, filling in the rest of the space with extracts from Cappon's little volume, "Roberts and the Influences of His Time." He, however, had 25 copies of the book printed with the original Roberts selections, which he presented to friends, and which, consequently, will be sought for with assiduity by future collectors of Canadian poetry.

* * *

Collectors of Bliss Carman's work who have not yet got wind of the fact will be interested to learn that the Ryerson Press, of Toronto, have recently issued a little volume entitled: "Talks on Poetry and Life: A Series of Five Lectures delivered before the University of Toronto, Dec. 1925. Translated and Edited by Blanche Humes, with Prefatory Note by the Author." The book is a small quarto, bound in paper boards, attractively produced, and is limited to 200 numbered copies at $2.50 per copy. The Collector could wish that it had been issued in the regular way at a smaller price, as he believes that many persons would have been glad to possess themselves of a copy; but the deed has been done now.

* * *

A thousand-year-old manuscript of the Bible, according to word received from Moscow, has been recently discovered in an ancient wall in a synagogue in Bokhara. The discovery was made by Prof. Lurie. The wall was built around the manuscript and other valuable documents which were also found. Prof. Kokowcew, the eminent Russian scholar of Hebrew and Oriental languages, has been sent by the Leningrad Academy of Science to examine the finds.

* * *

Speaking of Bibles, it hardly needs to be stated, perhaps, that the Bible is the most published book in the world. The British Museum alone possesses more than 6,000 copies of the Scriptures, or parts of them, and these represent more than 2,700 editions in 683 languages. The Bible, as is well known, was the very first book to be printed from movable type, and what is called the Melk copy of this first of all printed books, as was reported in these columns at the time, was sold not long ago in New York for $106,000. The largest Bible is in the National Library in Stockholm. It is handlettered and when opened has a spread across both pages of nine feet. The smallest is three-fourths of an inch long and was printed in Glasgow in 1859.

* * *

One of the rarest volumes of modern poetry is the first edition of Edward FitzGerald's translation of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat," which was published in London in 1859. A copy in the original paper covers brought £430 at auction in London recently, constituting a record price, so far as this volume is concerned. The volume, which was published by Bernard Quaritch in London, in an edition of 200 copies, attracted little attention, and the publisher finally relegated it to the obscurity of the "penny box," where it was rescued by Swinburne and Rossetti, and started on a career of success such, perhaps, as no other volume of verse has ever known.

Collectors and booksellers in England and on the continent, as well as on this side of the Atlantic, are and have been for some time, much concerned about the large number of what purport to be manuscripts of prominent writers of present and past days, especially Shelley, Anatole France, Rudyard Kipling, and W. H. Hudson, which are being offered for sale. These documents appear to come from a common source, which evidence locates somewhere in France, and there is no doubt that most of them are forgeries. So well done are they, however, that in many cases they have been accepted by experts as genuine. The forgers do not confine their skill to penmanship, but with the same ease imitate type which no longer exists and counterfeit a "Restoration" play or produce a pamphlet and pass it off as a hitherto unknown work by a great writer of the eighteenth century. The high prices now being paid for rare old and modern books and manuscripts are the stimulus of the forgers in their nefarious operations.

* * *

Catalogue No. 475 from Maggs Bros., London, is devoted to "Engravings, Etchings and Drawings selected for their Beauty, Rarity and Interest," and a wonderfully interesting catalogue it is, being illustrated with more than 50 full-page reproductions of the rarest and most important items listed. The catalogue offers under the head of Americana a number of items of special Canadian interest, among them the following, viz: Mezzotint portrait of Charles Marquis Cornwallis, commander of the British troops against the Americans in the Revolutionary war, by J. Ward after Sir W. Beechy (priced £16 16); a mezzotint portrait of the Earl of Loudoun, British military commander in the same war, by J. Faber after A. Ramsay (priced £92 10); mezzotint portrait of Hon. Robert Monckton, second in command to Wolfe at Quebec, by J. Watson after Benjamin West (priced £72); mezzotint portrait of Gen. James Wolfe by R. Purcell after F. Turin (priced £12 12); water-color drawings of Kingston Harbor, Lake Ontario, and Sackett's Harbor, Lake Ontario, both made in 1815, by E. E. Theodate (priced £175); complete set of the famous 12 line-engravings of views of Quebec after Richard Short, 1761, described as brilliant impressions with large untrimmed margins (priced £325.)

Louis Laurin, Ottawa, in his latest catalogue (No. 3) consisting mostly of Canadiana and Americana, offers among other important items the following, viz: "Ancient French Archives or Extracts from the Minutes of Council Relating to the Records of Canada, while under the Government of France," printed by Samuel Neilson, Quebec 1791 (priced $50); Bedard's "Histoire de Cinquante Ans, 1791-1841, Quebec, 1869, very scarce, a large part of the edition having been destroyed by fire; Cartwright's "Journal of Transactions and Events during a Residence of nearly sixteen years on the Coast of Labrador," Newark, 1792; Capt. Cook's "Voyages," complete set, with the large folio Atlas, incomplete, 1773-1784, (priced $70); Garneau's "Histoire du Canada," 4 vols., Montreal, 1882; "Histoire du John Hart, Insigne Voleur, Exécutè à Québec, le 10 Novembre 1826, pour Vol Sacrilege dans l'Eglise Cathédrale Catholique de Québec," 8 pp., n.p.n.d. Cataloguer's note: "Probably unique, not mentioned in Gagnon or Dionne and a search has failed to reveal another copy in French," (priced $40); Hawkins' "Picture of Quebec," Quebec, 1834; "Relations des Jesuites," 3 vols.. Quebec, 1858; Kingsford's "History of Canada," 10 vols., Toronto, 1887-98; Laverdiere's "Les Ouvres de Champlain," 6 vols., bound in four, Quebec, 1870; "Nouvelles Soirees Canadiennes, Recueil de Litterature Natinale," 7 vols., complete set, 1882-88 (priced $25); Robinson's "Considerations on the Measures carrying on with respect to the British Colonies in North America." London (1774), fine copy of the very rare first edition.

* * *

Catalogue No. 3 from Van-Cleland Ltd., Winnipeg, is devoted to books and prints on Canada, the Northwest, Arctic Regions, Indians, etc., the following being among other interesting items offered: "The Handbook of British Columbia and Emigrants' Guide to the Gold Fields," London, 1862, extremely rare; Lambert's "Travels through Canada and the United States in 1806-1808, London, 1816, third and best edition; Bartlett's "Canadian Scenery," 2 vols., "The Colonial Magazine," edited by R. M. Martin, 7 vols., 1840-42; De Roos' "Personal Narrative of Travels in the United States and Canada in 1826," London 1827; Kane's "Wanderings of an Artist," London, 1859; first edition in Sangorski binding (priced $50); Keating's "Narrative of an Expedition to Source of the St. Peter's River, Lake Winnipeek," London, 1825, 2 vols.; Maseres' "The Canadian Freeholder," 3 vols., London, 1777-79, in original blue boards (priced $50); "An Act for making more Effectual Provision for the Government of the Province of Quebec in North America," London, 1774, original edition; "An Act to establish a Fund towards the Charges of the Administration of Justice and Support of the Civil Government within the Province of Quebec in America," London, 1774, original edition; the Earl of Stirling's "Narrative of the oppressive Law Proceedings and other Measures resorted to by the British Government and private individuals to overpower the Earl of Stirling," bound up with "Exposition of the causes and the consequences of the Boundary Differences between Great Britain and the United States," Edinburgh, 1839.

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Vol. VIII. TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1926 No. 11

Published by Findlay I. Weaver

125 Simcoe Street *Toronto, 2, Canada*

Canadian Books for

FOUR OUTSTANDING BOOKS OF 1926

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS
Wilson MacDonald

Further comment on this book of verse is unnecessary. The fact that the author's autographed edition was oversubscribed and that the book is now again on press for the second public edition, making three editions in less than two months, is sufficient proof of its merits. Acclaimed in the New York reviews..... **$2.00**

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W. S. Dill

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Who's Who in Canadian Literature

CHARLES MAIR

By John W. Garvin

THERE are few living Canadians so worthy of honor as Charles Mair; and my joy was great indeed, on Monday, August 9th last, when I met him for the first time. Many letters had passed between us during the years, but the opportunity to clasp hands and look into each other's eyes had not previously come.

I found Mair a semi-invalid in a nursing home in Victoria, B.C., nearing the 88th anniversary of his birth. His trouble is bronchial-asthma. His brain was clear, and his interest in life without abatement.

Charles Mair was born in the village of Lanark, in the Ottawa valley, September 21, 1838. About eight years before, his parents, three sons and a daughter, had emigrated from Scotland (his mother was of English descent) and had located in Lanark county, where they established two stores and also engaged in the square timber trade. When Charles was born the family was quite well-to-do, and so, his mother, a lover of the best literature, had leisure to direct and cultivate his mind. Later he attended the village school, and still later the High School in Perth, the county town, where his brother-in-law, John Macintyre, was the Principal. Macintyre was an accomplished scholar who gave the lad a good grounding in the English classics. Charles entered Queen's University in his young manhood, and spent about two years in the Arts Course, when he retired to help in the business affairs of the family.

It was during this period that Mair began corresponding with Dr. Schultz of Red River. The western plains attracted him strongly, and finally he decided to attend the Medical Department of Queen's University, preparatory to graduating in medicine and to joining Dr. Schultz later.

In the spring of 1868, Mair went to Ottawa to read the proofs of his forthcoming book of verse, *Dreamland and Other Poems.* While there he was asked by the Hon. William McDougall to prepare a précis of all the chartered and treaty rights of the Hudson's Bay Company, for the use of McDougall while he and Cartier were in England negotiating for the purchase by Canada of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory. This task was done so acceptably that Mair was asked by McDougall to accompany him to England as his private secretary. He accepted, but destiny decreed otherwise. Through the illness of his sister and the fact that certain telegrams were not forwarded to him, he missed this appointment,

and was appointed instead, paymaster of a construction gang sent out by the Dominion Government to build an immigration road between the village of Winnipeg and the Lake of the Woods.

Before he started for the West, Mair's first book of verse had appeared, and like Byron, he awoke one morning to find himself famous. This book was the beginning of Canada's distinctive and distinguished "School of Nature Verse," and the critics generally were warmly enthusiastic in their acclaim. The brilliant journalist, George T. Lanigan, of the *Montreal Gazette,* was so stirred by Mair's achievement that he not only wrote a most eulogistic review, but was inspired to write a good sonnet in honor of the poet. It was probably because of this wide-spread acclaim, that Mair was engaged by the *Montreal Gazette* and the *Toronto Globe,* to contribute a series of letters on the Red River Settlement and the West generally. These letters attracted much attention and were a potent influence later in inducing immigrants to the western plains.

In the home of Dr. Schultz, Charles Mair met the latter's niece, Miss Elizabeth Louise Mackenney, and the mutual attraction was so strong that they were married in September, 1869. Shortly afterwards the first Riel Rebellion broke out, and Mair and his wife were two of the loyalists who were arrested and imprisoned. Some weeks afterwards, Louis Riel called Mair out of his cell to tell him to prepare for death, as he was to be shot. Mair, Dr. Schultz and others succeeded in escaping from their cells (Mrs. Mair had previously been allowed to go) and in subsequently reaching Ontario where meetings were held to arouse the public against the rebels. The Wolseley expedition followed, and the rebels were dispersed.

Mair rejoined his wife, who had found a refuge in Portage la Prairie, and took up the fur trade as a business. About two years before the second Riel Rebellion broke out, Mair moved his family to Windsor, Ontario. It was then he found time to write his great drama, *Tecumseh,* which, when published early in 1886, at once gave him exalted rank among the poets of the day.

Mair served against the rebels also, in the second Riel Rebellion, and shortly after it was crushed, he and his family returned to their home in Prince Albert, where his business in furs was resumed.

In 1890 a remarkable paper, prepared by Mair, on *The American Bison,* was read before the Royal Society of Canada, by the late Sir John Bourinot. Published extracts from it were so potent in their influence, that the Canadian authorities were induced to take action to prevent the extinction of the buffalo. As a result Canadians have long been proud of Wainwright Park and its thousandfold herd.

In 1899, Mair was secretary of the Scrip Commission which accompanied the Hon. Mr. Laird, through the Mackenzie basin, to treat with the Indians, on behalf of the Dominion Government, for a tract of land 800 miles long by 400 miles wide. The expedition was successful, and Mair wrote and subsequently published a comprehensive and graphic account of the happenings and of his observations. Like the letters previously referred to, this book was also a strong factor in attracting immigration.

For several decades, Mair was actively engaged in Western branches of the Dominion Immigration Department, where his extensive knowledge of the West and his well-balanced judgment were invaluable. From this work, he retired, a few years ago, with a pension.

It gave pleasure to Dr. Mair's many friends when Queen's Univer-

sity conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. Lesser men have often been honored with knighthood.

CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

Dreamland and Other Poems. Montreal. 1868.

Tecumseh, A Drama. Toronto, 1886.

The American Bison. Montreal, 1891.

Tecumseh, A Drama, and Canadian Poems. Toronto, 1901.

Through the Mackenzie Basin. Toronto, 1908.

Literary Lights Illume the Canadian Literature Club

THE evening of Thursday, October 21st, was an unique occasion in the annals of the Canadian Literature Club of Toronto. It was Canadian Authors' Night, and the members had the pleasure of hearing various well-known authors read from their works or give addresses on some literary topic. The speakers were introduced by Donald G. French, who occupied the chair.

Dr. James L. Hughes, who was the first speaker, read some of his poems, which pleaded for a kinder and more sympathetic understanding of children and criminals. God never made a bad boy, he said: they were all home-trained and school-trained, a fact that was often overlooked.

Mrs. Virna Sheard and Mrs. Florence Livesay read some of their poems, the former revealing a kindly preference for postmen, the latter showing a marked fondness for things Irish.

Hector Charlesworth, who always seems to be enjoying secret little jokes behind the shelter of a Shavian beard, disclosed the fact that he was in the millionaire class of writers, his total literary output being somewhere around eleven million words! And most of these he seems to have written on Sundays: It's a case of:

> The church-bell bids the faithful come and pray:
> The righteous hasten churchward joyfully;
> The sinners thither plod their weary way;
> And leave the street to heathens—and to me!

Professor E. J. Pratt read a whale of a poem—at any rate, it was about a whale, of a sort that could have swallowed a thousand Jonahs without being aware of their wriggling presence in its inner labyrinths. This whale plays a prominent part in Professor Pratt's new volume, *The Titans,* to be published in England, by Macmillan's.

When introducing Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, the chairman remarked that he sometimes returned to his first love, poetry. Dr. Roberts corrected that by declaring that poetry was his first love, his middle love, his last love, in fact, his only love—in literature. (The pause, indicated by that dash, is the poet's own!) He said, moreover, that, in his own opinion, poetry was supreme and prose subordinate. The members of the club felt very much honored when Dr. Roberts read to them his very newest, unpublished poems: "Sister to the Wild Rose," "Spring Breaks in Foam," "A Vagrant of Time" and "In the Night-Watches."

Katherine Hale was invited to take part in the programme, but she said she had only come as a visitor and thoroughly enjoyed listening to her confrères.

J. M. Elson ended the programme with an address in which he pleaded for books with a dominant Canadian note, books true to the locality about which they were written.

I must not forget to mention the young musician, Master Levinson, who proved himself a very capable violinist.

C.D-W.

The Case for Canadian Magazines

By Mrs. W. Garland Foster

THERE is no question of the seriousness of the magazine situation in Canada today. If the literature of a country reflects its national life, then the logical conclusion is that the national life of Canada is mostly hid under a bushel or like Aladdin's lamp is masquerading abroad. And what do we get instead of our own publications? A steady stream of alien publications reflecting—what?

The so-called popular magazine of the day is generally a hydra-headed atrocity that can only lay claim to literature in spots where occasional genius triumphs over trash and a little light shines through. A well-known newspaper woman, speaking to a gathering of the National Council of Women, stated that she had waded through several magazines of the "Confession" type, which she rather fancied were imaginary confessions, and was of the opinion that they were not bad, for the endings usually made morality triumph! One is inclined nowadays to enquire as Pilate did of Truth, what is morality? Is it enough after wading through a salacious sea, to reach a strip of clean sand that may any moment be engulfed?

> Then how much better be
> A savage on a far off sea!

There is much talk among the instructors in short story writing, that the rising author must cater to the popular taste, although there is a remarkable discrepancy in opinion as to what the public wants and whether it really knows what it wants. But not that way lies genius. How shall we write? As the spirit moves, and trust to posterity for success, as many a better man has done before. Like everything else, writing is becoming debauched because the standard of success set on this continent is the financial.

And what is true of Canadian writers, who, finding that story about the Canadian editors who are looking for Canadian writers, an attenuated myth, must seek elsewhere for a market, is true also of the Editors—another vicious circle if you will. Being human and modern, the Editor must make the publication pay. Seeing the public scrambling for the popular magazine from across the international boundary line, the Editor sets his pace accordingly. For a time Canadian ideals may be in the ascendant, about just as long as it is possible to get contributions from Canadian writers for next to nothing. But presently temptation assails, a writer from some "popular" submits a story that has failed to go elsewhere. It comes a little higher, but then there is the name. As circulation increases, it is possible to pay more, and so he climbs. Like the Canadian artist the Canadian writer, too, must enter through the other door.

The result is manifold. The Canadian publication must compete with other publications which have an infinitely larger market; and its own public is not going to buy it exclusively, if it has nothing to offer except the same class of stuff by the same authors in cheaper magazines, especially as the amount of advertising put forth by these popular magazines tends to persuade the public that they are just a little better. There is nothing that succeeds like having a good press agent, be it for writer or magazine. Indeed, it may be said in this connection that Canada herself would be the better for a good press agent if she is to develop along national lines in these days of competition. Just here it might be well to say a word about news agencies. There is not the slightest doubt that they do not consider it to their advantage to push Canadian magazines. Certainly, if Canadian magazines were good sellers they would be pushed—it is only a commercial matter

with the news agents. A year ago agents and their assistants would announce quite boldly that "Canadian magazines do not sell." Today they say much the same thing, except that a few of them say it rather shamefacedly. Many news stands do not sell Canadian magazines at all. Those that do, never have more than two well-known ones and claim to sell few of those. The majority of dealers have never heard of many of our Canadian publications.

And what is the remedy? Advertise, advertise! The real problem of popularity resides in the two points: publicity and cheapness. Make a thing fashionable and it becomes a good seller. There is a good deal of snobbery about reading, as well as about everything else. The public, too, buys what is cheap. The so-called high class U. S. magazines have about the same status in the Canadian market that the Canadian magazines have: they are not good sellers. Within two years a popular U. S. publication has broken into the market by being in the nickel class and attending to that little matter of advertising. Certainly, no inconsiderable amount of capital was necessary to get it there, but once established the habit is fixed, the public buys provided no very radical change has been made in its policy.

No Canadian magazine could exist at that rate, because there is not the reading public, for certainly the U.S. public is not interested in things Canadian to the extent of buying their magazines. In other words they are not so broad-minded (os is it unpatriotic) as to be interested in the literature of another country.

What is the immediate remedy? Until we develop a large reading public, that infant industry, the magazine business, must be protected. But how can this be accomplished? Higher duties tend to crowd out the better class and make the cheaper the best sellers. In this connection it seems as if something might be done by maintaining a stricter customs regulation as to entry of certain classes. Censorship of publications seems to be exercised only when the public demands it and brings the matter before the department of customs, i.e., several get the benefit of the doubt. A much stricter watch is kept over the scenario than over the magazine, with the result that the taste of the young people of Canada is rapidly being formed for a class of reading that tends to develop artificiality. The movie censors might find much to interest them on the shelves of any news stand. The danger is a very real one and the movies get most of the blame. It seems at times that there will be no real success in view for Canadian magazines unless they are subsidized until their circulation exceeds a certain number. Subsidies have been given for less worthy objects. This would ensure them a nucleus for advertising. How much the government advertising has done to help forest preservation, for instance! Is it likely that the Canadian public would be able long to overlook their own publications if they were met as frequently by the request to buy their own magazines?

Of course it is all very well to talk about literature being world wide in its appeal. Certainly, it is, when it arrives. But *en passant*, there has never been much noise from kittens drowned in infancy. Self preservation is the first law of nature. Production may be regulated after that!

Mrs. Harry A. Norton has presented a valuable collection of nature study books to the Public Library of Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.

* * *

Mrs. Mary Kinley Ingraham, Librarian of Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S., has recently donated a valuable private lending library to the members of the Social and Benevolent Society, of the Wolfville Baptist Church.

War Pictures Again

By A. Y. Jackson

THE Canadian War Record paintings were again released from cold storage at Ottawa, and made an imposing exhibition in the new Toronto Art Gallery.

As the war recedes the pictures can be studied with calmer judgment and with a wider perspective, and it is possible to realize the differences between minor successes and great intentions.

The most popular pictures are of the illustrative variety in the manner of the *Graphic* or *Illustrated London News*. They give one a feeling of being left over from previous wars, the same old popular poses, the same old bits of debris painted like still life, with a considerable amount of smoke wherever the composition was giving trouble. Obvious as a Henty book, they make no demands on the observer. Few of them compare with the war pictures of the French school who painted the war of 1870—Aimé Morot, de Neuville and Detaille. But these artists dealt with masses of cavalry or charges of infantry—nearly always a mass formation. The late war did not give the artist the chance to deal with mass movements. It was waves of little men scattered over great spaces. The machine gun has destroyed the old death or glory picture which depended largely on a mass of men hurtling forward with the shot-riddled flag clutched tightly in the stricken hero's hand. We got sick of literary heroics long before the war was over, but in painting it will continue for some time to come.

The more modern type of painters might be divided into two groups. The first group comprises those who saw and painted what they saw, fearlessly and dispassionately. Varley did this perhaps better than anyone else in "For What?" "Some Day the People will Return" and "The Sunken Road." There is the simple statement of an eye witness of the every-day aspects of a war. Reproductions of these pictures should hang in the schools along with the death and glory variety. In Maurice Cullen's "No Man's Land" the same sincerity of the eye witness is felt; also in D. Y. Cameron's two Flanders landscapes. But here there is a sense of beauty which could not be repressed and one feels that the artist was filled with compassion for this murdered landscape. One other of these quietly observed landscapes is Gilman's "Halifax Harbour," probably the finest canvas the gifted artist ever painted. The first impression is one of perfect serenity and then one becomes conscious of a vibrant quality as though beneath its quietness there was an intense activity going on.

The other type of modern painting throws realism overboard. One might find precedents for it in the old battle paintings of Uccello or in the intense expressionism of El Greco. The facts of war are used as mere raw material in building up designs that depend on line mass and tonal contrast to stir the emotions. So often the thing seen in France was inadequate. The setting supplied for a tragedy was often sunshine and poppies. Paul Nash's "Void" might be based on the idea that a series of horizontal lines give a sense of repose, undulating lines movement, but diagonal lines the feeling of upset equilibrium. In this canvas there is neither a horizontal nor a vertical line: it is all made of clashing diagonals, sudden harsh contrasts and dregs of color, and makes one feel as if the heavens were falling to blot out the tortured and harrowed slough man has made of nature. In Robert's "Gas Attack" the rhythm is less evident, the composition is quite arbitrary, the figures are built almost one on top of another to the top of the canvas and, nausea-stricken, sway in a movement that runs through the whole canvas.

Other bold experiments are Turnbull's "Dog Fight," an airman's impression of a crowded second, and Wyndham Lewis's "Gun Pit,"—in which the artist-author has built a powerful design and treated his soldiers as little automatons that serve the big gun.

One might notice that there is very little front line stuff. Intimate studies of trench life are rare, the canvases seem to increase in size and number as one gets farther back; the very large "Cook House at Witley" is rather out of proportion.

To build a gallery to house the whole collection permanently was the original intention, but today one feels that perhaps a third of them are important enough to build a gallery around.

The difficulty will be to choose between the works which have a popular appeal and no art value, and the ones that do not glorify war but might live as works of art.

* * *

The Portfolio of Canadian Art, recently published by Rous & Mann, marks the first serious attempt to reproduce the work of Canadian artists in full color. It is a remarkable achievement all through. The color plates of paintings by Kreighoff, Bell Smith, Blair Bruce, Paul Peel, J. W. Morrice, Tom Thomson and others are faithful copies of the originals. A biographical sketch of each artist by Fred Jacob makes of the portfolio a graphic history of Canadian art. It is published as a de luxe edition, and limited to four hundred and ninety copies.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE COLOR WOOD-CUT.
By Walter J. Phillips.

The student and collector of the modern color-print of original design from wood-blocks, will welcome this long-needed publication which came from the press last month. Mr. Phillips, who is an associate of the Royal Canadian Academy, lives in Winnipeg, where he conducts a school of art, and is also favorably known as a lecturer. His recent incursion into publishing follows many years of practical work with the knife and block, fashioning those scores of charming color-prints that have brought him an international reputation in this branch of the graphic arts. Today his work is to be found not only in collections like the one housed in the National Gallery at Ottawa, but in the print room of the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum in England, as well as in the great galleries in Paris, Berlin, Washington, Tokyo, etc. He stands unrivalled among the color block-print makers of the Empire and his winning the Storrow Prize, 1924, at the International Exhibition held in Los Angeles, placed him among the foremost craftsmen in the world. It is said of his work that he came to the color-print with the painter's vision and his prints represent his outlook on art—dexterity is subordinated to artistic requirements.

The Technique of the Color Wood-Cut is written in an understandable way that may easily be followed by the layman as it will be quickly grasped by the craftsman, and is abundantly illustrated with thirty-odd plates in color. It is divided into three principal parts, covering a brief history of the art; the wood and tools required for the making of a print and finally the actual printing and the correct use of brushes, paint, and materials, down to editions, marketing, etc.

The author's preface tells a brief story of his early attempt to enter the lists of the print-makers by the route of the bitten line, which resulted in failure, as his thoughts were in color. To an article in *The Studio,* by Allen W. Seaby, he gives credit for turning his mind in the present direction, where finally he achieved success as a craftsman. Now his many years of artistic effort with the color-print from wood have enabled him to set down a guide for those to follow that will avoid many pitfalls that the average student of the craft has found difficult of solution.

There is not an uninteresting moment in the sixty-three informative pages and one feels from the opening preface by William Giles, of the Chenil Studios, Chelsea, who speaks of the author's "complete mastery of his craft," to the concluding paragraph, that here is the last word that need be written for many a day on one subject relating to the graphic arts. Had the present reviewer been the publisher, he would have taken the opportunity, with the author's permission, of adding one more chapter—a *catalogue raisonne* of the prints in color executed by Mr. Phillips on the process of which he writes so entertainingly.

P.W.F.G.

November

By Gostwick Roberts

NOW shake and sing the poplars, high and cold;
Now chills the sky to blue, thin blue with old
Gaunt trees against its edge. Dead is the gold
And bronze and flame of leaf; gone is the last
Half-yellow goldenrod. Color is past.
Now crack the leaves at foot, frozen and rolled,
Lifting like dull-plumed birds from ridge to ridge.

Now hangs the sun, half bright, the air half frost;
Now cry the winds for something that will hide
The empty fields of summer that is lost.
Winter is running south, beyond the hill,
Over the hills beyond, on feet that kill
The grasses as they tread; while in his hair
Frost and high wind, and blue frost in his eyes.
Now cry the winds to winter down the skies.

It Is Reported THAT—

—recent large additions of books to the Saskatoon Public Library included numerous books on music by authorities ranking high in European and American musical circles. Many of these were recommended by the Women's Musical Club of Saskatoon and several of the leading musical critics of that city, the collection as a whole providing one of the most important additions to the art section of the library.

—the statement in an article in the last issue referring to the British Museum as the largest library in the world was incorrect, this honor being held by the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, founded A.D. 1350, containing 2,600,000 volumes. Next is the British Museum, London, with 1,650,000 volumes.

—Librarian Sykes, of Ottawa, speaking to the Social Workers' Club on "What the Library has to offer," dealt with the wide and varied range of books that would prove of interest and value to the social worker, and followed this up by supplying a special list, which was printed and circulated among the members.

—Charles G. D. Roberts, addressing the Women's Canadian Club at Barrie, Ont., said that in judging Canadian literature one must combine two things: one must receive it with a prejudice in its favor and at the same time have the attitude of the wise parent. Canadians must be careful not to praise poor work, but rather, while encouraging writers of promise, hold them up to the mark on even terms with their contemporaries in the rest of the English-speaking world.

—Mr. Henry Button has been made a Councillor of the firm of J. M. Dent & Sons, the London publishers, for whom he is manager of the Canadian branch. The present head of the house, Mr. Hugh Dent, was in Toronto last month in connection with the official opening of the new Canadian headquarters. This building, at 224 Bloor St. West, Toronto, is a replica of Aldine House, London. Mr. Dent on that occasion gave a most interesting history of the firm fro mits inception in 1888. Mr. Dent was accompanied to Canada by Mrs. Dent. They proceeded from Toronto to the Canadian West en route to the Orient.

* * *

Winnipeg Dickens Fellowship

November 11: "Dickens as a Social and Political Reformer." John W. Dafoe.

December 9: "Canadian Night." Programme in charge of Prof. A. W. Crawford.

December 16 (extra): A Christmas Carol. A Recital by H. Gerald Wade.

Inside Stuff . . . .

Poetry Number

The next issue of *Canadian Bookman* will be a Poetry Number and included in it will be a hitherto unpublished poem by Charles G. D. Roberts, as well as a number of other new poems by Canadian singers. While it will differ from the *Bookcraft Chap-Book of Poems from Canadian Bookman* published last year, in that these will all be poems having first publication in this Poetry Number, it will have a similar appeal and it may be taken for granted that many of our subscribers will wish to obtain extra copies. In order to be assured of getting these, it will be necessary to send orders in advance of printing so that an idea may be formed as to approximately how large an edition to print. Subscribers will be entitled to a special price of 15 cents a copy for any extra copies which they may desire to order in advance. These orders should reach the publisher before December 1st.

While this number will not be entirely restricted to poetry, some of the regular features of the journal will be superseded and, in keeping with the nature of the number, there will be reviews of recently published volumes of the works of noted Canadian poets.

If you wish to send something that will please Canadians now abroad or living below the international border, why not send this Poetry Number, having it begin a year's subscription to *Canadian Bookman* as a Christmas gift? We have special presentation advice cards intended to be sent to those to whom these subscription presentations are made, and there is a space for the name of the individual making the gift.

To make this suggestion all the more attractive may we remind you again of the standing offer to send any new $2 novel free to any present subscriber who nominates a new subscriber, sending $2 to cover such new subscription. It is an actual case of being able to make two two-dollar gifts for one two dollar bill. Do we interest you?

* * *

Payment "in kind" is a policy forced upon *Canadian Bookman* by exigencies somewhat more than once removed from the realm of high finance, which makes it all the more pleasant to receive a letter acknowledging receipt of a parcel of books sent for a very interesting article which appeared in a recent issue. Here is a quotation from the letter: "In the past year I have sold over one hundred thousand words of prose, ranging from sport stories to classic tales. You are the first editor to reward with gold that will not tarnish. My pen is at your disposal."

Of the Making of Books . . . .

. . . News, Views and Reviews

THE KAYS. *By Margaret Deland.* Toronto: The Musson Book Company. $2.00.

In *The Kays* Mrs. Deland has written a very sincere novel. It deals with the reactions of the inhabitants of Old Chester to the influences of the American Civil War, and of the warped attitude which often arises from a too-heady patriotism.

Swayed by a puritanical mother, who is estranged from her husband because of the latter's rakish proclivities, Arthur Kay shapes his life and ideals to an uncomfortable pattern and his attitude during the war, when through conscientious motives he refuses to volunteer, causes him to be ostracised by his friends. His life is made miserable by misunderstandings that hedge him in until he finds at last in his marriage an ultimate happiness.

Mrs. Deland has drawn some fine characters. Agnes, the mother who, despite her narrow outlook, is essentially splendid; Major Kay, the father and rake, to whom everything of Beauty is "The Holy Ghost;" Arthur Kay, the son; and lastly the figure of Lois who gives to Arthur an unswerving devotion; these are the characters around whom the story is woven and Mrs. Deland has done much by way of contrast to draw out the possibilities in each of them.

Some of the best passages are those dealing with the effect of the Civil War upon the little community of Old Chester. Here we have the time-old enthusiasm, the forgetfulness of self and the foolish fervour of fanaticism that are engendered by the approach of war. To Old Chester the war is a righteous one and the fact that the South are blood-brothers is submerged in the tide of war-madness that sweeps over the people. The sanity of Arthur Kay, who sees only horror in such blood-letting, comes, therefore, as a shock to his acquaintances, and he receives the portion of obloquy and ostracism usually meted out to pacifists.

Mrs. Deland has lent conviction to her novel. Her treatment is simple but effective, and under it the inhabitants seem more to us than merely fictional characters. There is, also, a genuine love interest that helps to bind the theme and adds greatly to the enjoyment of the book.

* * *

BLENCARROW. *By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.* Toronto: Thomas Allen. $2.00.

An author who attempts a sincere study, and in a large measure succeeds, is doing much to advance the standard of Canadian fiction, and Mrs. Mackay has succeeded in writing a book that is intrinsically Canadian and yet has more than a merely national appeal.

Like many American authors she goes to the small town for her material, and it is a rich ground that by no means has been exhausted by Canadian novelists. In the small town we get the interdependencies, the mutual reactions—and, at the same time, the elementals—that in larger communities are broken and disintegrated and thus in many ways it is much more fertile ground than the city.

Mrs. Mackay takes for her theme the love of three men for one woman and the development of her characters makes the book particularly interesting. A little touch here and there of a Gaelic flavor adds much to the reader's enjoyment. But the story itself and the fact that it is laid against a Canadian background, is sufficient to quicken the interest, and it is an interest that is sustained throughout the book.

It is to be hoped that we will have more novels of this *genre* from Mrs. Mackay, and other Canadian authors, for the road to that happy junction, the Canadian novel, does not, I think, wind in the same direction as that of the "western" or "adventure" tale.

* * *

CANADIAN HOUSES OF ROMANCE. *By Katherine Hale.* With drawings by Dorothy Stevens. Toronto: Macmillan. $3.00.

This is a book that should find a welcome. To those who have a hankering for old traditions and old associations it will bring much enjoyment and much interest. Katherine Hale's style has many of the little idiosyncrasies of femininity and at times there is a light, gossipy manner which is very appealing. That she has been moved strongly by the aroma of old romance and beauty that hovers over ancient, historic houses, is very apparent in the book and she succeeds in conveying to the reader the enjoyment she herself experienced in exploring these "memoried haunts."

The first chapter, which deals with Sillery and the story that is hidden there, sets a pace that is closely followed until we leave her at last in Vancouver, where she also finds much that lends itself readily to her facile pen. Every place she visits yields something of interest, though of varying degree, and she weaves the whole into a

book that leaves a sense of pleasure lingering with the reader.

A quotation may give a hint of her treatment. Dealing with Earnscliffe, she says: "At the entrance to the dining room are marble busts of Sir John and Lady Macdonald. The dining room has been redone since the Macdonald regime. . . . It is panelled and raftered in heavy cut oak. . . . There are tapestries, Heaven knows how old, and brasses and silver of great importance. An urn of brass, for instance, was owned and used by Alexander the Great. . . . Slowly then, we came down the narrow red stairs to the primrose-colored study again. How alive the room looked in the firelight—intensely alive! . . . A room of splendid echoes: friendships, camaraderies, active aversions, sorrow perhaps, but more than sorrow—joy!" T.D.R.

* * *

Tea From China. *By Frederick William Wallace.* Toronto: The Musson Book Co. $2.00.

Frederick William Wallace, as a writer, has many qualities that bring him within a circle that includes McFee, Dale Collins and Masefield. His sea stories have a robust flavor that imparts to them a gusto that carries the reader with him in his adventuring upon the high seas.

He has none of Conrad's subtlety or suggestion. Indeed, there are few pastel tints in any of his tales—mostly he uses a broad splash of color and dispenses with subtleties. Nevertheless, his tales are all very interesting and absorbing and there is a directness, a simplicity, that does much to enhance the reality of them.

Tea From China has been made up of stories contributed at various times to different magazines and consequently action and thrill are the main features. He seems to be too busy with his characters to dwell overmuch with sunsets, but as entertainment pure and simple, his book should be enjoyed by those who have a leaning towards sea stories. They will find it is a book above the average magazine standard and yet one that retains all the essential ingredients that go to make up the adventure tale.

* * *

Antennae. *By Hulbert Footner.* New York and Toronto: Doran. $2.50.

In this book we have this Canadian author in a new element. He plunges head-first into the sea of realism that has attracted so many of our modern authors and brings to the surface a theme that bears all the earmarks of the modern school. The book holds much of interest, however, and the story of Wilfred Pell and his contact with life in its shadier aspects strikes one as much more important than some of his previous books, notably *The Shanty Sled.*

Mr. Footner follows in the footsteps of that realist, Dos Passos. In the latter's *Manhattan Transfer* we had a kaleidescopic view of metropolitan life in New York, and the view was by no means pleasant, though Dos Passos is an important author. Mr. Footner's novel is somewhat of a similar nature, though it is only fair to say that there has been no borrowing. He, too, uncovers much that is corrupt and decadent in the metropolitan city and the rise of Pell's evil genius, Joe Kaplan, is a commentary upon the conditions that lie under the surface of city life.

The study of the two chief characters is well done and Mr. Footner brings out adequately the underlying motives and inherent desires that cause Pell to gravitate towards the darker side of New York life.

Such a departure on Mr. Footner's part is a welcome one. One is apt to become bored with the countless novels of the great wide spaces, and in this book he strikes a fresher note and one that demands far more from an author. If he has not been equal to all the demands, at least he has written an interesting story and one that should prompt him to explore still further his new field.

* * *

Aesop in Verse. *By J. E. Wetherell.* Drawings by E. L. Thomson. Toronto: Macmillan. $2.00.

This book, in these days, marks quite a departure in thus setting Aesop in a novel form, but it is questionable if it will supersede the prose tales that have been so popular with children. Mr. Wetherell tells each story succintly and in a sort of jog-trot or ballad metre, and to clinch the matter points the moral in a concise couplet at the end of each verse. In the old tale of the contest between the sun and the north wind, for instance, he has the following:

> The North Wind first his trial made
> And blew with all his might;
> The traveler his thick, warm cloak
> Drew round him close and tight.
>
> When Boreas had done his best,
> And failed to strip the man,
> The sun with energy superb
> His blazing turn began.
>
> The traveller hot threw down his cloak,
> Then, smit by the heat extreme,
> His other garments doffed he quick,
> And plunged in a cooling stream.
>
> Seldom does Force with his rough ways
> succeed
> To warm persuasion all the world gives heed.

The metre goes with a swing, the rhymes are simple and easy to remember and, despite Mr. Wetherell's doubt, the concluding couplet will not present much difficulty. As will be seen by the quotation, the book will have little appeal to the adult mind. It is to children that it will prove most acceptable.

The Life of a Troubadour

Marcabrun just falls short of being a splendid novel. As it is, it is undeniably good. Such a character, however, should have been a godsend to a novelist: Marcabrun a troubadour whose passions give an ill twist to his songs, whose frustrated love changes his personality into a vial from which everything is emptied save his hate and his song—surely a subject to be shaped and blended into a theme of tragic beauty. And yet Mr. Guthrie has fallen short of this.

He could have made Marcabrun a figure whose vibrant personality would have dominated the book. Instead, though we get this impression, Marcabrun at times becomes unconvincing and almost shadowy where his impress should have been stamped most strongly.

R. L. Stevenson has shown us Villon in his rags and petty crimes; he tore the mask, as he deemed it, from the face of the poet and revealed to us the thin, vice-lined countenance underneath. Stevenson, though, may have been moved by a subconscious complex that hid from him any possible virtues the poet might have possessed; his book certainly betrays a bias that casts a doubt on his inferences. Mr. Guthrie has not followed this procedure strictly, but he gives the character to us full of the faults and vices of the age, and yet with something beneath that was fine until warped by the disdain of Eleanor of Aquitaine.

It is a darkly passionate tale. Marcabrun is a Rembrandtesque conception—a dark figure in sombre relief against a darker background. A foundling, he comes to manhood in the castle of a feudal lord, takes up the calling of troubadour and joins the court of William of Poitiers, where he meets Eleanor, the destined wife of Louis of France. There he conceives a love for her, but finds he has aspired too high for his well-being. It is her rejection of him that accentuates his inherent bitterness and changes his song into a whip that lashes both himself and his victims.

It is here that Marcabrun could have been made more convincing, more virile, and it is here Mr. Guthrie's treatment is rather unsatisfactory. He does not raise the character to his full height, nor get the full play of passion into the pages that we have the right to expect.

Mr. Guthrie with his evident talent, should have created a better book from his material. It is well conceived and the elements are there, but full advantage has not been taken of them. Nevertheless it is a book to be read.

T.D.R.

MARCABRUN. *By Ramon Guthrie.* New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50.

CANADIAN ANNUAL REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS. Toronto: Canadian Review Company, Ltd. $6.00.

A fat book—well over 800 pages, covering an enormous range of Canadian activities during twelve months—it would require pages of this journal to adequately treat upon the exhaustive manner in which it tells the story of Canada's year. An indication of this is afforded by the fact that it takes fourteen pages merely to list the table of contents! Beginning with a detailed résumé of the general election of 1925, followed by fifty pages devoted to Federal administration and politics, international relations are taken up, then relations within the Empire; immigration and colonization, transportation and communication, industries and commerce, and labor conditions in Canada. There is an exhaustive statistical survey of the year and many pages are devoted to affairs of each of the provinces. For readers of this journal special interest attaches to Hector Charlesworth's able article on "Literature, History, Art, Music and Drama"; Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun's article on "Journalism," the contribution on "Scientific Development," by George A. Cornish, B.A., and that of Emily P. Weaver on "Women's Organized Work."

* * *

MRS. MERIVALE. *By Paul Kimball.* Toronto: Geo. J. McLeod Limited. $2.00.

When a novel selected from six thousand seven hundred manuscripts, wins a $2,500 prize, one concludes that it must contain something worthy of note. Mr. Kimball, who is only thirty-five, doubtless experienced good fun in writing the novel, which won the recent Clode prize. As one reviewer suggests, he wrote "with his tongue in his cheek." Mrs. Merivale's career begins after her first few weeks of widowhood. She possesses good looks, tact, money a-plenty, and an ability to sing. Although knowing next to nothing of voice training, she decides to become a vocal teacher. Renting an artistic (and expensive) studio in New York, she starts in earnest. Her return to her home-city is a triumph. She is a skilful stage-manager, mingling her genius with gracious naturalness. Society, in fact every organization that enjoys publicity, is at her feet. She serves like a knowing general—issuing orders, receiving reports, dispensing decorations—but never engaging in trench fighting. She even finds time to write a book: *Vocal Music,* a handbook of the famed Layman's library. Revised and pruned by publisher's experts, the critics hail it as a work of art. Thus did Mrs. Merivale "arrive." To crown all comes the heroine's marriage to the learned Professor, Dr. Platter, of Boston.

HARMER JOHN. *By Hugh Walpole.* Toronto: Doran. $2.00.

This is another of Walpole's scenes from provincial life, an intimate picture of a Cathedral town—"Polchester" for the purposes of this tale. "An unworldly story," is the author's own qualification and his hero is truly an unworldly character—the lovable and altruistic Hjalmer Johanson, a Swede whose mother was English. She had filled his boyhood mind with her memories of her native Polchester and to this provincial town he comes prepared to love it and everybody in it. "Harmer John" is the name by which he becomes familiarly known. Especially does he take the great Cathedral into his heart. The love of beauty is his ruling passion, and the beautifying of Polchester his great aim. How he fell foul of Polchester's ultra-mundane influences, and the victory that came through his apparent defeat and a tragic end, are strong features of the book.

The great Cathedral has a personality all its own. Here is a wonderful picture in a sentence:

"Polchester, like a child's collection of colored bricks huddled into a green basket, lay below them; from its heart, a pennon of blue, the Pol streamed out to the hills and the Cathedral rode over all."

* * *

HERO AND LEANDER. *By Brookes More.* Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co.

The tragedy of Hero and Leander proved a fit subject for the "mighty line" of Marlowe. His rapturous spirit was peculiarly adapted to the theme and he imparted to it a blend of delicacy and strength that placed it unmistakably upon the heights. It is unfortunate that the pen fell from his hand before he could complete the poem, for Chapman's version, though well-balanced, lacks the mounting spirit that was Marlowe's.

Now we have the same theme dealt with by a modern poet, Brookes More. Mr. More has approached the theme from a different angle, however. Until the closing episodes he makes Leander the vehicle of evocation and it is through Leander we get the story of the events that were a prelude to the tragedy. Also in the passages dealing with Leander's battle with the Hellespont a mermaid is substituted for the Neptune who figures rather suggestively in Marlowe's version.

Mr. More's interpretation slightly lessens the rich appeal of the story; the exigencies of a rhyming scheme also prohibit much that could have been embraced had the poem been cast in the form of Heroic Measure. Notwithstanding this, there is genuine beauty in the poem. He is essentially a narrative poet, though his work includes many beautiful lyrics, and his poetry has a virility that moves with a strong stride through passages of a descriptive nature.

"Even my prayers are hushed in buffetings
Increasing ever as black Tempest blows
On ice-mailed Boreas, whose frigid wings
Shuttle so bitterly betwixt rain and snow . . .

A stanza dealing with Leander's vision of Hero is perhaps representative of the tone of the book:

"For presently, from waves I saw arise;
Was it a mermaid, foam-white from the deep?
Was it a Goddess, radiant as the skies?
A radiance, moon-white of Night's jewelled steep?—
A vestal virgin, purified of earth,
Veiled in the sanctity of Nature's birth?"

The poem is one of five hundred lines and is published in a semi-pamphlet form that is both distinguished and tasteful. The poem itself, though at times uneven in quality, contains much that glows with a quiet authority and much, also, that is touched with that sense of color and cadence which distinguishes all Mr. More's work.

T. D. RIMMER.

* * *

YELLOW HORSE. *By A. M. Chisholm.* Chelsea House, New York. $2.00.

Here is another story by A. M. Chisholm, and it is very different from his other productions. It is not exactly a novel, it is a sort of history of a mining camp. In any primitive social arrangement, certain persons, endowed with the genius of leadership, take charge of the affairs of the community.

In the delineation of the characters involved, Chisholm has achieved a masterpiece. Old man Bowerman, the rugged philosopher, the one-time six-gun expert, is a character who can stand on equal terms with the creations of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. The trial of the Indian, Standing Elk, charged with the murder of Flagg, is replete with the tragedy and comedy of frontier days. In those days the general opinion was that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. Standing Elk happened along just after Flagg was shot and the onus was on the Indian. It naturally followed that he should be hanged on general principles. How old Zeb Bowerman ultimately showed that the Indian was innocent is worth any man's reading.

I am not going into details in the matter of this book because I am too strongly prejudiced in favor of the author. We hunted together for many years and I never travelled with a better shot. When the old ten-bore Reilly spoke, something joined the bill of fare. When I was in B.C. in '23 Chisholm was using a Utica 12. I have promised to leave him my Cogswell and Harrison twelve when I pass out, but somehow I keep on living.

Anyway, no red-blooded man or woman can be disappointed in reading *Yellow Horse.* It is full of good stuff. To some of us who have known Canada from Cape North to the Pacific, *Yellow Horse* is gospel. Were you ever in Moyie City, B.C.?

Some of my friends who are members of the C.A.A. will understand what I mean.

This is intended to be a review of Chisholm's *Yellow Horse,* and I know that it is a darned poor review; but, read the book and you will absolve the reviewer.

MARK G. McELHINNEY.

* * *

THESE TWELVE. A Study in Temperament. *By Charles Reynolds Brown,* Dean of the Divinity School, Yale University. Toronto: George J. McLeod Limited. $2.00.

The volume briefly deals with nine of the original Apostles, beginning with Peter, "The Man of Impulse," who in the end unified his soul's ideal with the Infinite; James, "The Man of Silence," a courageous and likeable figure; while the character of his brother John, "The Man of Temper," is drawn diverse from the conventional portrait, yet whose belief in God was made a faith, an emotion and a life; the other disciples follow, then come the two pioneer missionaries, Barnabas, "The Man of Wide Sympathies," who took his religion with joyous earnestness, and Paul, "The Man Who Made Good" after long vicissitudes. Each type is ably sketched, their defects balanced by their virtues, and the human touches cause you to regard them in a friendly light. The book closes with force: "Jesus, the Perfect Type."

Dean Brown's book is a thoughtful and concise piece of literature, and it can be read with pleasure and profit by all, whatever their age or creed, who appreciate a subject of vital interest.

* * *

COMING WORLD CHANGES. *By Harriette Curtis* and *F. Homer Curtis, B.S., M.D.* Washington: Curtis Philosophic Book Co. $1.00.

Among the points stressed in the preface to this new book by these noted Christian mystics, is that the world war was predicted by them in a book published in 1912. This new book presages unprecedented cataclysms in the next seven years, but the authors carefully explain that their object is not to "scare people into being good" in the manner of the old-time presentation of the doctrine of hell-fire, "but to arouse them to the importance of uniting on a definite method by which the coming disaster can be minimized and 'the days of tribulation' be shortened."

Among the predicted disasters is war between the Orient and the Occident and the East is called to win!

THE GOLDEN DANCER. *By Cyril Hume.* Toronto: Doran.

Mr. Hume's first novel, *The Wife of the Centaur,* was a pleasure to read. It was modern in its setting, but had about it the spirit of ancient Greece, and the whole book stamped the author as an important novelist. His next book, *Cruel Fellowship,* had not nearly the same appeal, and left one with a vague sense of dissatisfaction. Now we have his third novel, *The Golden Dancer,* a novel that measures up in every way to his first, with an added touch of restraint that makes it the more impressive.

He has chosen a well-known theme, but a theme that has served none but the poet and the moon-mad. Many have seen with Apollo the dryad Daphne changing slowly into the laurel; and at the end of the quest, with outstretched hand, Daphne has eluded them and left nothing save, perhaps, a hint of grace and a kindlier touch in the air.

But the Albert Wells of the book is not compelled to forego his dream. After many vicissitudes he wins to his golden dancer who, despite her banal name, is to him as Daphne was to Apollo. In outline the story is prosaic—the love of a factory hand that ends in marriage with a small-town girl—but lit by the author's sympathy and interpreted through the medium of a personality that is still colored with a tinge of idealism, the prosaic story is transmuted into a tale that has a beauty and distinction of its own.

Albert Wells has a dream in his heart. He has seen in his dreams the golden-brown body of Daphne and is touched with the unrest that comes with such a vision. Leaving everything, he goes on his quest and comes at last to a small town in New England. There he tries to instil a little color into the life of the community and prospers for a time. Eventually they mistake his motives and he is banished from the town. But it is this that brings Daphne to him and finally he finds contentment on a little farm where he becomes a personality in whom the villagers trust and confide.

As in all Mr. Hume's novels, the continuity of the story is broken at times to allow of a little lyrical expansion. Yet it is not so much broken as it is temporarily suspended and one receives the impression that he has put a good deal of himself into the book and that this is responsible for the apostrophising that occurs throughout. At any rate the book would lose much if these passages were omitted. They reveal the author's love for things pagan and beautiful and they cannot but produce a reaction of pleasure in the reader.

It may be that this book will ultimately be cheapened by the movies, which was the fate of his first novel, although it has more restraint and less sensationalism than had that book, but in its present form it is delightful and well worth the public's attention.

T. D. RIMMER.

Crabbed Age and Youth

"Crabbèd Age and Youth
Cannot live together,"

sang Shakespeare, and in her new novel, *The Romantic Comedians,* Ellen Glasgow sets out to prove that he was right. The title might be somewhat misleading, for the story contains more of tragedy than comedy, but of her principal characters, the author says: "All this company of happiness-hunters appeared to be little better than a troupe of romantic comedians."

Judge Honeywell, after thirty-six years of happy married life, is left a widower at the age of sixty-five. His friends then expect him to marry Amanda, his first love, who has kept her beauty of face and character even to the age of fifty-nine. But the Judge canont feel the same towards her; she seems old to him. The April winds are blowing through his heart, bringing romantic dreams such as had never assailed him during his thirty-six years of marriage, In this second and late springtide of his life, he falls in love with Annabel, who is the very spirit of April incarnate. Annabel is twenty-three and has just come through a most unhappy love affair at the time the story opens. Her hatred of poverty (that brings in its train too many lodgers and too much fried liver) and the persuasions of her mother, lead her into marriage with the old Judge. As might be expected, the marriage is ill-starred. Annabel remains elusive, inaccessible. The Judge feels "as if he had lost something he had never possessed. What was the meaning of it? Where was it leading him? Why should this will-o'-the-wisp have flamed in the long twilight of his heart, after he had left the sunshine of youth and passion so far behind him? Were they merely the inevitable processes of decay, this fire without heat, this greenness without roots, or had he alone been selected to suffer the torment of a fruitless regeneration?" Nor is Annabel happy; she feels she has been cheated of love and life. Then the inevitable happens: youth hears the call of youth and grief comes to all concerned. One feels sorry for Annabel, crying heartbrokenly to her mother: "If I can't have love, I'd rather die! . . . He has had his life, and I want mine . . . You shouldn't have let me do it. He shouldn't have let me . . . " But one is also sorry for the elderly Judge, for there is nothing of the satyr about him; his is a fine, honorable, generous nature. His world has crumbled about him. "Around him there was eternal isolation of spirit. Not the human spirit alone, but the essence of all spirits. . . . All immersed and drowning in loneliness. The loneliness of trees in tropical jungles, with roots piercing deep into immemorial darkness; the loneliness of buried rivers stealing out of the earth and into the earth again, the loneliness of lost and frightened animals in stony deserts of streets; the loneliness of the dying in the wan glimmer of daybreak; the vast frozen loneliness of stars over remote continents of ice;—all these invisible aspects of desolation crowded round him in the chill mist where his thoughts sped pattering like withered husks on the pavement. It was not pain that he felt. Any pain, if only it were alive, would have been a relief. What he endured, he told himself, with his gaze on the inclement sky, was the ultimate negation of being, the encompassing solitude of the end.

"He went on slowly, and as he walked, a sound within his brain, far below in the dark emptiness, ticked like a clock that is beginning to run down:

" 'Growing old. Growing old. Old-Old-Old-growing old." C.D-W.

* * *

THE CASUARINA TREE. *By W. Somerset Maugham.* Toronto: Doran. $2.00.

From a technical point of view Somerset Maugham grows more ruthless with each succeeding book. He whittles down his stories unmercifully until he leaves the impression that they are suggested rather than told. But though by this he gains in conciseness, the stories would have had a richer quality if he had refrained from so much elision. His backgrounds are so exotic that they demand a fuller treatment than he has given and so we have a sense of incompleteness that prevents a full enjoyment of his tales.

In his latest book, *The Casuarina Tree,* there are six short stories, dealing mainly with people resident in Borneo and the Malay Peninsula. Of these, three are outstanding: "The Outstation," "Force of Circumstance," and "The Yellow Streak." Two of the others are a strain on credulity, while the final story, "The Letter," has for its chief character a woman whose traits are entirely too paradoxical to be convincing.

But in the three former tales there is much that is compelling and in these Mr. Maugham writes with a keen understanding of exile life in a tropical country, into which creep so many subtle influences whose potency lies in the fact that they present a way of escape from ennui and nostalgia.

Most of the stories are tragic and deal with the worse sides of human nature. Apparently for Mr. Maugham the veneer is rubbed off his people by the conflict with conditions and he seems to single out their failings and weakness for special consideration.

THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS. *By Ellen Glasgow.* Toronto: S. B. Gundy. $2.00.

ALL THE WAY. *By Elizabeth Fagan.* Toronto: Collins. $2.00.

This is a story of a woman who finds herself in an environment that is alien to her nature. She has either been careless or has been dealt with harshly by fate, as she loses three husbands in her progress through life. She loses one in a railway accident, marries again, this time a potentate of the stage whose sensuality makes impossible the *mariage blanc* she had suggested, then finally is united in wedlock to an actor who, after she divorces him, is killed on the Somme. And beside her all the time was a staunch friend who loved her and would have made a much more satisfactory husband than those she had experienced.

Clair has a terrible life. Misfortune seems to have singled her out for its own and her life is full of trials, including the ordeal of a divorce case. The publisher's screed states that the book is "a tale of an ordinary woman." It would take more than an ordinary woman to emerge serene from the troubles that beset Clair. An interesting sidelight is thrown upon stage life and the varying currents that are hidden by the glare of the footlights, but the story itself is rather too exaggerated to strike a convincing note.

* * *

MANY MANSIONS. *By Rev. John MacNeill,* D.D. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. $2.00.

As one of the most prominent of Baptist preachers in Canada, Dr. MacNeill's book will carry a wider appeal than in the case of the average book of sermons. These twelve sermons were preached to answer the age-long questions of life beyond the grave and other kindred problems, including those of death, the state after death and punishment, bringing forth abundant light on these subjects despite the Divine reticence regarding life after death and the limitations of human knowledge.

* * *

$10,000 For Chamber Music

The Musical Society, 407 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, offers $10,000 in prizes for chamber music compositions. The first prize will be $5,000, second prize $3,000, third prize $2,000. This competition will close December 1st, 1927.

* * *

Canadian Bookman should have the special support of all who are interested in writing and literature and particularly the members of the Canadian Authors Association.—Miss Thelma Luck, Toronto, Oct. 30, 1926.

* * *

In sending in her renewal subscription, Mrs. E. J. Thompson, Niagara Falls, whose acquaintance with *Canadian Bookman* began with having it sent to her by a friend, says "the *Bookman* is a treasure and I look forward to its arrival with pleasure."

"The Khan" Passes

In the passing of Robert K. Kernighan, at Rushdale Farm, Rockton, Ontario, on November 4th, Canada lost one of her truest native singers, known and beloved throughout Canada under his pseudonym, "The Khan." Most of his writing was done in "the wigwam," a log cabin dating back to his grandfather's pioneer days. Deceased was in his 70th year. Readers of *Canadian Bookman* will recall the tribute to "The Khan" by Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, published in this journal last November.

For patriotic fire and virility "The Men of the Northern Zone" remains Kernighan's outstanding achievement.

* * *

Canada on a Pedestal

Dr. Silcox, principal of the Ottawa Normal School, in an address on Canadian Literature last month, comparing Canadian literature with that of the U.S., said that much of our own literature was superior to anything produced by any other country in any century of our era. He then gave a detailed description of the different classes of Canadian literature, along with brief sketches of some of our outstanding writers. Among others he spoke of Robert Norwood, L. M. Montgomery, Basil King, Charles G. D. Roberts, Stephen Leacock, Gilbert Parker, Agnes Laut, Ralph Connor, Pauline Johnson and L. Adams Beck.

* * *

Identity Contest

Recalling the recent publication of *The Yarn of a Yankee Privateer,* the manuscript of which was found in an old trunk belonging to Nathaniel Hawthorne, it is interesting to mention the unique contest which has been inaugurated by the publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, 354 Fourth Avenue, N.Y., who will award $500 for convincing proof of the identity of the author of the book.

* * *

Poster Competition

With such patrons as E. W. Beatty, president of the C.P.R., Sir Henry Thornton, Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, Sir Robert Falconer, a poster competition to encourage the Safety First principle has been inaugurated and twenty-six cash prizes will be awarded, as follows:

Open.—First prize, $300; second prize, $200; third prize, $100; the next ten to receive honorable mention, each $10.

Junior.—First prize, $200; second prize, $150; third prize, $100; the next ten to receive honorable mention, each $10.

The competition will close December 31, 1926, and is open to all pupils of educational institutions of high school grade, to art schools, and to all Canadian artists, amateur or professional.

One Man, One Woman

Following up the preliminary notice in the August issue of the $50,000 John Day competition—$25,000 for the best novel by a man and a like amount for the best novel by a woman—it should be noted that the closing date is July 1st, 1927. All manuscripts must be addressed in care of The John Day Company, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. A printed agreement will be sent upon request. Of the prize awards $20,000 for each of the winning novels will be paid by the Crowell Publishing Co., as publishers of *The Women's Home Companion*, in which the novels will appear serially, and $5,000 for each by the John Day Company, for the book publication rights for the U. S. and Canada. Collaboration between men and women writers will obviously not be eligible but collaboration between two men in one case and two women in the other, will be permissable, but the collaborators will have to come to their own arrangements as to the division of the prizes, as the contract in each case will be with one person only. Translations will not be eligible. No manuscript of under 50,000 words should be submitted. Preference will be given to full novel length.

Seven Prizes for Plays

Prizes of $1,000, $500, $250, $100 and three prizes of $50 each, will be awarded by the Penn Publishing Co., 925 Filbert St., Philadelphia, for the best plays of three or more acts, whether comedies, melodramas or serious plays. This contest closes March 1st, 1927.

* * *

Wins Imperial Service Medal

John W. Adam, the postman-author, was, on October 28th, at Terminal Station "A", Toronto, presented with the Imperial Service Medal in token of long and efficient service with the Toronto Post Office. Postmaster W. E. Lemon made the presentation in the presence of a numerous company of officials and friends. Mr. Adam had been in the service of the Toronto Post Office for thirty-eight years up to the time of his recent superannuation.

* * *

Seven Equal Prizes

With regard to the seven prizes of $500 each awarded by the Bureau of Archives of the Province of Quebec, as reported in the last issue of this journal, these prizes, being equal, should not have been listed "First," "Second," "Third," etc.

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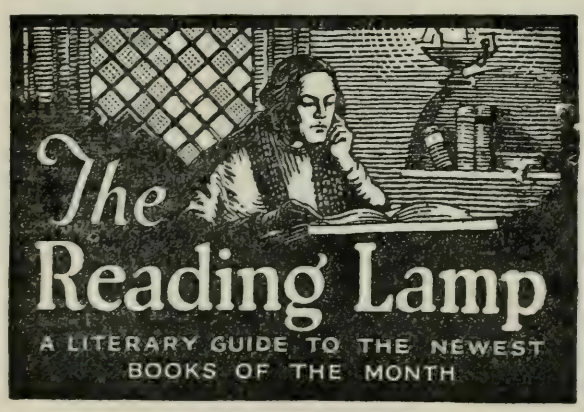

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Troubadours and Bards

Annie Charlotte Dalton

(Read at the reception given by the Vancouver Poetry Society to members of the Canadian Authors' Convention, August, 1926.)

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT has said that poetic friends take fire from one another, and how true that is all of us know, and what greater service can we render to each other than to hasten the golden moments of divine inspiration?

If the sole purpose of the Authors' Association were to bridge the gulf between Eastern and Western Canada, its value would still be incalculable. The subtle intimacy of the small country is denied to us, and until science has made us closer neighbors, the strongest bond between us must be that of literature, and by far the most important strand in that bond is poetry.

Let us in thought go back to the dark ages, when Arabia was developing a poetry which stands alone in the magnificent growth attained under almost insuperable difficulties. The laws of this poetry were touchingly simple, but in power and grandeur it became supreme at a time when all the rest of the world was in darkness.

We can think with honorable envy of the great song-contests which were held at Mecca and at Okad. There the tribes met periodically to give encouragement to their local bards.

Our need at the present time is to adopt the primitive methods of the Arabs, and to found a poetical Mecca of our own.

The advantages of poetical pilgrimages would be enormous, for with the public recognition and encouragement of song, the vitality of our national life would be assured. This fierce, this gentle, this beautiful, this terrible flame of poetry is smouldering in hundreds of undiscovered places, and it is for us to search for, and to transmit its splendor to its rightful home, the holy altar of our national honor.

Those widely separated and smouldering fires of the Arabian desert lived, perhaps, in the hearts of the people and warmed them also, but what irreparable loss to the world had no embers been carried to sacred Mecca. All that beauty and inspiration would, sooner or later, have been engulfed by the eternal sands, were it not for those divinely-inspired song-celebrations.

What then are the measures which we may take towards giving heart and countenance to our poets? Well, we might first proceed to found a band of troubadours. I would like to see everyone of our provinces elect a poet to travel, wherever possible, throughout his own province, singing and reciting not only his own songs, but those of his fellow-poets also.

The diligent exercise of individual generosity would not only lighten the financial burden, but would give the travellers rare opportunities of studying the life of our people which could be acquired in no other way.

The troubadours and minnesingers of the middle ages set out on their adventures with a fine disregard of the essentials of life, and it is on record that this optimism was rarely unjustified.

Tom Moore, as we all know, was a great singer and reciter of his own songs. It is interesting to note that his tour through Canada and the United States was productive of many of his best poems.

The Arab went on his tremendous journeys assured that he would find at intervals in the desert green places of refreshment, cool wells and shady palm trees, but our wandering troubadours must have assurances of spiritual hospitality also. To provide this, there should be an oasis in every town, a caravanseri in every country district—to wit, a chain of poetry societies, all independent, and yet mutually interested in each other. After a time, when each provincial bard had traversed well his own province, there might be interchange among the provinces. Folk-song everywhere, no matter what its origin, should be cherished and interwoven with our own ballads and songs.

English literature was first built up from the folk-song of Jutes, Angles and Saxons, and when these people were driven by stress, or love of adventure, to the shores of Britain the literature of the conquered country was absorbed into their own. The Danes and the Normans invaded England and were likewise absorbed by her literature. Old songs of every race were translated and so given a new life, for even when the foreigner was driven out, his poetry remained. In later times, French romance became paramount before gleams of nationality appeared in the middle of the fourteenth century. Then Chaucer, fresh from Italian influences, began his inimitable *Canterbury Tales.*

This is no time in which to trace the long evolution of any literature, however noble, but the few facts which I have ventured to enumerate, embolden me to say that all the foreign influences which are daily being brought into our country, are, if rightly used, the very things which we need for the enrichment of our literature.

Mining industries are rapidly coming to the fore, but at the present time, Canada is above all things an agricultural country. The earliest lyrics of Old Greece were agricultural songs—the song of Linus, sung at the grape-picking, and the song of Bormus, sung at the corn-cutting. Now, from the Highlands of Cape Breton to the rugged and evergreen coasts of the Pacific, there is no handicraft, no art, which is not somewhere worthily represented, or in some way symbolized by song—labor songs, sowing and reaping songs, birth, death, and mar-

riage songs—simple songs which bubble up from the depths of the heart, and whose beauty is lost to us because they are not translated. How many of the grandest hymns of our language are simply translations from the Latin, Greek, German and Hebrew, and why should not all the folk-songs in Canada be so translated for our common joy? Here is a new and noble task awaiting the literary men in our universities, for even the beautiful French folk-songs, in the original, are unhappily quite unknown to many of us.

With all the infinite variety of life to be found within our borders, what splendour, what opportunities, are before us! Courage alone is required to take and to use them, courage to sink all petty differences and prejudices.

Then might we reasonably dream of a glorious Mecca of our own, in which should be gathered and treasured the songs of the people from East to West, from North to South, and these songs would be sung, not for the joy alone of the happy pilgrims, but for the joy of the whole world, for golden voice and golden song alike would pass through the air to the ultimate ends of the earth.

The East is whispering to the West, her mouth
Close to his ear—they see each other's faces.
The North has told my secret to the South—
There shall be no more silent, songless places.

Prizes for Historical Essays

Through the Maritime Historical Society will be awarded prizes for the best historical essays dealing with the first settlements of localities in the Maritimes. The prizes include a gold medal, a silver medal and four prizes of respectively, $25, $20, $15 and $10 each. Competition closes on January 1, 1927 and prizes will be awarded in the following February. The conditions for this competition include a typed manuscript, the use of no material previously published, and that the essays later become the exclusive property of the Maritime Historical Society for publication. These essays are to be sent to W. C. Milner, President of the M.H.A. at Wolfville.

* * *

Spiritual Imperialism

"Italian writers, at home and abroad," said Signor Mussolini, at the opening of the new headquarters of the Italian Authors' Society, "must be the carriers of the new type of Italian civilization. They must carry out what may be described as spiritual imperialism by means of the theatre, books and lectures. We must make known not only Italy's past greatness; we must not stop at the picture galleries. We must gnaw inside ourselves; make ourselves produce something new which will bear the imprint of our time."

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Canadian Authors' Association

OFFICIAL PAGES

(*Note.*—At the 1926 Convention of the Canadian Authors' Association it was decided, after much discussion, that until the 1927 Convention the Association should pay for two pages in each issue of the *Canadian Bookman,* at space rates, and should use these pages for the publication of general C.A.A. news. This news was to be sent in by the branches to the National Secretary. It would then be sub-edited by the National Officers and forwarded to the *Bookman.* The only drawback to this tentative scheme is that members who do not subscribe to the *Canadian Bookman* will not receive these monthly budgets of news.)

THE failure to publish anything thus far since the Convention is due to the almost total lack of news forwarded to the Head Office. It is hoped that the branch executives will make a special effort to send in reports of their activities with maximum regularity.

The National Executive was also instructed to publish a Bulletin incorporating the minutes and reports of the Annual Convention. This Bulletin should be in the hands of all members by the middle of November. It will contain, amongst other information of interest, a complete revised list of the names and addresses of all members of the Association.

Saskatchewan

Postmen are carrying this fall towards publishers, and back again towards the writers, bigger if not better manuscripts than before from the score of Saskatchewan C. A.A. members. The impetus is credited to the wild duck dinner served one Saturday night at the Moose Jaw Club, with Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Ross, Mrs. J. H. Storer, Jos. Schull, and Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Graham as the hosts.

Memorable for the sheer pleasure it gave was a new poem by Dr. C. G. D. Roberts, "Vagrant of Time," read both before and after dinner to the gathering, by A. M. Bothwell, to whom it had been sent by the poet. The members had much in mind that night the laurels won by Dr. G. H. Locke, Toronto, who just shortly before, at Atlantic City, had been elected president of the American Library Association. That Miss Mary Black, Fort William; Miss Winnifred Barnstead, Toronto; and Miss Mary Saxe, Westmount, Que., were chosen from a membership of 8,000 for chairmen of committees was chalked down to their very high credit and Canada's.

Book-week plans occupied an hour or two around a grate fire before dinner,—but a waiting Dominion shall learn shortly how Saskatchewan paid its devoirs to Canadian writers. The difficulty of finding any bird's-eye views of the year's home-made literature set the members working on a project to ensure the cupboard's not being bare next time Mother Hubbard looks in. Due deference was paid to such of the club members as had got anything into print since the last meeting.

Winnipeg

The Winnipeg Branch of the Association has already held two meetings in the present autumn season.

At the first, held on the 2nd of September, informal reports on the Vancouver Convention were rendered by the National officers and by the delegates of the branch.

On Saturday, the 2nd of October, a meeting was held in honor of Canon Frederick George Scott, of Quebec. The visiting poet dealt with his own war poetry, and by describing the circumstances under which individual poems had their genesis, made the reading of his work more vital and poignant for his auditors. The branch members were greatly impressed by the unaffected simplicity, genial humor and unselfconscious fortitude of their poet-guest.

Toronto

A well attended meeting of the Toronto branch was held on the 9th of October in Glen Mawr School. Much regret was expressed at the resignation from the branch vice-presidency, of Dr. E. J. Pratt, of Victoria College. Mr. John M. Elson was elected to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Lloyd Roberts, of Ottawa, a guest of the evening, brought greetings from the Ottawa branch.

A letter of congratulation was sent to Dr. George H. Locke, who had been elected president of the American Library Association.

Striking reports on the Vancouver convention were given by Mrs. J. W. Garvin, Mrs. William Weller and Mrs. Constance Davies-Woodrow. Some sense of the overwhelming hospitality of the British Columbia branches lived again in the enthusiasm of these delegates.

The business sessions of the convention were dealt with more fully by Mr. John M. Elson and Col. John A. Cooper. The question of copyright had absorbed a large part of the convention sessions, and a resolution had been passed calling for the formation of a Committee of five C.A.A. mem-

bers, co-operating with five representatives of musical interests, to study the very intricate and difficult problems of musical copyright.

During the evening, charming piano selections were rendered by Miss Eleanor Holliday.

Copyright in Russia

A new copyright Act passed by the Russian Soviet Government early this year may be of interest to Canadians. The most striking portions are Articles 4 and 15. Article 4, Section (a), reads: "The translation of another author's work into another language is not considered as a violation of copyright." Article 15 reads: "Every work may be the object of forcible expropriation by the Government of the Union of Russian Socialist Soviet Republics or by the Government of the Republic in whose territory the work has appeared for the first time, or in which it exists in the form of manuscript, sketch, or any other material form."

It is a question whether the Canadian Government has not sunk to a lower depth in legalizing compulsory theft of a Canadian author's work for the private profit of exploiting interests. So long as the licensing clauses remain on the statute books of the Dominion, just so long will Canadians be unable to face the world with a clear conscience.

Canadian Book Week

Canadian Book Week was held this year during the last week in October. Detailed reports of branch activities will not become available until next issue, but a widespread programme of publicity and education was arranged.

The purpose for which the Authors' Association founded Book Week some years ago was, of course, not self-advertisement, but education. Confident that a significant corpus of Canadian literature already existed, and aware of the almost complete public ignorance of that literature, the Association has endeavored to arouse national interest in those who have labored in the Dominion in the cause of letters. The press, the pulpit, the class-room, the bookstore, the lecture-hall, and even the radio have been conscribed once a year for the task of public instruction; and it is evident that the average Canadian today has a far more intelligent interest in his country's literature than he had five years ago.

Tribute should be paid in this connection to the efforts of the Association of Canadian Bookmen, an organization of Canadian publishers, which has done much to call public attention to current publications by Canadian writers.

International Copyright

In June, 1927, a long overdue diplomatic congress is to meet in the city of Rome to undertake a further revision of the Berne Convention on copyright.

In order that the authors of all countries might reach certain international conclusions and be able to present a united front in making recommendations to that Congress, there was held in Paris from the 12th to the 15th of June, 1926, an international conference of Authors' Associations. The Canadian Authors' Association was represented on that occasion by Mr. Pierre Dupuy, a regular member of the Association, who is resident in Paris as Secretary to the Canadian High Commissioner to France.

As a result of that conference, an International Federation of Authors' Societies was formed, with M. de Flers as the first president. The task of centralizing study and information, together with the keeping of archives, was entrusted to a General Secretary residing in Paris. The first General Secretary is M. Edmond Guiraud. There is also to be a permanent Study Bureau, composed of one representative from each affiliated society.

It will no doubt be desirable that the authors of Canada should be represented in the International Federation. Unfortunately they are somewhat compromised at the present time by the reactionary character of the Canadian Copyright Act.

Canada's Literary Output

Too Big For Market

"The present output of Canadian literature is too large for the size of the population which is expected to absorb it," said Prof. W. T. Allison, national president of the Canadian Authors' Association, at a meeting of the Winnipeg branch held in the University building at their October meeting.

The number of Canadian works which will be put on the market this fall has already reached the record figure of 62, he said, which is made up as follows: Novels, 24; verse, 11; history, 9; essays, 5; biographies, 3; humor, 1; and general, 9. Of the novels no less than five were written by authors who are residents of Winnipeg. These are: *Old Folk—Young Folk*, by Mrs. Travers Sweatman; *Me and Peter*, by Robert Watson; *Kennedy's Second Best*, by Rev. J. D. Freeman; *Men of Kildonan*, by J. H. McCullough, and *The Golden Scarab*, by Hopkins Moorhouse.

Prof. Allison gave what he referred to as a "bird's eye view" of the books appearing this fall, reading out the 62 titles with the author's name and giving a little running comment as he did so. The output of Canadian books had increased enormously

during the past 10 years, he said, as the public was awakening to the fact that there is such a thing as worth-while Canadian literature.

The speaker of the evening was Hugh Dent, senior member of the publishing house of J. M. Dent and Sons, London, who is passing through the city on a tour of investigation into publishing conditions which will take him all over the British Empire and many other countries, including the United States. Mr. Dent spoke on the origin and growth of "Everyman's Library," which is the outstanding achievement of his company.

Recognizing the popular demand for cheap editions of well known works, his father, the late J. M. Dent, started this library in 1905. It was not without considerable difficulty that a suitable style of paper, binding, and type was secured which would be of decent quality and yet could be published at the modest price of one shilling. These difficulties were finally surmounted and the majority of their first list was sold within six months of leaving the press. During 1906 they turned out 155 volumes of Everyman's Library, with 10,000 copies of each, besides 150 volumes of miscellaneous works. For this enormous production they had to avail themselves of printing establishments all over the British Isles, including plants in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Plymouth and London.

With the edition of 20 new titles next spring, Everyman's Library will consist of over 800 volumes, said Mr. Dent, and it is the aim of the publishers ultimately to include 1,000 volumes in the library.

As a testimony of the general desire among English-speaking peoples to read the best type of literature it could be stated that over 21,000,000 of these books had been sold since they were first published.

Prof. A. W. Crawford, president of the Winnipeg branch, occupied the chair and during the course of his opening remarks, referred to Canadian Book Week, which had just been concluded. The association had been active in trying, through various channels, to draw the attention of the public to the influence good books have in broadening their mental outlook and enriching their lives, he said.

Readers of *Canadian Bookman* will be glad to learn that the Radisson Society is publishing this month a complete edition of Charles Mair's poetry and prose, with a comprehensive sketch of his life, about thirty pages of memoirs, and numerous illustrations. It is Vol. XIV of *Master Works of Canadian Authors*. This volume should satisfy any unbiased critic that both in poetry and prose Charles Mair must long continue to take high rank among Canada's most authentic writers.

Have a Hobby— Collect Prints

There is a charm and fascination in the ownership of old prints, whether used to ornament the home, library or office, or to be preserved in the portfolio. The building up of a collection of **Canadiana**, for instance, will stimulate one's knowledge of the pioneer days, through the numerous topographical prints of the early colonial period when the cities of Canada were in the making. These prints are not only historical documents, but in many cases beautiful examples of the engraver's art. As time goes by fine items will advance in price; they have been doing so during the past decade, and today's investment is bound to substantially increase in the years to come.

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The Collector

THOSE who were so fortunate as to hear Dr. Henry Guppy, head of the John Rylands Library, Manchester, England, and President of the British Library Association, speak on his own subjects on the occasion of his recent visit to Toronto, had an experience which they are not likely soon to forget. Especially interesting was Dr. Guppy's talk in the Physics Building, University of Toronto, on the evening of Oct. 25th, on "The Evolution of the Printed Book." It had been announced that this would be profusely illustrated with lantern slides, but these for some reason failed to arrive in time. The lecturer handled his subject in such a graphic and illuminating way, however, that the absence of the slides was not felt by his hearers. Equally interesting, if not more interesting, was the address which Dr. Guppy gave to a group of booklovers in the Central Public Library on the evening of Oct. 26th, when he told of the genesis of the John Rylands Library and its growth to the proud position which it holds among the libraries of the world today.

* * *

Handbill No. 10, from N. J. Bartlett and Co., Inc., Boston, is devoted to old maps and prints, the outstanding item of all being Ortelius' "Theatre de l'Univers, Contemant les Cartes de Tout le Monde, le tout Revu, Amende, and Augmente de plusieurs Declarations par le Meme Autheur," Antwerp, 1598, which contains, among other maps, the New World (North and South America) and the Pacific, showing North and South America (priced $750). Other maps include Jan Janszoon's map of North America, circa 1650, and Nicholas Visscher's maps of America and North America, 1680; while in addition there are offered an extensive series of early Canadian and other views published by Virtue in London in the 1830's.

* * *

Announcement was made recently by cable from Vienna of the purchase on behalf of Dr. Otto H. Vollbehr, a German bibliophile, whose collection of rare books was recently exhibited in New York, of a vellum copy of the Gutenberg Bible for $275,000, the largest amount ever paid for a printed book. The Bible was purchased from the St. Paul Monastery at Lavantthal, Carinthia, the Austrian Government granting a permit for its export to America on payment of a tax of $25,000. It is one of twenty copies printed between 1453 and 1456 on vellum, of which nine have disappeared and one is incomplete. Two of the remaining ten are already in America, one being in the Morgan collection in New York and the other in the Huntingdon Library at Pasadena. The Bible which the Melk Monastery sold to America last year at the then record price of $105,000, is printed on paper, and is consequently much less valuable than are copies printed on vellum.

* * *

Thirty-five books from the library of Robert Louis Stevenson at Vailima were sold at auction in the Anderson Galleries in New York on October 4. The highest price was brought for "Translations of the Works of Martial," containing notes in the late owner's autograph, which brought $330. The sum of $130 was paid for Dumas' "Vicomte de Bragelonne," to which Stevenson, it will be remembered, devoted his well-known essay, "A Gossip on a Novel of Dumas's," while $100 was paid for D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation," bearing the inscription, "Robert Lewis Stevenson from his Father and Mother on his fifteenth birthday."

* * *

The discovery of what may prove to be a relic of Shakespeare was recently made at Ann Hathaway's cottage at Shottery. Workmen removing a partition in one of the bedrooms found the oak mount of a hornbook, with initials carved on the back which have been variously read by experts as "W.S." and "W.B.", with a majority favoring the former.

* * *

A collection of 34 autograph letters from Sir Henry Clinton, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces during the American Revolutionary war, to the Duke of Gloucester, dating from 1776 to 1793 and dealing with the chief events of the war, was sold at auction in London on October 7 and brought $4,000. An original sketch of the Battle of Long Island in August, 1776, sold at the same sale, brought $1,350.

* * *

The discovery of previously unknown poems by Omar Khayyam is reported from Karachi, India. Workmen digging for a foundation for a building, according to the

story, came upon a brass case containing manuscripts of many hitherto unknown quatrains, written by the author of the Rubaiyat during his wanderings in Sindh. Is it too much to hope that another Edward FitzGerald will be forthcoming to translate these quatrains into English for us?

* * *

The first volume of "Anonyma and Pseudonyma," compiled by Charles A. Stonehill, Andrew Block and H. Winthrop Stonehill, and published by C. A. Stonehill, of London, has recently made its appearance. The work, which aims to set forth all that is known on the subject of books and pamphlets written anonymously or under pseudonyms, will extend to five volumes, the first covering only the first five letters of the alphabet. The published price is £5 5s.

* * *

Noah Farnham Morrison, Elizabeth, N.J., in his latest catalogue (No. 212) offers, among others, a collection of books on Canada, the most important being Christie's "History of the Late Province of Upper Canada," Montreal, 1848-55, 6 vols.; C. M. Day's "Pioneers of the Eastern Townships," Montreal, 1863; Faillon's "Histoire de la Colonie Francaise en Canada," Villeneuve, 1865-66, 3 vols. in 4; "Statement respecting the Earl of Selkirk's Settlement on the Red River," London, 1817, described as an "immaculate copy" in the original boards (priced $30); Charles Forbes' prize essay, "Vancouver Island: its resources and capabilities as a Colony," Victoria (1862), in original wrappers, very scarce; Wm. Kingdom, Jr.'s "America and the British Colonies," London, 1820.

* * *

William George's Sons, Ltd., Bristol, Eng., have recently issued under the title "New World Book List," a catalogue of miscellaneous books and maps relating to America and its islands which should appeal to all collectors of Canadiana, as it contains many items coming under this category. It cannot be said that there are among these any items of outstanding importance, but the offerings on the whole are interesting and desirable.

* * *

It has been long believed that the first complete Bible in English printed in America was that published by Robert Aitken in Philadelphia, in 1782, but researches by the Rev. Griscom, of New York, have recently revealed that the so-called "Baskett" Bible possesses that high honor. No Colonial printer was able to secure the privilege from the King of England to print a Bible; in fact, attempting to "bootleg" Bibles would have involved a sentence to one year in jail and a fine of 10 shillings for every unauthorized copy printed. Nevertheless, two enterprising Boston printers, Kneeland and Green, braved the rigors of the law and actually succeeded in printing a complete Bible as early as 1752, evading detection by using a title page so like that used at the time by the English printer of authorized Bibles, Thomas Baskett, that only after a most careful examination at this late date has the fact been discovered. Only one copy of the Kneeland and Green Bible bearing the date 1752 is known, but about a dozen others, variously dated 1761, 1763, 1766 and 1767, have been traced.

* * *

A calendar or catalogue of the Northcliffe Collection, presented to the Government of Canada by Sir Leicester Harmsworth as a memorial to his brother, Viscount Northcliffe, has been issued by the Dominion Archives Department, and reveals that the collection is even more important than has been expected. The collection consists of the papers of General Robert Monckton and of Brig.-General Townshend, some rare printed material and portraits. The largest series in the collection bears the name of Monckton and consists of 130 volumes. Monckton served in several campaigns in America. He was first in command of the forces in Nova Scotia, and was charged with the unpleasant duty of expelling the Acadians. He afterwards served as Governor of Annapolis and Lieut.-Governor of the Province, and acted as second Brigadier at the surrender of Quebec. He later became Governor of New York and Commander-in-Chief of the Army which wrested the Middle West from the French, and Commander-in-Chief of the Expedition which captured Martinique and other Islands of the West Indies. The second collection of importance consists of the papers of George Townshend, who signed the capitulation of Quebec, and later, as Master of the Ordnance, was responsible for the elaborate system of defence in Canada. The printed material in the collection includes the unique copy of the capture of Fort Bull, printed at Lisbon in 1756, and 24 volumes from General Sir James Wolfe's library at Blackheath.

* * *

A catalogue (No. 969) of "Rare Americana and Western History" comes from C. F. Libbie & Co., Boston, and offers, among other interesting Canadian items, the following, viz: Champlain's "Voyages et Descouvertures faits en la Nouvelle France, depuis l'annee, 1615, jusques a la fin de l'annee, 1618," Paris, 1627, described as a good crisp copy of the rare second edition (priced $300); "History of the War in America between Great Britain and her Colonies from its Commencement to the end of the year 1778," three vols., Dublin, 1779-85, the original edition with the broken pagination (Part II.) and duplicate leaves (pp.349-52), in Vol. I. (priced $75); Henry's "Account of the Hardships and

Sufferings of the Band of Heroes who traversed the Wilderness in the Campaign against Quebec in 1775," Lancaster, 1812.

* * *

The current number of The Cambridge Historical Journal contains an informative article describing the great stores of documents relating to the Canada of 1840-1850. which are now housed in the prison at Cambridge. The article is by Gilbert Tucker, M.A., of London, Ont., who spent the last year in historical study at Cambridge. The period in question, as all students know, is one of great importance in the development of self-government in this country, being the period when Sydenham, Bagot, Metcalfe and Elgin were governors.

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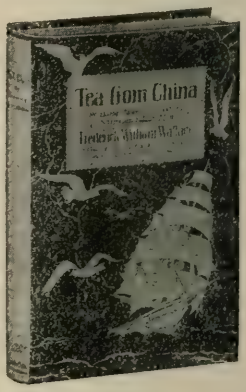

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Who's Who in Canadian Literature

TOM MacINNES

By A. M. Pound

IT IS rather curious that Tom MacInnes is recognized in Canada as a poet by many who have never read his poems; and by more who are familiar only with such of his exotics as "Chinatown Chant," "Lone Wolf Lament," and "Zalinka:" of which type-written copies are circulated, and which are occasionally printed in the newspapers.

MacInnes is generally classed as a Westerner, although from time to time he has lived almost as much of his life in Ontario and Quebec as he has on the Pacific Coast. His poetry reflects the color of both Eastern and Western Canada, along with much else. To quote from his *Damozel of Doom*

> Of regions lost, and times o'erlaid,
> And love forgot.

The original small but enthusiastic group of his admirers is growing now. He did not make himself properly known as a poet when he was young; nor has he lived quite as a poet is supposed to live. Moreover, his serious opinions are held to run counter to those accepted usually by normal Canadians. He is like Wilson MacDonald in imagining that no critic and no college professor can teach him anything about the art of verse-making or about literary style. Unlike MacDonald, however, who rather insistently demands that his merit and standing as a poet be recognized at once and by all, MacInnes assumes the irritating pose of pretending that he does not care a whit for contemporary opinion in Canada or abroad; that he writes for an audience which will only begin to assemble fifty years hence. It is not the way to win support these days. Tom MacInnes and Wilson MacDonald are utterly unlike in manner and subject matter of their poems, and generally in their mode of life and most of their opinions. This makes it all the stranger that they should yet be such friends, and such great admirers of each other's work. It is as if they had some hidden loyalty in common; as if in some one cause they recognized themselves as comrades in arms. Recently at a gathering of some of the best literary people in Vancouver something was said in disparagement of Wilson MacDonald's first work, which led MacInnes in a flash to say:

"Never mind all that. Wilson MacDonald is blood royal of Parnassus. As a poet he takes second place to no living poet in Great Britain today; and he has not his equal in the United States. He will arrive to front rank among the great poets of our language."

Tom, who has become taciturn most of the time now, was in quite a

talkative mood that night, and while the mood prevailed, he made it plain that he thought that he had a choice seat of his own reserved in the poet's gallery, whenever he chose to sit in it. How true this may be the reader can decide for himself by getting the paper-covered fourth edition of his *Roundabout Rhymes,* published at seventy-five cents. It contains some of his strongest work. He says he has written his last line of verse, but last summer he completed a prose work dealing with obscure Chinese philosophy, under the title of *The Testament of the Ancient One.*

Tom MacInnes was born at Dresden, Ontario, on the 29th of October, 1867, and is a third generation Canadian of Scotch and Spanish stock. His father, the late Hon. T. R. MacInnes, was a pioneer M.P. of British Columbia, and represented a constituency extending from New Westminster to the far North. Later, he became a Senator and Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. A brother, the Hon. W. W. B. MacInnes, was a former member of the House of Commons and Governor of the Yukon Territory.

CHECK-LIST OF FIRST EDITIONS

In Amber Lands. Complete Poems, 1923.

A Romance of the Lost, and Other Poems.

The Fool of Joy.

Roundabout Rhymes.

The Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott

Reviewed by John W. Garvin

IT was in 1901 that I became particularly interested in the poetry of Duncan Campbell Scott. In that year the distinguished literary and dramatic critic of London, England, William Archer, published his notable volume, *Poets of the Younger Generation,* and I was fortunate enough to procure a copy. In this book, justice was done to three Canadian poets, Roberts, Carman and Scott.

It was Archer who first pointed out the qualities of beauty and strength which give enduring distinction to Scott's verse: "a poet of climate and atmosphere" . . . "magically luminous phrases and stanzas" . . . "rare intensity of imaginative vision" . . "musical inspiration of rare and haunting charm" . . . "memorable descriptive passages" . . . "He is above everything a colorist. He paints in hues of a peculiar and vivid translucency. But he is a metrist of no mean skill, and an imaginative thinker of no mean capacity."

When Archer's critique was written, Duncan Campbell Scott was thirty-nine years of age. He is now sixty-four, and we have the complete edition of his poems, (179 in number) that he wishes preserved.

With the everyday reader, poetry of such perfection and distinction is not always popular. It has to be read and re-read, and often aloud repeatedly, to enable the reader to catch all the subtleties of its spirit, and its numerous measures of exquisite verbal music.

Beautiful as is such a fantasy for instance, as *The Piper of Arll,* and many other poems in which the metre, verbal music, thought and emotion are in perfect accord, I think it probable that Scott's fame in the future will rest more and more on his remarkable poems in 'free verse' (with or without rhyme) which have Indian and other themes of intense human interest. Who could ever tire of reading such poems as *Powassan's Drum; The Forsaken; At the Cedars; Night Burial in the Forest;* and

Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris?

Recently at an open meeting of "The Poetry Society of Canada," held in Victoria College, Toronto, Laurence Binyon read a paper on "The Essentials of Poetry," and the fundamental principle emphasized was this: "There is no poetry without rhythm. Metre is always rhythm, but rhythm is not always metre." This latter clause applies especially to *vers libre* in the writing of which Dr. Scott is an outstanding master. To illustrate, compare his *Powassan's Drum* with the innumerable examples of chopped-up prose, which pass today as "free verse,"—particularly south of the border. Here is an extract:

Has it gone forever,
As the pulse of Being?
Will it last till the world's end
As the pulse of Being?
He crouches under the poles
Covered with strips of birchbark
And branches of poplar and pine,
Piled for shade and dying
In dense perfume,
With closed eyelids
With eyes so fierce,
Burning under and through
The ancient worn eyelids,
He crouches and beats his drum.

The morning star formed
Like a pearl in the shell of darkness;
Light welled like water from the springs
of morning;
The stars in the earth shadow
Caught like whitefish in a net;
The sun, the fisherman,
Pulling the net to the shore of night,
Flashing with the fins of the caught stars:
All to the throbbing of Powassan's Drum.

The live things in the world
Hear it and are silent.
They hide silent and charmed
As if guarding a secret;
Charmed and silent hiding a rich secret.
Throbbing all to the
Throb—throb—throbbing of Powassan's
Drum.

Stealthy as death the water
Wanders in the long grass,
And spangs of sunlight
Slide on the slender reeds
Like beads of bright oil.
The sky is a bubble blown so tense
The blue has gone gray
Stretched to the throb—throb—throb—
throb—
Throbbing of Powassan's Drum.

It gives me pleasure to express the conviction that the poems of Duncan Campbell Scott will have an enduring place in Canadian literature, and ever bring the author a richer fruitage of appreciation.

A Canadian Genius

By T. D. Rimmer

IN Wilson MacDonald Canada has a poet in whose poems her beauty has found crystallization. Canada has dwelt overlong in the shade. In the shadow of two potent nations her voice has been mild and almost, as it were, apologetic, but the late war has brought her a measure of emancipation. It gave to her a consciousness of entity, of ideals and aims that, she found, did not pulsate entirely in accord with those of other nations. The sap of her awakening nationhood stirred, it ran more strongly and now it is merely a matter of time until the full leaf will be upon her.

Through Wilson MacDonald she speaks with the voice of maturity. She brings her deepest pigments, her azure lakes, her scarlet woods to a poet who can interpret her message and who can frame her beauty in words that glow with native color and ring with changes that find an echo in the hearts of those to whom Canada is more than a name.

This book by Wilson MacDonald is steeped in the richest dyes of Canada. From "Ontario's lilac lanes" to "the all-lovely lyric of cities" he ranges and brings back with him the intrinsic treasures of the country.

He is a rebel, this Wilson MacDonald. Conventionality is no close

friend of his and some of his poems have a laugh, and sometimes a taunt in them that sweeps away the close air of the cities and brings in its stead a gust of the cleaner wind that belongs to the mountain, the valley and the spread of the sea,

My song is a roseate rug, yet not of the Orient,
Here is the weave of it: seaweed, curled black with salt,
Under the cold high cliffs of Gaspé;
Pine-shadowed snow, at the dome of the Selkirks,
Burning with suns and flaming with moons and remaining forever.
Sand from the restless and changeable dunes of Washaga;
Slim, hardy reefs in the broad lonely marshes
Where James Bay falters between her allegiance
To land and the grey-green of water;
Gold suns that slip from the world at Alberni,
Warming the seas with their fires;
Threads of blue mist from the indolent valleys
Of the low, lovely, lounging Laurentians . . .
Firs that leap up from dark Capilano
Where music glides down a long stair to the sea.

He has stolen from the "star-heavy, blue-purple robe of the night" and the "gold of the dawn," and it is with these and other gifts in his hand that he seeks admittance.

I have in my veins all the sweet unrest of the wild places,
And if you toss me aside I will come hither again on the morrow;
For I am a force that you cannot deny;
I am an offering that you finally must accept
For I am the herald of new things in a new land.

Niagara finds her place in the book and "this curving verdure crashing into white" finds its apotheosis in a poem that is touched with immortality.

Here all the fury since the world was young
Is chanted on one tongue.
Here all the beauty since the earth was born
Is beaten, bruised and torn . . .
There is a tiger in thy veins, thy tongue
Is white and furred and thou hast often drawn
A draught of human blood and coldly flung
Full many a broken body to the dawn;
The tiger's eyes are in thy water's gleam,
The tiger's purr is in thy warning call,
A tiger leaps when thy soft-footed stream
Takes her long plunge from off thy granite wall.

All the poignancy of Wilde's "Reading Gaol" is brought back in "The Song of the Hemp" but the self-pity of Wilde is transmuted in MacDonald to a throbbing sympathy, a passionate protest against our barbarous methods of punishment. There is a bitter note to this poem but it is justified. The words sear the heart and leave a deeper scar than "Reading Gaol" has done. In his note at the top of the poem, MacDonald says:

"In a certain northern country called Canada, in the savage year 1919, certain barbarians took one hour and eleven minutes of God's time to hang an Italian named Antonio Spreeage."

The stubbled Hemp-field called the wind
That passed with moistened eyes;
"Go down to Bordeaux Gaol and find
Where he, the dead man, lies.
Tell him my fields are shamed tonight
Beneath the Autumn skies.

"Tell him if I had known my strands
Would weave a hangman's coil,
My seed had never groped its hands
Up through the choking soil.
My fields had never burned at night
Their lamps of silver soil . . . ."

All that has been written before by Wilson MacDonald has been merely "the pawing of a lion to free its hinder parts." He has written some things that are beautiful in their strength, but in this book he has emerged into the sunlight and surely no one, on reading it, will remain insensible to the genius that flames in the lines. Only to quote one instance of pure imagery will be sufficient to convey this phase of his genius:

How rich is silver, fallen with sweet grace
Upon the ebon velvet of this lake!
How fair the throat of water bared to Heaven!

His imagery and tone-color are used not merely as ornament, but to point the shaft of his message. He is

intensely national, that is, in his love for the beauty of his country, but by this same token he becomes international and as such will be recognized by those to whom poetry is visible, whatever its guise. In MacDonald we have technique; we have tone-color, onomatopoeia, and we have assonance, but with these there is no emasculation, no weakness or stumbling. On the contrary, we have a virility that is the more potent because of the restraint laid upon it. The passionate humanity of some of the poems rises to a major note and it is here we get the eternal voice of the poet-rebels, whose song will yet cause the walls of a new era to rise. These poems will not go for naught, they are too vibrant for that, and if Wilson MacDonald has his secret message to his own countrymen, he has also something to say to the world at large.

At all events, Canada has found herself in his poetry. His note should do away with much that is petty and provincial, much that is stifling in its conservatism, and should bring in its stead a clearer conception of liberalism and tolerance, which are, or should be, the twin flowers of nationhood.

It Is Reported

THAT—

—a monument to the poet, Louis Fréchette, is to be erected in St Louis Square, Montreal. The site was reserved at the request of the St. Jean Baptiste Society.

—I. W. Anderson, formerly of Calgary, now in journalistic work in New York, who contributed the illustrated article "Where Once They Trod" to a recent issue of *Maclean's*, has completed a full-length novel which is now in a publisher's hands for consideration.

—J. Murray Gibbon, speaking before the Women's Press Club, of Toronto, said that Canada's literature was still in the "goo-goo" stage—just beginning to articulate. Incidentally he said that Canadian women contributed at least sixty per cent of successful Canadian fiction.

—among the Canadian librarians honored at the recent convention of the American Library Association, at Atlantic City, was Mr. Nathan Van Patten, librarian of Queen's University, Kingston, who is the new chairman of the College and Reference section.

—a new publishing house has been established in London under the name of the Diamond Press Ltd., 10 Adam Pl., Adelphi. An early production will be *The Jade Rabbit*, a Chinese secret society novel, by Adele Blood and Tam Marriott, with illustrations by the French artist, Charles Fouquery, who lived for many years in China.

—the Native Sons of Canada are sending speakers out to fill engagements in the smaller towns of the west dealing with the need for greater recognition of Canadian literature. The speakers trace the growth of prose and poetry from the earliest productions.

—Literary clubs are springing up in all parts of Canada. One particularly live one is the West Fort William Literary Club, of which Mrs. W. S. Pickup is president, Mrs. C. H. Moore, vice-president, and Mrs. T. E. Irons, secretary-treasurer. The leading speaker at one of the recent meetings was Miss J. L. Black, the capable librarian of the East Fort William Public Library.

—of the seventy-five poets included in John W. Garvin's anthology (revised edition) sixty-three, or 84 per cent., were born in Canada; forty-one in Ontario, seven in Quebec; seven in Nova Scotia; six in New Brunswick; one in Prince Edward Island, and one in British Columbia . . . Of the other twelve, six were born in England; four in Ireland; one in Newfoundland and one in China.

—at the exhibition of Modern Colour-Prints of Original Design, held at the Montreal Art Gallery, the end of last month, of the 137 prints catalogued, 101 were sold. So far this stands as a record for sales in a public art gallery in Canada. The exhibition embraced examples in colour from wood-cuts, etchings, aquatints and mezzo tints by English, French, Japanese, Swiss, Viennese and Canadian print-makers. Mrs. Percy F. Godenrath of Ottawa, who has for years been in charge of the Print Room at the Canadian National Exhibition, handled the exhibition for the Art Association of Montreal.

* * *

Smoke Screen Dissolved

With reference to the paragraph about *In My Corner*, by "Athena" in the last issue, it has been pointed out to *Canadian Bookman* that the "corner" which inspired the little poem is not in the Y.W.C.A. as implied in the heading of the paragraph in question. This explanation should, therefore, clear away any smoke screen thrown up a month ago.

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For the Lover of Poetry

THE poem by Charles G. D. Roberts on this page, like all the others in this poetry section, is given original publication here. It is interesting to record that this poem marks the return of the muse to Charles G. D. Roberts after an absence of three years. While rummaging through some old papers he came across the first two lines written several years before, and not only did he then finish this poem, but several others followed within a few weeks.

Spring Breaks in Foam

By Charles G. D. Roberts

SPRING breaks in foam
Along the blackthorn bough:
Whitethroat and goldenwing
Are mating now.

With green buds in the copse
And gold bloom in the sun
Earth is one ecstasy
Of life begun.

And on my heart
Spring breaks in glad surprise
As the long frosts of the long years melt
At your dear eyes.

The Wanderer

By Christina Willey

THE deaf man looked, and said: "Oh beautiful!
She is the vision of all loves of old."
The blind man heard, and whispered: "She is all
The tales of joy that ever have been told."
The deaf and blind on whom she laid her hand
Put palm to heart and brow, and bowed his head.
His guardian whispered: "Thus he greets the sun,
To praise its warmth. All other sense is dead."

She was to every man the whole of good,
Or felt, or seen, or heard.
The crown of Victory, the song of bird,
Flowers in the summer wood.

You did not know Bright Helen. I, who live,
With all my world gone grey,
For one hour of her day
Would offer all, but what have I to give?

Ah, she was more than lovely! Kind and sweet,
And very gentle to all living things.
The doves of Aphrodite, with white wings
And ruby eyes and coral feet,
Would fly about her, wooing her, and light
Upon her shoulders and her glorious hair.
She was so fair,
Who met her in the streets of far-off Troy
Went all that day with joy
For very pleasure that she tarried there.

Once, in a gateway of the tunnelled wall,
The long black arch of our beleaguered town,
I saw a Goddess. Dreadful light was shed
Around, above, below. With head cast down
I went my way. Olympian beauty chilled
My heart with fear. No goddess was the Queen,
The Argive Helen; she was hope and peace,
The future, and the dreaming might-have-been.

Ah me! but I grow old,
    Alone, and wandering very sad and far
    From that long War,
Ah me! ah me! when I was glad and bold,
I think I journeyed to the outer seas;
    I think I saw the thundering waters fall
Across the very edges of the world.
    I knew the Great Ones. I forget them all;
I have lived much, but worn and aged am I.
O Stranger! if but once my living eyes
Could see the tall towers rise
    Across that plain
I should be young again.

I dream. Tall Troy is down:
But wind blown ashes is the mighty town,
    And I have lost fair Helen many years.
Who am I? I forget. I only know
That time has robbed me of my tears
    And all my songs are sung.
Perhaps I was that Paris, as men say,
Wearied I am, and old, and tired, and grey,
    But once I loved Gold Helen, and was young.

By a Lime-Tree

By Leo Cox

A CHANGELESS lime-tree stands against the north,
And, pillar-like, upholds the sky and cloud,
Shaking defiance when the storms go forth;
And in the bell-still dark, its thoughts are proud.
Many an evening when my heart was young,
I dimly knew there was a world beyond,
And dreamed of strange adventuring among
That country's men of whom my heart was fond.
The dream was larger than my hands have found;
That country's bitter-sweet leads not to joy.
What use to wish I had my dream, unbound,
Free, as the evening wonder of a boy?
Shall thus our souls, come to the heaven where
We sent them, long for these dreams we share?

Iterance

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

POET, lest you merit scorn,
Tell me, when was April born?"

" 'Twas this morning just at seven—
Little clouds adrift in heaven
Met the wind's warm lips, and lo!
April blossomed here below."

"Poet, if your rhyme be so,
What of Aprils long ago?"

"Long ago when, in a garden
(Call it Eden, call it Arden,)
Adam woke to Eve's first kiss
'Twas an April day, like this!"

"Tell us then, O Poet true,
When shall April sigh Adieu!" "

"Never say that April's over
Till the old world lacks a lover—
When the feet of youth are fled
Weep we then for April, dead!"

Chant of the Unsubdued

By Lionel Stevenson

WHY linger with the shades to hold the phantom hand
Of some departed joy that impotently fades
Despite your wild command to be your comrade still?
Why recklessly employ your treasured hour so ill,
Dejected and dismayed, consorting with a shade?

And why become a thrall to tyrannous events,
Determining to fall before their brutal feet
In menial reverence? The helots who entreat
Such insolent oppression through agony and fear
Surrender man's most dear and glorious possession.

Defy the arrogance by which the present rules
And shun the past's dark pools where futile spectres dance;
Your birthright is to rove untrammelled and serene
On the supernal hill that dominates the world,
Visit the poles at will and all the zones between
And claim each dawn's impearled array as treasure trove.

To the Trees

By Laura A. Ridley

THE trees stand, tall and sombre,
Against the evening sky;
Like sentinels, they seem to watch
The moon ascending high.
—The moon that moves so swiftly,
Unhampered, like the trees,
Who only sway when they are touched
By every passing breeze.
Sometimes I think they murmur,
They whisper, soft and low:
"Why should we stay here all our lives,
"Where we began to grow?
"The moon is free to wander,
"The brook flows swiftly by,
"And yet we stay in this same spot,
"Until at last we die."

Ah, trees, dear trees, have patience!
We love you better far
Than any swiftly flowing brook,
Or any distant star.
We love you better than the moon
That seems so far away;
You are to us our dearest friends,
Because you're here to stay.

The Old Tree

By Gostwick Roberts

YEAR after year the bark that binds me thickens;
Spring after spring, later, less gayly quickens
The budding of my twigs; fall after fall
I bear more bitter fruit, scabby, with all
The juice dried out; no more my branches swing
To winds, but creak; the frosts of winter bring
A shrinking to my trunk that spring's sweet flow
Of sap will never swell; more gnarled I grow
With every drift of snow, and tighter bound,
Wizened and harsh with every sun; the ground
Sinks at my roots, leaving them bare; my thoughts
Of many seasons must have made their knots
Thick like the coils of an old man's brain,
Too, as his body warps with age and pain,
So does mine warp with frost and wind and rain.

The Tryst

By T. D. Rimmer

Following the flight of Fothad Canann, a Connaught chief, with Alill of Munster's wife, a battle ensues wherein Fothad is slain. The spirit of Fothad keeps a tryst made with his mistress to meet after the battle.

AH, woman, see! My mouth is on your mouth,
My hot hands in the glory of your hair;
One final draught of beauty I will have
Ere to the iron-gated deeps I fare.
What matter that the grey light of your eyes
Has shrouded me and mine within the tomb—
Had I not won the guerdon, tasted love,
Ere I was mantled in the final gloom?

And yet, you do not answer! Can it be
My kiss falls cold where formerly it lit
An ardor fierce as any Druid fire
Within the soul of her who suffered it?
My hands are hot upon you, yet your lips
Are cold, unanswering, your eyes abrood
And strained to where that meadow lately drank
Unsatedly of Erin's richest blood.

The final terror is upon me now;
I am but food to sate the quickening clay;
The flowers have me at their avid roots,
And I am with your dreams of yesterday.
Ah, woman, see! My mouth is on your mouth,
My hot hands in the glory of your hair—
But you, unknowing, may not answer me.
Farewell, farewell! for more I cannot bear.

Our Guest

By John W. Garvin

THE gates of life were swinging ajar
Between your heart and mine,
And they swung so wide, Love peeped inside
With a smile that was divine,
And the radiant eye of a star.

Love came as a prince to graciously win
Two hearts made one by his pain,
And the kindly fates so sealed the gates
That he could not get out again:
So he dwells as our guest within.

The Artist

By A. M. Stephen

HE stands apart. The blind world's stumbling tread
Beats like the echo of an ebbing wave.
His chisel-taps upon Time's architrave
Ring down the silence where the darkness fled.
Eastward, a lightening line, the morning's red
Calls, silvery-toned, the message of the day.
Still, in his ears, eternal measures sway
Of stars that wandered where God's beauty led.

In shapely moulds he casts the prisoning clay
To hold the wonder of the infinite.
He may not cease. His will is one with Life.
Through sun and shadow, shock and change, his way
Leads on to where Perfection's mystic light
Shines clear beyond the earth's unending strife.

Winter

By Gretchen Gibson

FROM zero zones you sweep. Before you fly
In swerving flocks, the goose, the thrush, the swallow
Abandoning abodes of hill and hollow,
Sped by the icy menace of your eye
And flapping of your glittering wings. Your cry
Disturbs the elements. Wild creatures fear
The nip of frosted beak as you draw near.
The bare trees moan, the stricken flowers die.

For days your cloud-caught plumage close enwraps
The earth. Your crystal breath invigorates
Or kills. Then, lo, there comes a sudden flood
Of warmth beneath your breast. It stabs and saps
Your heart. And so you pass as spring pulsates
Enriched and strengthened by your chill white blood.

The Beacon

By Lewis Wharton

THE mariner, by happy breezes fanned,
Who came to wondrous Athens in her day,
Could see, while yet a weary league from land,
The sheen that on a huge, bronze statue lay.

That statue, which thus widespread flung its light,
Was raised to great Athene's glory then,
Where splendid temples to the Gods' great might
Lay circled by the squalid haunts of men.

A few brief years those habitations last,
Departed soon those mariners so bold;
Full many years ago that statue passed,
Prey to destruction—lust and greed for gold.

Yet still proud Athens' glory shines undimmed,
Lighting the way to ages yet unborn,
And countless splendid thoughts and deeds are rimmed
By grovelling envy and by discord torn.

Bright Winter is the Season of Our Youth

By T. M. Morrow

BRIGHT Winter is the season of our youth:
Clear days of sunshine, nights of high-flung stars
Look on a wide world white with promises.
Spring comes. Snow melts. What's underneath we find;
Earth's early blossoms eagerly we search
Till the whole land lies green. Summer is here.
No need to search: blossoms are everywhere.
We are too busy now to notice them:
Summer is short and life's work must be done.
And so we toil our fairest days away
Until comes early frost. And then, one day,
We see along the hills the flaming touch
of Autumn, and the time of harvesting.
More hours for leisure now. But presently
The world grows bare. Chill winds garner dead leaves
To sad grey heaps. Life nears its end. And then—
Why then, let's hope, we find our youth again.

Dusting

By Lloyd Roberts

DUSTING is a duty that keeps me
In close contact with humble treasures.

I move about the rooms,
Flicking the tops of chairs and tables,
Phonograph and piano,
With a soft white cotton cloth.
It runs down the chair legs,
Dances over the davenport,
Caresses the candle sticks,
The picture frames, the plaster bear
And the grinning gargoyle,
And brings a brighter smile to the face
Of the old clock on the mantle.
It floats across the buffet,
Warming brass and copper to a deeper glow,
And making the great delft bowl
Blue as a turquoise.
It lingers lovingly
Over the bright backs of books,
And pirouettes gingerly about
The pens and papers on the desk.

If it were not for daily dusting
I might forget to be glad
Of these innumerable small guests
That gladden the home.

Age

By Martha Martin

THE fruit is gathered from the tree, the harvest time is o'er,
And snow is falling on the ground where verdure lay before;
The evening sun in mellow hues is flooding heaven's blue,
Reflecting glory on the life that you have traveled through,
For you are having now, at last, sweet days of gentle rest,
Can look down from your heights above on years that have been blessed.
The winter with its hoary hand of hallowed peace has spread
Its seal of benediction on your honored, silvered head.

Chaliapin Sings

By Yvonne M. R. Firkins

WHY should a man stand there
And sing before me
And spill the Joy and Sorrow
From his soul
While my throat fiercely throbs?
The golden notes pour forth
In rhythmic glory,
I listen
Mute
The while a voice within me
Sings.
But neither wrath
Of Gods, nor
Angels' pity
Can make articulate
The songs
That beat against
The barriers of Self
And fall
Frustrated
Back into my heart.
I too have treasures,
Joy and Tears and Laughter
That I would give.
Will pity,
I wonder;
In some great hereafter
Live?

Ode to Death

By E. L. Harrison

STRIKE as a sword, swift, deep;
Nor let the hand of pity keep
You faltering, but fall
As stars do, sudden, bright,
Into the deep, abysmal night.

Cleave through the walls of change,
Show how the soul in space may range
When not the body's thrall.
Guide me to heights above,
But spare, touch not, my sweet, my love.

I Laid my Cheek to England's

By Constance Davies-Woodrow

I LAID my cheek to England's
And felt upon my face
The sorrowing tears of England
For all her scattered race;
Alas, in that same hour I knew
That I was false to England, too!

For even as I was leaning
Against my England's breast,
My heart and eyes were turning
Towards the golden West;
And I could scarcely understand
My yearning for my foster-land.

Blue were the skies of England
And, oh, her woods were sweet
With scent of dew-drenched hyacinths
That danced about my feet!
Then why should I so long to see
One solitary maple tree?

I laid my cheek to England's;
There fell upon her face
My sorrowing tears for England,
Who mourned her scattered race;
For, oh, in that same hour I knew
That I was false to England, too!

I Gave my Heart

By Lotta C. Dempsey

I GAVE my heart to a gypsy lad
(A vagrant fellow, he)
Who smiled one day, as he passed my way,
Free, as the winds are free.

I gave my heart to a gypsy lad—
I know not where he dwells
But the grass, dew-kissed in the mountain mist
Is a tale his swagger tells.

I fain would follow the gypsy lad
Who wooed with a Romany song,
But the garden wall is tall, too tall!
So I send my heart along.

Fetters

By Dorothy Howard Walsh

AH, yes, you win now where you lost before.
For I have crossed a certain portico
Of a dim palace
Where I came to know
Beauty that strung my spirit taut
And set me in its mighty bow—
Beauty, the foe
That adds to your poor tears
The sorrows of the years
And brings me low.

Your words before were like a trumpet call
To which my mind, naked and free,
Had leaped to combat
And supremacy.
But now my thoughts come
Trailing drapery
From that dim palace,
And I cannot see.
—A lute-note's silver filament
Can bind me utterly.
Ah, yes, you win now where you lost before.

The Empty House

By Gertrude E. Forth

THE House is empty, dull and bare,
And curtainless; its windows stare
Outward from old, familiar nooks,
Which wear a strangeness in their looks.

I find in each fond-cherished room
But alien loneliness and gloom,
While ghosts of a dead Yesterday
Along the dusty hallways stray.

Just haunting memories gaunt and stark,
Rise up to meet me in the dark;
The House is empty, cold and grey,
The House from which you went away.

Song of Rossignol

By Wallace Havelock Robb

ROSSIGNOL, Rossignol,
What are you telling, oh,
Singing so cheerily,
All the day long?

Lyrical feather-ball
Bursting and swelling, oh,
Warbling so merrily
Rapturous song!

Sun in the buttercups,
Silver on mountain streams
Sparkling, oh, fancily;
Whimsical summer dreams
Dancing, oh, chantily,
All the day long.

Up, up, oh, cheerily,
Clearily, clearily,
Fairies in yellow wings,
Sunshine and rainbow rings,
Swelling and strong!

Dragonflies dart about,
Over the placid pond,
Gauzy and elfin wings
On an enchanted wand;
Through all the happy day,
Oh, what a roundelay!
Oh, what a song!

*"Rossignol," meaning nightingale in French, is the name given to our sweet little singer, the song sparrow by the early settlers in Canada—the pioneer French-Canadians. These French people noticed the sweet and rather long song of this bird and likened it to their nightingale at home.

The Peacock and the Spinster

By Bertha Lewis

OUT of the shadows there glimmers and glints
The gleam of a ruby, old Persian tints;
The Prince of my garden has come to pace
The old gray wall with stately grace.
He saunters and struts while his ruby eyes
Glow with the pride that in them lies.
Gems, the loveliest I've ever seen
He spreads in a fan of irised green,
And turning its glory to meet the sun
Saunters and struts till the day is done;
Then with a courtier's consummate ease
He glides between the old oak trees.
The purple deepens, and gone the sun,
His glory and pomp and the shadows are one.
. . . . I think of the Prince who came to me there,
Praised my grace and my golden hair,
Gave me his heart one wonderful day,
And a ruby rare which I tossed away.
O creature of pride and charming grace,
Time mars even the loveliest face!
Youth is a wanton and blind spendthrift—
Into the purple shadows I drift
Dreaming of love and the home of bliss
A Prince would have given me once—for a kiss.

The Yukon River

By George Winter Mitchell

(Composed of lines taken from Wordsworth's Duddon sonnets. The sources from which the lines are taken are given in the margin.)

THE prattling waters of Bandusia's stream I. 3
Inspired the poet of the Sabine hill, I. 4
But Yukon, mighty Yukon, is my theme. I. 14
Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted Rill. IV. 9
Robed instantly in garb of snow-white foam, IV. 10
Anon a Brook of loud and stately sweep, IX. 2
Abysses calm and pure, the Naiads' home. XII. 6
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leap XIV. 9
Utterly beyond the haunts of men ,and roll XIV. 10
Thy stream in radiant progress toward the sea. XXXII 4
Where mightiest rivers find at last their goal, XXXII. 5
So may thy poet. cloud-born stream, like thee, XXXIII. 9
Advance in peace of heart, in calm of soul XXXIII. 13
And mind, to mingle with Eternity. XXXIII. 14

Moons

By Michael Tyndale

A DRY moon, quivering, like a hammock slung
From maple trees above a swaddled earth!
Tinselled in light, the wrinkled branches moan;
Save cutter bells night has no voice, no tongue.

Sweet moon! hatched where a thousand mothers croon!
So frail! but strong in time to roam earth's globe.
How sweet in shame, across a smoky glass,
Thou peepest on man's wanderings, O Moon!

Throned in blue, beyond the warm earth's lights,
Decked in acacia fronds, an Indian queen;
How wondrous in full majesty, austere,
Amid a host of flickering satellites!

Eyes searching thee, I seem to sit again
With chin in hand, alone; methinks I hear
The muffled bells of sleepy goats, adown
A dusty road . . . at Alcazar, in Spain.

Baile's Lament for Aillinn

By Helene Mullins

'TIS cold my little love is like to be
Under the grass, and with no kiss from me
To cheer her all the time she must be sleeping.
'Tis tired my little love will be with weeping,
Hearing no word from me for many an hour.
Little she'll care if bird and bee and flower
Dance on her grave the way kings' sons will know
One of exceeding beauty lies below.
Little she'll care if kings' sons' tears are shed,
And she without my arm beneath her head.
And this is what I think: 'tis better now
For me to lift the gold band from my brow,
And go to lie beside her where she lies,
With sky and sunshine hidden from her eyes,
The way she'll not be lonely and afraid
Among the dark roots where she has been laid.

Triolets

By Christina Willey

My Lover's Step

MY lover's step is on the stair
And every shadow flashes light.
O lips, be kind, O eyes, be fair:
My lover's step is on the stair.
The twilight warms to sunrise rare;
There is no cold, there is no night;
My lover's step is on the stair,
And every shadow flashes light.

The Dial

WHEN the proud Sun is in the sky
Each mid-day marks his even flight,
His watcher and his slave am I,
When the proud sun is in the sky.
But when the Lady Moon sails by,
We change our moon-tide every night!
When the proud Sun is in the sky,
Each mid-day marks his even flight.

Night on Peace River

By Lotta C. Dempsey

COOL, unperturbed, wide, unconfined;
Hid in the mighty hills, tree-lined;
Green as old moss in secret places;
Etched by the moon in silver traces;
Deep in the calm of night's release
I see the waters of the Peace.

White-bodied poplars, hushed and still,
Stand breathless in the autumn chill,
And velvet pines, in humble mood
Bow to the evening's interlude.
The heavens darken, stars increase
Above the waters of the Peace.

In silent depths, where shadows dwell,
A man can lose his soul's own hell,
And I, who know the city street,
The rushing tide of restless feet
Feel every fevered heart-throb cease
Beside the waters of the Peace;
The quiet waters of the Peace.

Canadian Authors' Association

OFFICIAL PAGES

ALMOST all of the branches throughout Canada were very active during Book Week and sought most effectively to further public familiarity with Canadian literature, past and present. It would be impossible, without filling several printed pages, to describe the Book Week programme in detail, but a few branch summaries may be of interest.

In Montreal, the most striking performance was a series of public lectures, held on the 23rd and 30th of October, on the fifth floor of the store of Henry Morgan and Company. Here over a dozen prominent members of the branch—Murray Gibbon, Judge Surveyer, W. D. Lighthall, Edmond Montet, H. A. Kennedy, and many others—gave surveys of the Canadian books published during 1926. Radio lectures were broadcasted by Miss J. G. Sime, L. G. Barnard, and L. D. Cox; and many of the clubs of the city were provided with special addresses on Canadian literature.

In Toronto, an active committee composed of John M. Elson, Arthur Heming, Mrs. Florence Livesay and Mrs. Brooks arranged for addresses in all of the high schools, collegiate institutes, private schools, Normal schools, and colleges. It is believed that between 18,000 and 19,000 persons, most of them of a young and impressionable age, heard talks that served to give recognition to the literature of Canada. Among those who most actively assisted the committee were Hector Charlesworth, Archie McKishnie, Katherine Hale, John W. Garvin, Lorne Pierce, E. J. Pratt, F. E. Swift, Fred Jacob and Mrs. O. C. Pease. Thanks to the energy of Miss B. G. Ferguson, of Hamilton, Book Week was celebrated in that city, with Toronto representatives assisting. Archie McKishnie, John Elson and Hector Charlesworth were guests at a special banquet held by the joint Canadian Clubs of Hamilton. The Toronto delegation also addressed 1500 students in the collegiates of the city, and took part in a special gathering at the Hamilton Public Library.

In London, the chief feature of Book Week was a public address delivered by Mr. W. A. Deacon of Toronto.

In Winnipeg, the widest possible use was made of the schools and the press, not only in the city but all through the province of Manitoba. Ministerial associations co-operated. Several radio lectures were broadcasted.

In the Saskatchewan branch, there were foci of energy both at Regina and at Moose Jaw. About thirty special addresses on Canadian literature were delivered throughout the country.

The Calgary branch, putting its emphasis on newspaper publicity, held the most successful Book Week that the city had ever known. Careful planning presented the public with daily editorials and special articles which reiterated most strikingly the manifold interests of Canadian writing. Bookstore displays, sermons on literature, radio lectures, addresses to local clubs, and special talks in the schools all contributed to the common end. A Book Week banquet brought the campaign to an appetizing climax.

In Vancouver, the Week was of a similar nature; there were addresses and readings over the radio, special book displays at the Public Library and in the book stores, and talks on Canadian writers to the school children.

These instances are typical of the activities all over Canada, intended not to puff Canadian wares, good or bad, but to awaken national interest to the really significant body of Canadian literature which has grown up with the years and is not the least of the nation's achievements.

GENERAL NOTES

Apart from Book Week, many notes of general interest have been sent in by the branches. Here again, considerations of space have necessitated compression.

Halifax

The Nova Scotia branch held an interesting meeting in the Board of Trade rooms, Halifax, on the 12th of November. It was decided that the discussions of the winter should include other writers as well as Canadians, although the latter would receive greater emphasis. A committee consisting of Dr. MacMechan, Dean Llwyd, Dr. Atlee, Miss Nutt, and Miss Fletcher, was appointed to consider the question of offering prizes for competition.

Montreal

The October meeting of the Montreal branch was held in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in honor of Mr. Arthur Guiterman, of New York, president of the Poetry Society of America. Mr. Guiterman outlined the work of the Poetry Society, and delighted his audience by a reading of several of his poems.

The next branch meeting was held at the Ritz on the 12th of November. The chief event of the meeting was a comprehensive report on the Vancouver Convention, rendered by the Hon. E. Fabre Surveyer. The Short Story group contributed to the programme a tale by Mr. L. G. Barnard, entitled "Mudge Lane." The Drama Group put on a one-act play, "The Happiest Place." The Poetry Group announced the results of its poetry competition, which had attracted almost two hundred entries, representing every province in the Dominion. The first prize went to Margaret Amy Ross, of Montreal, for a poem entitled "Mystic." Honorable mention was accorded to Mrs. Percy F. Curtis, of Victoria, for "A Dream of Summer Weather, and to T. M. Morrow, of Westmount, for "The Night Shift." Other poems commended were "A Blind Man Fears Death," by Miss Margaret Oakley, of Toronto, "Solace," by Miss Grace Tomkinson, of Moncton, and a sonnet by "Marius Snowden."

Among the new books published this year by members of the branch are "Eyes of a Gipsy," by Murray Gibbon, "So This is Quebec," by Norris Hodgins, "Winnowed Wisdom," by Stephen Leacock, "Sheepfold," (poems) by L. D. Cox, and "The Spell of French Canada," by Dr. Frank O. Call. H. A. Kennedy's "The New World Fairy Tales" is being republished in its seventh edition. Harwood Steele's "I Shall Arise" is coming out in a Canadian edition. The Drama Group of the branch has published a volume of "One-Act Plays by Canadian Authors."

Toronto

On the evening of the 20th of November, the members of the branch gathered at the Florence Hotel for a banquet in honor of Dr. Robert Norwood, the distinguished native-born Canadian poet, who is now rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave., New York City. The large gathering was happy to include representatives from Montreal, Winnipeg, and Hamilton. Among those who spoke were Sir Robert Falconer, Rev. Canon H. P. Plumptre, Dr. S. J. Radcliffe, Rev. J. E. Ward, and Dr. Lorne Pierce. Dr. Norwood responded to the tribute paid him by a delightful address, shot through with humor and poetic sentiment.

Winnipeg

On the evening of December 9th, the Winnipeg branch held a joint meeting with the local Dickens Fellowship, on the occasion of the annual "Canadian Night" of the latter organization. The programme was in charge of Dr. A. W. Crawford and Prof. D. C. Harvey. Other speakers were the Rev. Dr. Johnstone and Rev. Dr. John Maclean. The purpose of the several speakers was to review briefly the more significant of the recent Canadian books. Miss A. L. Mitchell assisted with a number of readings from Canadian books.

Saskatchewan

At its November meeting, the members of the branch united to bid farewell to Mr. W. A. Macleod, the branch president, who, on the 1st of January, will move to Winnipeg as director of publicity for the Interprovincial Wheat Pool. Mr. Austin Bothwell, the immediate past president, will guide the affairs of the branch during the coming months. At this same meeting short stories written by members were read and criticized.

Edmonton

The September meeting of the Edmonton branch was held at the home of Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck). Mr. R. V. Newson read from his recent chapbook "A Vale in Luxor;" Mr. J. J. Duggan contributed "The Mole-Catcher," one of his series of Welsh sketches appearing in *The New Outlook;* Mr. R. C. Owens, Mr. Farmer and Miss S. Jean Walker read from their work; and Mr. Gerald Pelton, K.C., gave a racy account of his early adventures in journalism. After a recitation by Mrs. Reece-Burns and two songs by Miss Jessie Patten, Mrs. Murphy concluded the programme with an amusing review of the tragedies enacted in the old Ontario Third Reader.

The October meeting was held at the home of Miss Jean Walker. Preparations were made for Book Week. Rev. W. Everard Edmonds gave a talk on "Publishers and Reviewers;" Miss Walker read a paper on "Marketing Poetry;" and Mrs. J. H. Acheson gave an informal report on the annual convention.

The branch president, Rev. W. E. Edmonds, has received word from his publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., that his "Canadian Flag Day Book" will appear at an early date.

Calgary

Miss Donalda Dickie, whose series of Canadian History Readers has just been published, will spend the next year in Europe.

Mrs. Mary Wathan Fox has had three booklets of children's stories published this fall by Thomas Nelson and Sons.

The branch president, Mrs. Flos Jewell Williams, has a new novel out this autumn, published by the Graphic Press, Ottawa. This book, "New Furrows," has an Albertan setting, and is being very favorably received by the critics.

Mr. R. B. Forsyth, teacher in the Central High School at Calgary, has just won first

prize in a short story contest conducted by *The Writers' Monthly*, and open to all teachers in the United States and Canada. His winning story, "Yellow Clay," is to be published shortly.

Vancouver

An October meeting of the Vancouver branch was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Reid. It was decided to form Short Story, Poetry, and Drama groups, after the plan which had worked so successfully in Montreal.

This autumn's books by branch members include R. L. Reid's "The Assay Office at New Westminster," Mrs. I. E. Mackay's "Blencarrow," Percy Gomery's "Curves—Go Slow," Lionel Stevenson's "Appraisals of Canadian Literature," Mrs. Alice Winlow's "The Miracle of Roses," and a chapbook by Miss Rae Verrill.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Dickie have left for a year in Paris.

Victoria

The Victoria and Islands branch has formed a Short Story group, a Journalistic or Essay group, and a Poetry group. These groups meet fortnightly, and are achieving much good work.

At the October meeting of the branch, Mr. John Hosie, Provincial Librarian, was host to the branch, Mr. R. T. Williams, father of the arts of printing and bookbinding in British Columbia, gave delightful reminiscences of the early days and showed beautiful examples of his work.

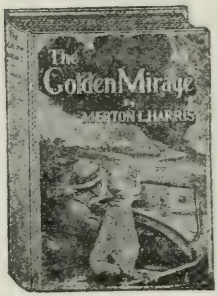
On the 9th of November the branch listened to a most interesting address by Madame E. Sanderson-Mangin on "Marie Bashkirtseff." The speaker was presented with flowers in token of congratulation on her having been recently honored with the status of "Officier d'Academie" by the French Academy.

Special interest attaches to Mr. C. C. Pemberton's article on "Twining Trees" in *American Forests and Forestry;* Miss Ethel Seymour's poem on the New Cathedral in Victoria, and Miss Eugenie Perry's bright sketches of noted Canadians in the *Toronto Star Weekly.*

THE BURNING BUSH AND CANADA. *By Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M.A., D.D.* Toronto: The Westminster Press. $2.00.

This is a book which presents the side of the church union controversy represented by those who continue in the religious world of Canada as the Presbyterian church. It is replete with the history and romance of the church and is a fervent presentation of the course adopted by those who sided against union.

Suggested Christmas Gifts



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The Collector

THE recent hearing of the Labrador Boundary case before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London was marked by the development of what may prove to be one of the most romantic incidents in the history of English law, and may be at the same time of great importance to Canada. The early days of the hearing were largely taken up with a consideration of maps and other documents relating to the reservation, for the Crown, of certain lands taken from the French during the Seven Years' War, and gave neither side an advantage. One day, however, a tramp came to the door of a young Cambridge graduate with a request that he should buy "some old maps." The young man in charity gave the tramp a few shillings and began to study his find, when, to his surprise, he found that the quaintly drawn lines, with their pale pink and green land masses, were a map of North America and Labrador, dating about the middle of the eighteenth century. The young man was in no way personally interested in the case proceeding before the Privy Council Judicial Committee, but he at once realized the importance of his find, and proceeded to examine some of his old university note books, where he found notes of certain little-known letters of George Washington relating to this very matter, and previously overlooked by both sides in the case.

* * *

The Collector has received the following letter from E. M. A. Vaughan, Librarian of the St. John Free Public Library: "We were very interested in your paragraph in the September *Bookman* about 'Constance of Acadia,' as we also possess a copy. In writing to Prof. Ganong, of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., re the authorship, he replies as follows: 'I do not know the author of "Constance of Acadia"; have often wondered if it was a man, and I once thought possibly Parkman. We do not have here The *Canadian Bookman*, so I have not been able to look up your reference. I would be interested to know their theory. My copy has nothing to show that I ever met with anything on its authorship, and I would have made a note of it if I had." The Collector has no theory to offer as to the authorship of this book, but the initials "C.S." which appear on the title page and on the back of the book, should give somebody a clue. At any rate, he would welcome any information on the point and so, as the letter quoted above shows, would others.

* * *

A beautifully illustrated catalogue (No. 86) of books and manuscripts, issued by Chas. J. Sawyer Ltd., of London, offers, under the head of Americana, some items of special Canadian interest, among them the following, viz: *An Impartial History of the War in America between Great Britain and her Colonies, from its Commencement to the and of the Year* 1779, London, 1780, with 11 of the 13 portraits (priced £10 10s); Bouchette's *British Dominions in North America*, 2 vols., with *A Topographical Dictionary of the Province of Lower Canada*, together 2 vols., London, 1832; Carver's *Travels through the Interior Parts of North America*, Dublin, 1779; Colden's *The History of the Five Nations of Canada* 2 vols., 1775; Huyshe's *The Red River Expedition*, London, 1871; two beautifully executed original water-color drawings representing the Falls of Niagara, described as a "magnificent pair," measuring roughly 3 feet by 2 feet, unsigned, but the "work of an extremely skilful and talented artist, circa 1840 (priced £16.)

* * *

The latest catalogue (No. 320) from Holland Bros., of Birmingham, offers, under the heading: "Canada—Wild Flowers of Nova Scotia," an item which, apparently, is rightly described as "unique," comprising "22 exquisitely finished water-color drawings of flowers, on Bristol board, 12 in. by 9 in., mounted on linen guards, each plate having the popular and scientific names of the plant neatly inscribed on the lower margin, the title beautifully 'printed' by hand, 4to. hf. mor., g.e. (circa 1850)." A cataloguer's note to this item, which is priced at £15, says: "Nothing could exceed the delicacy and richness of execution of these plates, which would appear to be the originals prepared by the artist for a publication on the subject. (Query, by Agnes Fitzgibbon, author and artist of 'Canadian Wild Flowers'?). They are in perfect preservation, and the colors are as fresh and vivid as when first painted."

* * *

Howard Angus Kennedy, writing in a recent issue of *The Montreal Star*, brought out the interesting fact that the Brobdignags of Swift's immortal *Gulliver's Travels* were Canadians without knowing it. Canada, to

Swift and the rest of the reading world of 1726, was a poor little corner of the wilderness, where a handful of Frenchmen clung to the banks of the St. Lawrence, fighting Indians and trading in beaver skins. But a glance at the map which appears in the first edition of *Gulliver's Travels* will show the imaginary kingdom of Brobdignag as a vast peninsula jutting out from the Pacific Coast—that is, as part of Canada. It, to be sure, as Swift describes it, was larger than the whole of the rest of what is now the Dominion of Canada, being 6,000 miles long and 3,000 miles wide; but such a little detail as that would not bother anyone in 1726, when Europeans had the vaguest possible idea of the size of America. Sir Francis Drake, it is true, had explored the west coast before then, but he had never gone further north than Oregon, if that far, and it was not until half a century after Capt. Gulliver's visit to Brobdignag that Capt. Cook, searching for the supposed waterway through the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, explored what is now Canada's western coast.

* * *

It is a well-known fact that the first printer in Montreal was Fleury Mesplet, a Frenchman, but not so well known is the story of his early life and how he came to take up his residence in Montreal. Thomas Murray, Westmount, Que., in a letter to the editor of *The Montreal Star*, published recently, tells this story in so interesting a manner, and with such evidence of personal research, that The Collector takes the liberty of reproducing it below:

"Sir,—In reference to Fleury Mesplet, the first printer in Montreal, and the Chateau de Ramezay, the following may be of interest: Fleury Mesplet was born in the parish of St. Nizier, diocese of Lyons, in France, about 1735. His father's name was Jean Baptiste Mesplet, and his mother's Marie Antoniette Capeau. At Lyons he received an education sufficient to fit him for his chosen trade. In 1765 he married Marie Mirebeau, then a girl of eighteen, and twelve years his junior. In 1773 we find him in London, where he set up his press near Covent Garden. From this press was issued several works. During his residence in London he became acquainted with Benjamin Franklin, who saw the advantage of securing the services of a French printer in sympathy with the revolutionary movement, ready, when occasion required, to send into the Province of Quebec to, as he thought, influence its people to cast their lot with the movement for extinguishing British rule in America.

"Fortified with a letter from Franklin to Congress, Mesplet, in the beginning of 1774, landed in Philadelphia, with his wife and his printing outfit, and set up as a master printer. As a stranger speaking a foreign tongue he did not secure remunerative patronage. Therefore in January, 1775, he started hurriedly on a journey to Quebec. He did not remain there, for we find him back in Philadelphia in June of that year, associated in partnership with Chas. Berger, whose name, as well as his own, appears on all his Canadian imprint until September, 1778 Then the name of Berger disappears and that of Mesplet appears alone. In the instructions to Congress, issued in February, 1776, approving commissioners to Canada, it was stipulated that a printer should be sent with them "to establish a press in that country." Mesplet accepted the engagement and $200 was voted by Congress February 26, "to defray the expense of transporting him, his family, and his printing utensils to Canada."

"On March 1, 1776, Mesplet started from Philadelphia with the whole of his belongings loaded on five wagons. He and his party were of six persons. They arrived at Lake George on April 8, and had to wait eight days until his goods arrived and were loaded on five bateaux for crossing Lake George and pursuing his course down Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River. Although he reached Chambly on April 22, he did not reach Montreal until May 6, and it was not until May 18 that he was ready for business. But before he was ready for work his patron, Franklin, had departed, convinced of the failure of his mission, and by June 10 the continental army had evacuated Montreal.

"Mesplet, having all his capital locked up in type and presses, found it impossible to get away, and decided to remain among the people speaking his own language. Where did this house, fitted up as Montreal's first printing establishment, stand? An imprint gives the address "pres la marche," and a document more fully expresses it as "demeurent en cette ville, rue Capital." This street, wide enough at the time it was opened up, but now considered a narrow lane, parallel with and between St. Paul street and the river front, extends from St. Sulpice to St. Francois Xavier streets, crossing in its course the Market Place, now Place Royale. We may, therefore, conclude that this house stood on or near the site now occupied by the Sailors' Institute.

"It was on this site, and not in the basement of the Chateau de Ramezay, that the first press in Montreal was set up, and Fleury Mesplet wrote his name into the history of Canada for all time. And this, not as some would have it during the sojourn of Benjamin Franklin in Montreal, but after his departure. At this address Mesplet remained until May, 1788, when he removed to 44 Notre Dame street, near the Recollet Monastery, which stood between St. Helen and St. Peter streets."

THE COLLECTOR.

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